

# Freddie

## Mance Lipscomb

Lord, Freddie's woman she done something  
She had never done before  
She was in the bed with another man  
Made Freddie's pallet on the floor

He got mad, he got bad,  
With his gun, in his hand

Freddie woman saw him coming  
Went and fell down on her knees  
I could hear her crying, "Now Freddie,  
Spare my life if you please.

I know your mad, you got bad,  
With your gun in your hand."

Freddie meet the policeman  
With his big gun in his hand  
"Fred I heard you done killed your woman"  
He said, "Yes, I'm lookin' for that man.

He made me mad, I got bad,  
With my gun in my hand."

Freddie said, "Looka here judge  
Judge, wouldn't-a you got mad  
you'd-a come home and found your woman  
With another man in your bed?

You'd got mad, you'd got bad,  
With your gun, in your hand."

Freddie said, "Now mama,  
mama you have let me go  
Cause the woman mistreated me  
and I had to shoot her so

I got mad, I got bad  
With my gun in my hand."

Now Freddie say he lay down  
Tried not to pay her no mind  
But awhile before day Freddie awoke  
Heard some springs cryin'

He got mad, he got bad,  
With his gun in his hand

Freddie's papa told Freddie,  
"Son, here's what you done wrong:  
When you found out that woman won't treat you right  
Son, why didn't you let her alone?"

You got mad, you got bad,  
With your gun in your hand."

Freddie said, "Looka here papa,  
Papa wouldn't you got mad,  
you'd-a come home and found mama  
With another man in your bed?"

You'd got mad, you'd got bad  
With your gun, in your hand

Freddie's papa said, "Yes,  
Son, I tell you what I'm gonna do...  
If the judge gives you forty years  
I'll have him pardon you

for being mad, being bad  
With your gun in your hand."

---

Lyrics submitted by Matthew Presti.

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlyrics.com/>