Intro: | C | Dm G7 | (X2)  

C Dm G7 C Dm G7  
I wonder why no-body don’t like me, or is it the fact that I’m ugly  

C Dm G7 C Dm G7  
I wonder why no-body don’t like me, or is it the fact that I’m ugly  

C Dm G7 C Dm G7  
I leave my whole house and go, my children don’t want me no more  

C Dm G7 C Dm G7  
Bad talk in-side the house they bring, and when I talk they start to sing  

C Dm  
Mama, look at bubu, they shout, their mother tell them “shut up your mout.  

C G7 C  
That is your daddy.” Oh, no, my daddy can’t be ugly so.  

Dm G7  
Shut your mout, go away, mama look at bubu dey  

Dm G7 ( C Dm G7 X4)  
Shut your mout, go away, mama look at bubu dey  

C Dm G7 C Dm G7  
I couldn’t even digest me supper, due to the children’s be-havior  

C Dm G7 C Dm G7  
John, (yes pa), come here a moment, bring de belt, you’re much too impudent  

C Dm G7 C Dm G7  
John says it’s James who start it first, James tells de story in re-verse  

C Dm G7 C Dm G7  
I drag me belt from off me waist, you should hear dem screamin’ ‘round de place
p.2. Mama Look A Boo Boo

C                                      Dm
Mama, look at bubu, they shout, their mother tell them “shut up your mout.

C                                  G7                          C
That is your daddy.” Oh, no, my daddy can’t be ugly so.

Dm                                    G7
Shut your mout, go away, mama look at bubu dey

Dm                                    G7
Shut your mout, go away, mama look at bubu dey  (C Dm G7 X4)

C                                      Dm       G7       C                                      Dm       G7
So, I began to question de mother, “These children ain’t got no be-havior

C                                      Dm                   G7       C                                      Dm       G7
So, I began to question de mother, “These children ain’t got no be-havior

C                                      Dm       G7       C                                      Dm       G7
“They’re playing with you,” my wife declared, “You should be proud of them, my dear.”

C                                      Dm       G7       C                                      Dm       G7
Them children were taught too bloomin’ slack, that ain’t no kind of joke to crack

C                                      Dm
Mama, look at bubu, they shout, their mother tell them “shut up your mout.

C                                      G7                          C
That is your daddy.” Oh, no, my daddy can’t be ugly so.

Dm                                    G7
Shut your mout, go away, mama look at bubu dey

Dm                                    G7       C
Shut your mout, go away, mama look at bubu dey, SHUT YOUR MOUT!