

B.B. King

"The B.B. Jones"

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There's a new dance on the streets
And it's mean, baby, mean
(Mean, baby, mean)
(Mean, baby, mean)

It wipes the African Twist
Hey, mama, right off of the scene
(Right off of the scene)
(Right off of the scene)

You chop your hips out front
Throw your head way back
Well, that's the B.B. Jones
Baby, get to that

Everybody's doing it (doing it)
Doing it (doing it)
Doing it (doing it)

Everybody's doing it (doing it)
The B.B. Jones, the B.B. Jones
(B.B. Jones, the B.B. Jones)
(Doing it, doing it)

That tall girl over there
She won the B.B. Jones race
(B.B. Jones, B.B. Jones)

But the doctor say she
Threw her hip on out of place
(B.B. Jones, B.B. Jones)

Now she's walking around mean
Like an old alley cat
Well, that's the B.B. Jones
Baby, get to that

Everybody's doing it (doing it)
Doing it (doing it)
They doing it (doing it)

Everybody's doing it (doing it)

The B.B. Jones, the B.B. Jones
(B.B. Jones, the B.B. Jones)
(Doing it, doing it)

You let your shoulders get loose
Like stockings on the line
Then you jump back, mama
And double time

Then you turn around quick
Like you're coming back
Well, that's the B.B. Jones
Baby, get to that

Everybody's doing it (doing it)
Doing it (doing it)
Doing it (doing it)

Everybody's doing it (doing it)
The B.B. Jones, the B.B. Jones
(B.B. Jones, the B.B. Jones)
(Doing it) doing it
(Doing it) they doing it

Everybody's doing it, doing it
Doing it, they doing it
The B.B. Jones

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