I Got A Problem

Buddy Guy

I've got a problem
I've got a problem
I've got a problem
I got a problem
I got a problem with my woman
And I got a problem with my wife

When you see me standin'
With tears in my eyes
Oh you must be wondering
How could I wreck my life

'cause I got a problem with my woman
And I got a problem with my wife, well

My wife is number one
And my woman is number two

My woman would do things for me
That my wife wouldn't do

Course I dig my wife, but she don't understand
Sometimes it take two y'all
To satisfy a man

Now when my problem started
I started messin' with number three

She calls up my wife
And tells on my woman and me

My wife packs up her clothes
And goes home to her mother

And my woman runs off and
Finds another lover

I've got a problem
And it's about to wreck my life

Problem with my woman
I got a problem with my wife, yeah

Well when my problem started
I started messin' with number 3

She calls up my wife
And tells on my woman and me

My wife packs up her clothes
And goes home to her mother

And my woman runs off and
Finds another lover

I got a problem
And it's about to wreck my life

Problem with my woman
I got a problem with my wife, yeah

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