

Somebody's on Your Case

Ann Peebles

If your man always leave home
Say he's going down to the corner store
All decked out in his best shoes
And his fancy knit suit
Looking good from head to toe

Spend two whole hours
Buying a little bread and meat
Yet come home empty handed
Looking tired and beat
If this has happened to you
Tell you what you better do
Get out your 'rithmetic
And put together two and two

Somebody's on your case
You gotta get on your job
(Get on it)
Somebody's on your case, girl
You better get on your job
(Get on it)

Listen girl...

If your man call home one day
Say he won't be home for supper
Cos he'll be working late
His boss calls to say get well John
Lord knows he ain't sick
He's been taking secret sick leave
Another one of his tricks

If he come home
With that same old line
Telling you he's tired
From working overtime
Don't get uptight
Don't put him out tonight
What you better do, girl
Is get your own thing right

Somebody's on your case
You better get on your job
(Get on it)
Somebody's on your case, girl
You better get on your job
(Get on it)

It might be Mary
And it might be Sue
Somebody's surely
Moving in on you

Somebody's on your case
You better get on your job
(Get on it)
Somebody's on your case, girl

You better get on your job
(Get on it)