

Robert Cray, The Score

Well all right, baby
I guess I know the score
You better get to packin'
I don't want you around here anymore

You come home looking funky
Your clothes all in a mess
And your story wasn't fittin'
Any better than your dress

Well all right, baby
Now I know the score
Well you better get to gettin'
I don't want to see you around here anymore

(Guitar solo)

You came in one time too many
Lyin' out both sides of your mouth
You said you was at your mother's
But I really got my doubts

I seen you at the Rainbow
Hangin' out with Red
And if I get my hands on you, baby
You're gonna wish that you were dead

Well all right, baby
Now I know the score
Well you better get to movin'
I don't want you around here anymore

You'd better get to goin', baby
I done got into your game, baby
Uh huh, thought you was foolin' me, huh?
Now I know, baby
I know better

I'll teach you not to cheat on me

Yeah, baby, comin' at 'ya