

# I'll Bring It Home To You All De Times - song lyrics

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I'LL BRING IT HOME TO YOU ALL DE TIMES.

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Words and Music by Gussie L. Davis.

A big black coon once loved a pretty yaller girl,  
And he loved her more than life;  
There was nothing in the world for this gal he wouldn't do-  
Why for her the nigger even shook his wife.  
The nigger made money, for he had a good trade,  
And if he only worked one day.  
He would hasten to her house just as soon as he got paid,  
And he'd empty out his pockets there, And say:

Chorus.

It's just Hike the boss done give it to me, baby;  
I don't know if it's dollars or dimes;  
Just stick to me, honey, and I'll make a lot of money,  
And I'll bring it home to you all de times.

The gal wasn't slow, she used to jolly him along,  
And it really was too bad:  
For she pulled the nigger's leg, and she pulled it good and strong,  
And she pulled it out of joint for all he had;  
There was a black Adonis that the girl admired,  
And he used to blow his "dough,"  
And the coon that played the chump, brought the gold and never tired,  
For where the money went he didn't know.- Chorus.

One day the darkies met and quickly war began,  
And you couldn't tell for a while  
Which coon was goin' to win, for such carving was a sin,  
For the mokes went at it reg'lar nigger style;  
The hospital shelters a nigger carved in two,  
And the morgue holds one in death;  
The little yaller gal "flew the coop "because she knew  
That the coon would separate her from her breath.- Chorus.