

# B.B. King, That's Wrong Little Mama

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