

I Got a Problem

Buddy Guy

I've got a problem, I've got a problem

I've got a problem, I got a problem

I got a problem with my woman

And I've got a problem with my wife, well When you see me standin' with tears in my eyes

Oh, you must be wondering how could I wreck my life?

'Cause I got a problem with my woman

And I got a problem with my wife Well, my wife is number one and my woman is number two

My woman'll do things for me that my wife wouldn't do

Of course now I dig my wife but you don't understand

Sometimes it take two of y'all to satisfy a man Now while my problem started I started messin' with number three

She calls up my wife and tells on my woman and me

My wife packed up her clothes and goin' home to her mother

And my woman runs off and finds another lover I've got a problem and it's about to wreck my life

Problem with my woman, I got a problem with my wife, yeah No while my problem started I started messin' with number three

She calls up my wife and tells on my woman and me

My wife packs up her clothes and goin' home to her mother

And my woman runs off and finds another lover I got a problem and it's about to wreck my life

Problem with my woman, I got a problem with my wife, yeah

Songwriters

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