

That's Wrong, Little Mama

B.B. King

When you fight with your lover
She takes you for a fool
She don't care how she hurts you
Long as she's doing what she choose
That's wrong little mama
That's wrong little mama
That's wrong little mama
That ain't the way to do

When you work each day
Stay at home every night
She'd find a fault with everything
Ain't nothin' ever right

That's wrong little mama
That's wrong little mama
That's wrong little mama
That ain't the way to do

And she's out on the weekend
She'd come back holdin' her head
You ask her for some lovin'
She'll say she's half-dead

That's wrong, little mama
That's wrong, little mama
That's wrong, little mama
That ain't the way to do

Oh, it's wrong little mama
Yes, it's wrong little mama
I say, it's wrong little mama
You know it's wrong little mama
Yeah, it's wrong little mamma