

Honey Bad

Robert Cray

Can't cook my breakfast
She can't sweeten my tea
But all she's got to do now
Is play house with me
'Cause I can cook my own eggs and ham
Gets my supper from a can

'Cause honey's bad
Oh, she's bad
My honey's bad
I said, she's bad
Oh, she's bad
My honey's bad

When my day is done
I wanna have a little fun
Oh, I call my honey, baby
On the cellphone
'Cause she knows how to ring my bell,
She does things I dare not tell

'Cause honey's bad
Oh, she's bad
My honey's bad
I said, she's bad
Oh, she's bad
My honey's bad

She does everything she possibly can
To try to please me, and make everything alright
That's why I love the crazy name
I like to see the pretty smile
On a pretty little face oh yeah yeah

My honey's bad
My honey's bad

She got a credit card, yes
All she's got to do is charge
She may take it back now, yeah
'Cause she living too large
But, oh, when she crawls those long legs
I forget about what I said

Honey bad
Oh, she's bad
My honey's bad
I said, she's bad
Oh, she's bad
My honey's bad
I said she's bad

She can't cook my breakfast
She burns the bread
And when she's cooking my eggs now
Ooh, it makes me scratch my head
Oh, I don't wanna see her pretty hands

And no greasy possum pants

'Cause honey bad
Oh, she's bad
My honey's bad
Said she's bad
Oh, she's bad
My honey's bad
I said she's bad
Bad!

So bad, you oughta see her
I do everything now to please her
Honey bad
Oh, she's bad
My honey's bad
Bad, bad, bad, bad, bad
Bad