Aggravatin' Papa
(Don't You Try To Two-time Me)

By ROY TURK and J. RUSSEL ROBINSON

Moderato

Till ready

Voice

I know a triflin' man—
Now I don't mean to scold—

They call him "triflin' Sam."
But I must get you told.——

He lives in Birmingham—
Keep flirtin' 'round so ham,—
'way down in Alabama—
Now the other night— he

had a fight— with a gal named Mandy Brynn,
what she does— ain't a gal in this here town,
That can

plainly stated she was aggravated, as she shouted out to him:
love and put you like your own sweet ma-ma, so you'd better throw 'em down——

Chorus

"Aggravatin' Papa, Don't you try to two-time me,—— I said don't

two-time me!—

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I mean, "just let me be." Listen while I get you told,
Step messin' round sweet jelly roll, If you step out with a high-brown baby,
I'll smack you down and I don't mean "may be." Aggravatin' Papa, I'll do anything you say,
Yes, anything you say. But when you go struttin',
Do your struttin' round my way. So papa,
Now papa,
Now papa,

Just treat me pretty, Be nice and sweet, 'Cause I possess a forty-four that
You best be careful, As you can be, 'Cause I can beat you do-in' what you're
Once you were steady, Once you were true, But papa now sweet mama can't de-
don't repeat, Aggravatin' papa, don't you try to two-time me!
don't repeat, Aggravatin' papa, don't you try to two-time me!
don't repeat, Aggravatin' papa, don't you try to two-time me!

Aggravatin' Papa