JAMES BROWN
20 All Time Greatest Hits!
MES BROWN
All Time Greatest Hits!

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Biography by Jim McElmurray
CALL ME SUPER BAD, PTS. 1 & 2

Bright Funk

Words and Music by JAMES BROWN

I got some-thing that makes me wan-na shout.
I got a move that tells me what to do.

I got some-thing that tells me what it's all a-bout.
Some-times I tease.

Now,

I got a move I got soul and I'm su-per bad.
times I feel so nice,    I wanna try myself a few.
I got soul__    I got soul__
soul__ and I’m super bad__
and I’m super bad__

Now,

I’m love__,    I learned to do my thing__.  

And I don’t need no one else__.  

Sometimes I feel so nice, good God.

Jump back, I wanna kiss myself. I've got soul.

And I'm super bad.

I said I'm super bad.

Bridge, come on.
(1.) Slap me down
(2.) people.
(3.)
and round and round,
Let it all hang out.
(Spoken:) Gimme gimme.
If you gimme,
up and down
don’t broth-ers and sis-ters,
all a-round.
then you won’t know
1,2

Right on
what it’s all a-bout,
gimme
Yeah.

G#7
C#m9

Instrumental solo - ad lib.
I got the something that makes me wanna shout.
Got the move that tells me what to do.

Sometimes I feel so nice,
I said I wanna try myself a few.

I got soul and I'm super bad.

C#m7
I got soul

and I'm super bad.

Bridge,

hit me.

(Spoken:) Slap me down, broth- ers and sis- ters, then you won't know

Right on peo- ple

what it's all a- bout.

Let all hang

(Spoken:) Gimme,
out (Sung:) gimme
If you don't, (Spoken:) Gimme

gimme.

G#7#9

C#m9

Lead vocal ad lib. and Fade

Repeat ad lib. and Fade
COLD SWEAT, PT. 1

Words and Music by JAMES BROWN
and ALFRED JAMES ELLIS

Moderately

D7

I don't care
I don't care

about your past,
about your won'ts,

I just
I just

I don't care
I don't care

want
want-na tell you

our love to last,
'bout your do's and don'ts.

I don't care
I don't care

about your faults,
about the way you treat me, darling,

I just
I just

want
want

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to satisfy your thoughts,
to understand me always.

When you kiss me, when you miss me,

Hold my hand, make me understand,

I wake up in a cold sweat!

1st time D.C.
2nd time D.C. and fade
GET ON THE GOOD FOOT

Words and Music by JAMES BROWN,
FRED WESLEY and JOE MIMS

Funky four

\( Dm7 \)

Shouted: Que pasa, people, que pasa?

(Half-spoken)

Get on down

\( Dm7 \)

I wanna get on the good foot

\( G7 \)

good foot

I got to

\( Dm7 \)

get on the good foot - a

Go-in' down to the crib and let it all hang

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Where soul-ful peo-ple know what it's a-bout.

Go-in'

down to the crib and let it all hang out

Where soul-ful peo-ple know what it's a-bout.

Where peo-ple give a sign and take your hand.

And

dance un-til the mu-sic of the day time band.

They're danc-in' on the
Additional Words

I say the long-haired hippies and the Afro basket
All together when the clock strikes
And they party on the good foot
You know they’re dancin’ on the good foot
Dance on the good foot
Ain’t nothin’ goin’ on but the rhythm
A whole lotta bills and m’ money spent
And that’s on m’ bad foot
You know m’ pay is gettin’ short, I’ve got the blues
I got a funky job and I pay m’ dues
On the good foot (etc.)
GET UP OFFA THAT THING

Funk
no chord

Spoken: I'm back!
I'm back!
I'm back!

Get up off a that thing and dance and you'll feel better.
Get up off a that thing and shake it, you'll feel better.
Get up off a that thing and twist it, you'll feel better.

Words and Music by DEANNA BROWN, DEIDRA BROWN and YAMMA BROWN

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Get up off a that thing and dance and you'll sing it, now.
Get up off a that thing and shake it, sing it, now.
Get up off a that thing and shake it, sing it, now.

Get up off a that thing and dance and you'll feel better.
Get up off a that thing and shake it, you'll feel better.
Get up off a that thing and twist it, you'll feel better.

Get up off a that thing and try to release that pressure.
Get up off a that thing and try to release that pressure.
Get up off a that thing and try to release that pressure.

1

(Spoken:) Get up off.
Good God.  So good.

Everybody ready?

D.S. al Coda

Follow me.

CODA

Repeat and Fade
GET UP (I FEEL LIKE BEING)
A SEX MACHINE

Words and Music by JAMES BROWN
BOBBY BYRD and RONALD LENHOFF

Shout: Fellas, I'm ready to get up and do my thing.
I wanna get into it, man, you know ...
Like a, like a sex machine, man,
Movin' ... doin' it, you know
Can I count it off? (Go ahead)

Spoken: One, two, three, four!

Get up,

get on up,

Stay on the

scene, get on up, like a sex ma-chine.

Get up,
get on up, Get up, get on up, Stay on the scene, get on up, like a sex ma-chine, get on up, get up,

get on up, Stay on the scene, get on up, like a sex ma-chine, get on up,

get on up, Wait a min-u-te! Shake your arm then
use your form

Stay on the scene like a

sex machine.

You got to have the feeling

sure as you're born

Get it together right on, right on,
Get up, get on up, Get up, get on up,

---

I said the feeling you got to get,
Give me the fever in a cold sweat.
The way I like it is the way it is;
I got mine and don't worry 'bout his.

Get on up and then shake your money maker,
Shake your money maker, etc.
GIVE IT UP OR TURNIT A LOOSE

Slowly, with a double-time feeling

(No Chords)

Baby, give it up, turn it loose..

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Baby, give it up, turn it loose.

Hold-ing on, Hold ya tight,
Hold-ing
Hold ya

on
tight-

ain't no
’cause I

use-
love ya so-

D. C.

2nd time, D. C. and fade
I GOT THE FEELIN’

Words and Music by JAMES BROWN

Moderately

Em7 A/E Em7

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I got the feel-in’. Ba-by, ba-by, I got the feel-in’. You don’t know what you do to me. P eo-ple are

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Hey, yeah, (Spoken:) alright, ow!

Hey, hey, (Sung:) ah.

I got the feelin', alright.
no chord

B7

no chord

Ba-by, ba-by, ba-by, ba-by, ba-by, ba-by, ba-by, ba-by, ba-by, I got the feel-in', ba-by, ba-by.

Sometimes I'm up, sometimes I'm down.

My heart, I'm around the
A/E  Em7

town.  I'm level with the ground  baby

A/E  Em7
I say level with the ground,  oh.

A7

A/E  Em7
No, I know,  no, you don't
mean it now. Sometimes I roam,

but I'll be comin' back home. Sometimes I

seem to be fly; I just don't know when to say bye-bye,

D.S. al Coda CODA Repeat and Fade
HOT PANTS, PT. 1

Words and Music by JAMES BROWN and FRED WESLEY

Bright funky beat

Ah Hot Pants! Huh!

That's

where it's at.

that's where it's at.

Hot Pants! Smokin'!

Hot
Pants!

Smok-in'!

Take your fine self home,

you look much better than time,

My fever keeps growin',
girl,

blow-in' my mind,

Think-in' of losin' that funky feeling, don't!

'Cause
you got to use just what you got to get just what you want! Hot Pants!

Smok - in'!

Hot Pants!

Smok - in'!

Siz - z'lin'!

(C7) (F) (F#9) (G7)
Hot Pants! Hot Pants! Smokin'!
Hot Pants, make sure of yourself
You walk just like you got the only lovin' left.

So brother, if you're thinkin' of losin' that feeling then don't
'Cause a woman got to use what she got to get what she wants

Hot Pants! Hot Pants! Won't make you dance
But as slick as you are, you make the pants.

Hey, brother, do you like it?
The girl over there with the hot pants on
She can do the chicken all night long.

The girl over there with the hot pants on
She can do the dance all night long

Filthy McNasty all night long
Get down the one over there with the hot pants on
The one over there with the mini-dress;
I ain't got the time, I still dig that mess.

But I like Hot Pants, I like Hot Pants
Bring it on one more, hit me!
Bring it home, bring it on home, bring it on home.

Bring it on home, Hot Pants, I dig ridin' or walkin',
I be mellow, they give me the fever like any other fella;
The Hot Pants, I dig ridin' or walkin',
Be mellow, they give me the fever like any other fella;
My temperature is goin' up, about to give me a fit;
The feelin' I'm gettin' just won't quit.
I GOT YOU
(I FEEL GOOD)

Words and Music by
JAMES BROWN

Moderately

Woh!
I feel
good.

I knew that I would
now.
Ah, sugar and spice.

I feel
good.
I feel
nice.
I knew that I would now.
Ah, sugar and spice.

So good,
So nice,

so good,
so nice,

I got you.
I got you.

Woh!

I feel nice.

no chord
When I hold you in my arms I

know that I can do no wrong.

when I hold you in my arms my love won't do you no harm.

And I feel nice. Ah, sugar and spice.
I feel nice.

Ah, sugar and spice.

So nice,

so nice, I got you.

D.S. al Coda

Woh! I feel good...
So good, so good, 'cause I got you.
So good, so good, 'cause I got you.
IT'S A MAN'S MAN'S MAN'S WORLD

Slowly, smoothly

C7  no chord  Dm  Am
This is a man's world,

Dm  Am  Gm

man's world,

but it wouldn't be nothing,

A7  Dm  Am
nothing without a woman or a girl.

Dm  Am  Dm  Am
You see, man made the cars

(See additional lyric)
that take us o-ver the road. 
Man made the train 

to car-ry the heav-y load. 
Man made the e-lee-tric light 

to take us out of the dark. 
Man made the boat for the wa-ter 

like No-ah made the Ark. 
This is a man’s _ man’s _ man’s world,
but it wouldn’t be nothing, nothing, without a woman or a girl.

He’s lost in the wilderness.

He’s lost in bitterness.

Additional Lyrics

Man thinks about the little bitty baby girls and the baby boys.
Man makes them happy ’cause man makes them toys.
And after man makes everything, everything he can
You know that man makes money to buy from other men.
This is a man’s world, but it wouldn’t be nothing
Without a woman or a girl.
LICKING STICK - LICKING STICK

Words and Music by JAMES BROWN, BOBBY BYRD and ALFRED ELLIS

Funk shuffle \( \frac{3}{4} \)

Eb9

Oh,

Ma-ma, come here quick and bring that lick-ing stick.

Ma-ma, come here quick and bring that lick-ing stick.

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Mama, come here quick
and bring me that licking stick.

Mama, come here quick
and bring that licking stick.

Mama, come here quick
and bring that licking stick.

1. People stand-in',
2. D.S. Junior, don't kill me

stand-in' in a trance,
with his latest strokes,
sister out in the back yard, do-in' an out-a-sight dance.
when he takes his feet right off the ground.

Come tell-in' me the other day, she didn't wanna be a drag.
Do-in' the Mashed Po-ta-toes and then he begin to slide.

I don't know what she's do-in',
I think she's got a brand new bag.

-- his self do-in' the James

Mama, come here quick
and bring me that lick-ing stick.
Mama, come here quick
and bring that lick-ing stick. Now, look-y here.

Brown-
Sis-ter says the dance you're do-in',

it's the lat-est thing-
Peo-ple now be-gin to talk-

She jump back in, that
soul-ful stride,

ba-by,

now she's do-in' the Cam-el Walk.

Ma-ma, come here quick and

bring me that lick-ing stick.

Ma-ma, come here quick and

bring that lick-ing stick.

bring your lick-ing stick.

Lick-ing stick...
lick-ing stick;

To Coda Θ

lick-ing stick;

I don’t pro-fess to be no teach-er, these

are my lat-est out-looks.

She’s got to, to get her-self
back in the mathematical books. Do you hear me now?

Al right, I wanna tell you one more time. I wanna tell you one more time. I wanna tell you one more time.

D.S. al Coda CODA
MOTHER POPCORN, PT. 1

Words and Music by JAMES BROWN and ALFRED JAMES ELLIS

Moderately, in 2
D7+9)

Yeah, yeah, yeah,

Yeah, yeah, yeah,

Pop-corn!

Some like 'em fat,
Some like 'em tall!

Some like 'em short,
skin-ny legs and all!

I like 'em all,

I like 'em proud!

And when they walk you
2. There was a time when I was all alone.  
I had a secret, thought I was gone.  
Somebody dug me! Said, "Now I see what you are doin',  
Brother, to stay ahead of me!"
And when I get burnt, I use some salve;  
And when I want some lovin', them Mothers you got to have;  
See, you got to have a Mother for me. (to Interlude)

3. Do the Popcorn and do the Hoss.  
Show everybody where you're at; You got to be the boss.  
The way you do your little thing,  
Step in a small ring and jump back, Baby.  
James Brown's gonna do his thing,  
Popcorn! Yeah! Yeah! Yeah!

Interlude C7

6 times
then D. S. ½ to 3rd verse
PAPA DON'T TAKE NO MESS, PT. 1

Words and Music by JAMES BROWN, FRED WESLEY, CHARLES FRED BOBBITT and JOHN STARKS

Steady Funk Groove

F9 \[\text{mf}\] \ Gm/C \[\text{mf}\] \ F9 \ Gm/C \[\text{mf}\] \ F9 \ Gm/C \[\text{mf}\]

F9 \[\text{mf}\] \ Gm/C \[\text{mf}\] \ F9 \ Gm/C \[\text{mf}\]

Play 3 times

F9 \[\text{mf}\] \ Gm/C \[\text{mf}\] \ F9 \ Gm/C \[\text{mf}\]

Pa-pa don't take no mess.

F9 \[\text{mf}\] \ Gm/C \[\text{mf}\] \ F9 \ Gm/C \[\text{mf}\]

Pa-pa don't take no mess.

F9 \[\text{mf}\] \ Gm/C \[\text{mf}\] \ F9 \ Gm/C \[\text{mf}\]

Pa-pa is the man

F9 \[\text{mf}\] \ Gm/C \[\text{mf}\] \ F9 \ Gm/C \[\text{mf}\]

who can understand how a man has to do

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what-ev-er he can._ Hit me.

Pa-pa don’t, pa-pa don’t, pa-pa don’t, pa-pa don’t take no mess, no.

Instrumental on D.S.

Pa-pa don’t take no mess.

Now, pa-pa might grin,
Pa-pa digs the chick
Pa-pa didn’t cuss, he

drank a lit-tle taste of gin.
if she look real slick.
didn’t raise a whole lot-ta fuss,

Bet his last ten
Pa-pa rap is ver-y quick.
but when we did wrong,
on a little game of skin.
You devil, it ain't no trick.

apa beat the hell out of us, uh.

Pa-pa don't take no mess.
Pa-pa don't, pa-pa don't, pa-pa don't, pa-pa don't, pa-pa don't,
Pa-pa don't, pa-pa don't, pa-pa don't, pa-pa don't, pa-pa

Pa-pa don't take no mess.
Pa-pa don't, pa-pa don't, pa-pa don't, pa-pa don't, pa-pa don't,
Pa-pa don't take no mess.
Pa-pa don't, pa-pa don't, pa-pa don't, pa-pa don't, pa-pa

(Spoken:) Papa don't take no
Wait, wait a minute. (Spoken:) Look a-here. Papa

don't take, pa-pa likes 'cause when pa-pa gets up-tight,

he knows he's right. You got your-self a fight.

Hit me.
Papa don't take no mess.
(Papa don't take)

Papa don't, pa-pa don't, pa-pa don't, pa-pa don't, pa-pa don't, pa-pa don't,

Pa-pa is the man who will take a stand.

Papa don't take no mess. Pa-pa don't, pa-pa don't, pa-pa don't
I saw papa cry when he thought that I would die.
Look a-here.
I saw papa cry when he thought that I would die.
He says something was in his eye.
I
knew it was a lie.

Ma-ma said,

“Pa-pa’s smart. Pa-pa got a whole lot-ta heart.”

And

pa-pa would do his part when the game get hard.
PAPA'S GOT A BRAND NEW BAG

Moderate Funk

D7

Come here sister mamma

C/G

Pa-pa's in the swing.
and dig this crazy scene.

He ain't too He's not too

C9

hip fancy a-bout that new breed babe,

but this line is pretty clean.

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C/G
He ain't no

D7
drag.

C6
Pa-pa's got a brand new
no chord

D7
bag.

Come here

He's doing the

G6
Jerk.

He's doing the Fly.

Don't play him cheap 'cause you know he ain't

shy.

He's doing the Monkey,

the Mashed Po-
ta - toes, Jump back Jack, See you la - ter al - li - ga - tor. Come here sis - ter,
Pa - pa’s in the swing.

He ain’t too hip now but I can dig that new breed

babe. He ain’t no drag.
He's got a brand new bag. Oh,

Papa, he's doing the Jerk. Papa, he's doing the

Jerk. He's doing the Twist just like this. He's doing the

Fly every day and every night. The thing's
like the Boomerang.
Hey, come on.
Hey! Hey, come on.
Hey! Hey, he's up tight, out of sight, come on.
Hey! Hey!
THE PAYBACK

Words and Music by JAMES BROWN, FRED WESLEY and JOHN STARKS

Easy Funk Groove

Am7

(Spoken:) The big payback.
(tacet 1st time)

Play 3 times

C    D

The big payback.

Am6

See Verse 1 lyrics

Repeat as needed

C    E7#9

(Spoken:)
Hey, hey! Whoa!
Am6

See Verses 2-4 lyrics

Am C D Am/E Am6

1,2 D.S. 3

Am C D Am/E Am6

Am C D Am/E Am6
Rap Lyrics

Verse 1:
You get down with my girlfriend; that ain't right.
You holler and cuss; you wanna fight.
Payback is the thing you got to see.
Hell, you never do any damn thing to me.

You sold me out for check and change,
You told me today they had it all arranged.
They had me down, and that's a fact.
And now you're pumped.
You gotta get ready for the big payback (the big payback).
That's where I land for the big payback (the big payback).

I can do wheelin', I can do dealin' (yes you can)
But I don't do no damn squealin'.
I can dig rappin' I'm ready. I can dig scrappin'.
But I can't dig that back-stabbin' (oh no).
Now brother get ready, that's a fact.
Get ready, you mother, for the big payback.
Let me hit 'em, hit 'em Fred, hit 'em.

Verse 2:
You took my money, you got my honey.
Don't want me to see what you're doin' to me.
I can get back; I gotta deal with you.
Gotta deal with ya; gotta deal with ya.
I gotta deal with ya. Let me tell ya,

You get down with my woman; that ain't right.
You holler and cuss; you wanna fight.
Don't do me no darn favor.
I don't know karate but I know crazy (yes we do).
Get ready, that's a fact.
Get ready, you mother, for the big payback (the big payback).

I'm a man, I'm a man, I'm the son of a man.
If I don't take care of you, then Papa can.
Get ready for the big payback (the big payback).
Hit me again.

Verse 3:
Lord, Lord, get ready.
I need it. I need a hit again.
The same one, the same one, the same one.
Hear the band.

Verse 4:
You sold me out for check and change.
You said my woman had it all arranged.
She tried to make a deal; she wanted to squeal
But I had my boys on her heals.

I saw her when she come in towin' the line.
She broke down then she wanted to cry.
I don't care what she does; she's gonna be doin' just like she was.

Take those kids and raise 'em up.
Show 'em how to drink up the righteous cup.
Take her, take that woman. There's one place she's bound.
Just run that mother outta town.
Make her get up; make her get up, get out.
Make her get up; make her get up, get out.
I'm mad; I want revenge; I want revenge.
My patience ends on revenge; my patience ends on revenge.
I want revenge; I want revenge (the big payback)
Can I get some hits? I need those hits; I need those hits.
Hit me,
Lord I need those hits, carry on.
The big payback.
PLEASE, PLEASE, PLEASE

Moderately slow

Words and Music by JAMES BROWN and JOHN TERRY

1. Please, Please, Please, please. (Please, please don't go.) Please,

Please. (Please, please don't go.) Hon-ey, please don't go, oh yes, 'cause, I love you

This ending till last time then fine

Extra lyrics (Above repeat Chorus)

2. Baby, you've done me wrong. (You've done me wrong.)
   Baby, you've done me wrong. (You've done me wrong.)
   Baby, you've done me wrong. (You've done me wrong.)
   Took my love and now you're gone.

3. Baby, take my hand. (Please, etc.)
   I want to be your lover man. (Please, etc.)
   Honey, please don't go, I love you so.
Verse 1:
Say it loud: "I'm black and I'm proud."
Say it loud: "I'm black and I'm proud."
Some people say we got a lot of malice,
Some say it's a lot of nerve
But I say we won't quit moving until we get what we deserve.
We've been 'bucked and we've been scorned,
We've been treated bad, talked about as sure as you're born.
But just as sure as it takes two eyes to make a pair.
Brother we can't quit until we get our share.
Say it loud: "I'm black and I'm proud."
Say it loud: "I'm black and I'm proud."
Say it loud: "I'm black and I'm proud."
I've worked on jobs with my feet and my hands,
But all that work I did was for the other man.
Now we demand a chance to do things for ourselves.
We're tired of beating our head against the wall
And working for someone else.
Say it loud: "I'm black and I'm proud." (4 times)

Bridge:
Ooh-ee, you're killing me.
Alright, you're outa sight.
Alright, so tough, you're tough enough.
Ooh-ee, you're killing me.

Verse 2:
Say it loud: "I'm black and I'm proud."
Say it loud: "I'm black and I'm proud."
Now we demand a chance to do things for ourselves. We're tired of beating our heads against the wall
And working for someone else.
We're people, we're like the birds and the bees,
But we'd rather die on our feet than keep living on our knees.
Say it loud: "I'm black and I'm proud." (3 times)

Fade on Bridge
THINK

Words and Music by
LOWMAN PAULING

A7    G7

a-bout the bad things.   a-bout the right things.
(think)         (Think,)

A7    G7

a-bout the wrong things. Now, la-dy be-fore you leave me re-al-ize that I'm the
(think)
D7          To Coda  A7          D7
one who loves you.  Think a-bout the sac-ri-fic-es
A7
I packed up all your hap-pi-ness.

that I made for you.  Can I rea-ly claim?

Think a-bout the How man-y tears have

hard times  that I spent for you.
that I’ve done for you.

you shed  for which you were to blame?

Think a-bout the good things that’s what it’s

All I can re-mem-ber  from.
Think about the bad things _
I tried so hard to please you,

I've tried not to do, at least that's what I thought.
Come on children, come on children

Lady before you leave me realize that I'm one who loves you.
Call Me Super Bad, Pts. 1 & 2
Cold Sweat, Pt. 1
Get On The Good Foot
Get Up (I Feel Like Being) A Sex Machine
Get Up Offa That Thing
Give It Up Or Turnit A Loose
Hot Pants, Pt. 1
I Got The Feelin'
I Got You (I Feel Good)
It's A Man's Man's Man's World
Licking Stick - Licking Stick
Make It Funky, Pt. 1
Mother Popcorn, Pt. 1
Papa Don't Take No Mess, Pt. 1
Papa's Got A Brand New Bag
The Payback
Please, Please, Please
Say It Loud (I'm Black And I'm Proud)
Think
Try Me