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Piano • Vocal • Guitar

JAMES BROWN

20 All Time Greatest Hits!

chappell/intersong

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MES BROWN
All Time Greatest Hits!

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Interior photos courtesy of Michael Ochs Archives/Venice, CA

Special Thanks to Larry Fridie for his assistance in completing this collection.

Biography by Jim McElmurray

HAL•LEONARD™ CORPORATION

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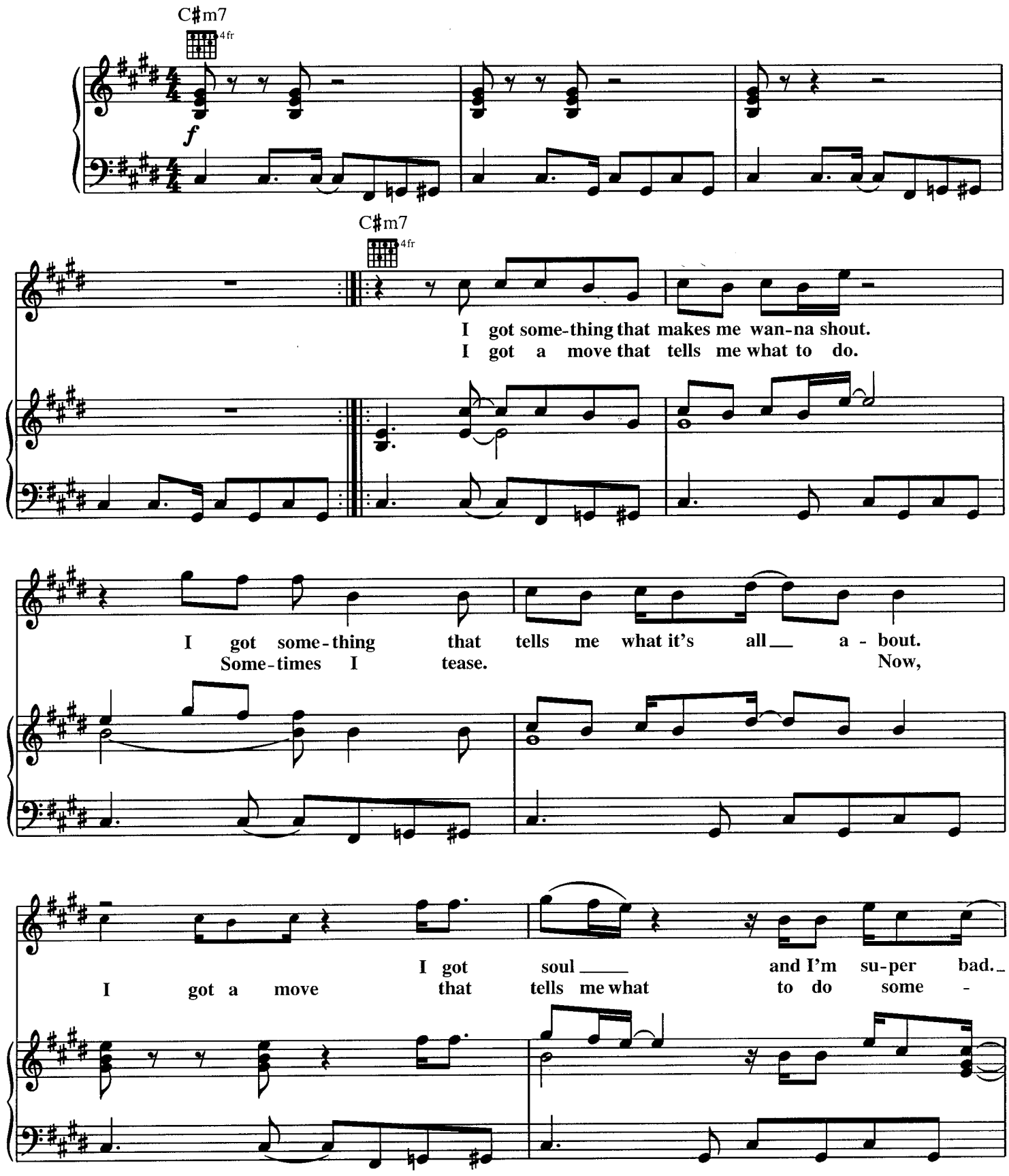
CALL ME SUPER BAD, PTS. 1 & 2

Words and Music by
JAMES BROWN

Bright Funk



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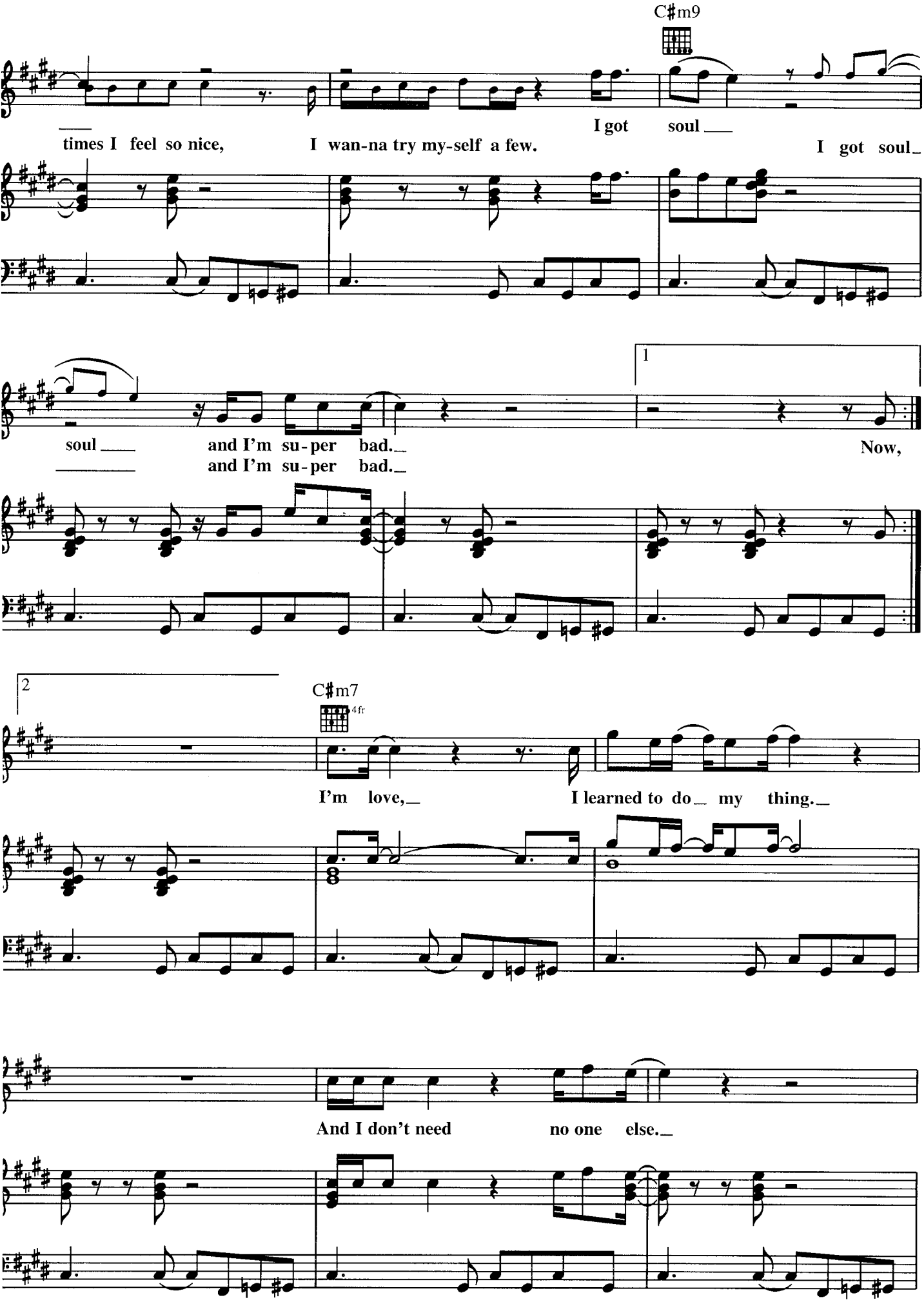
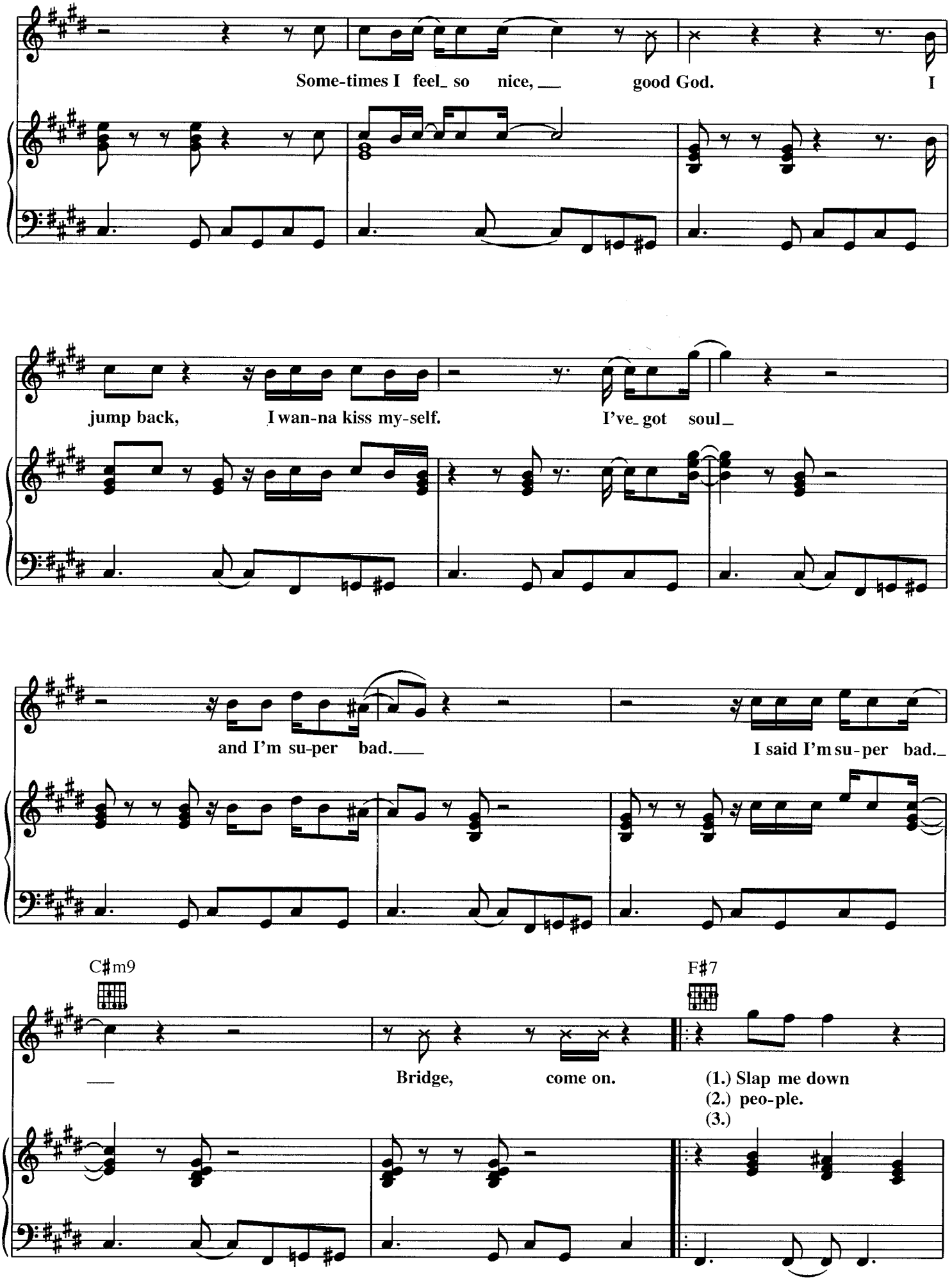
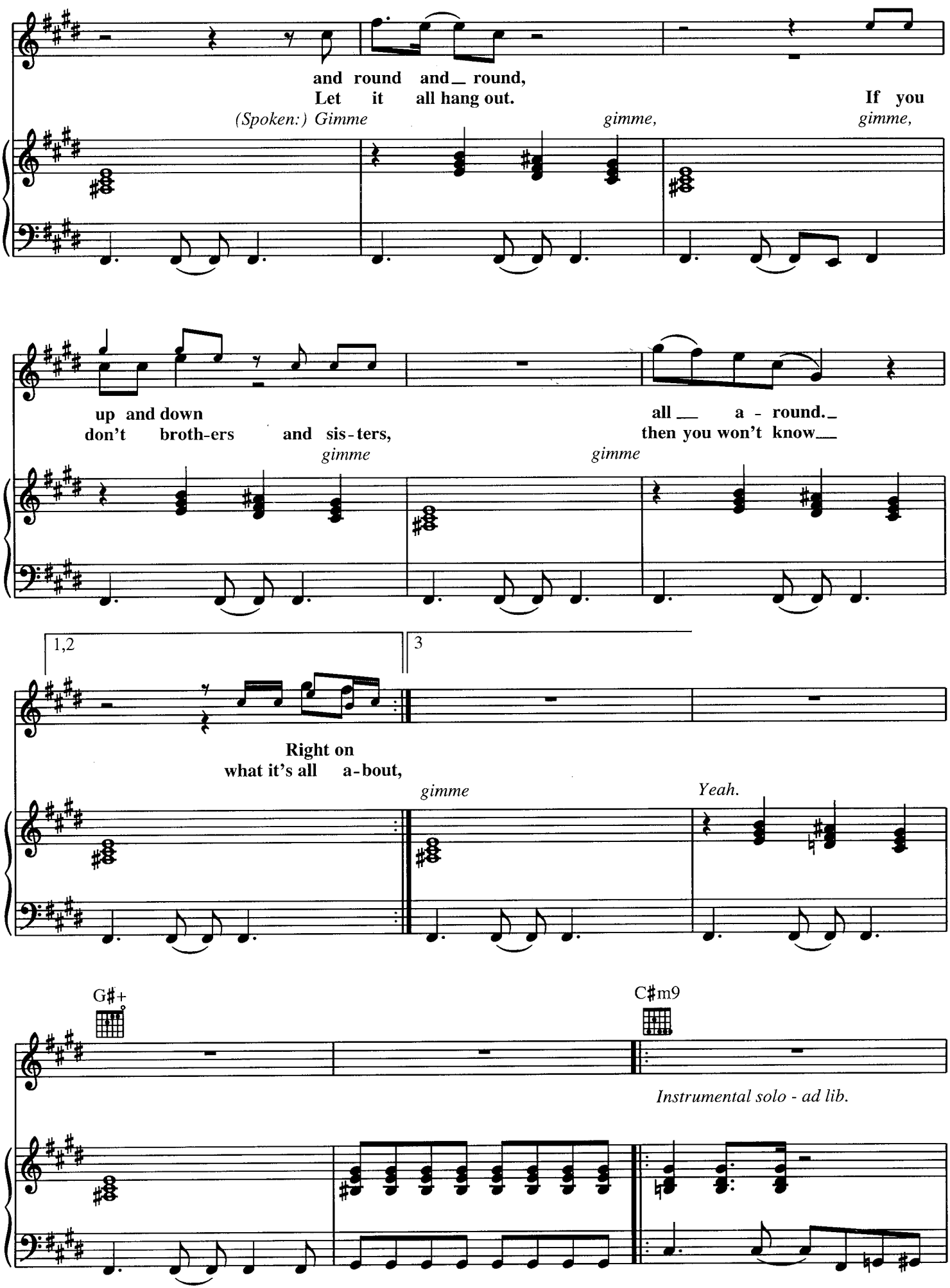
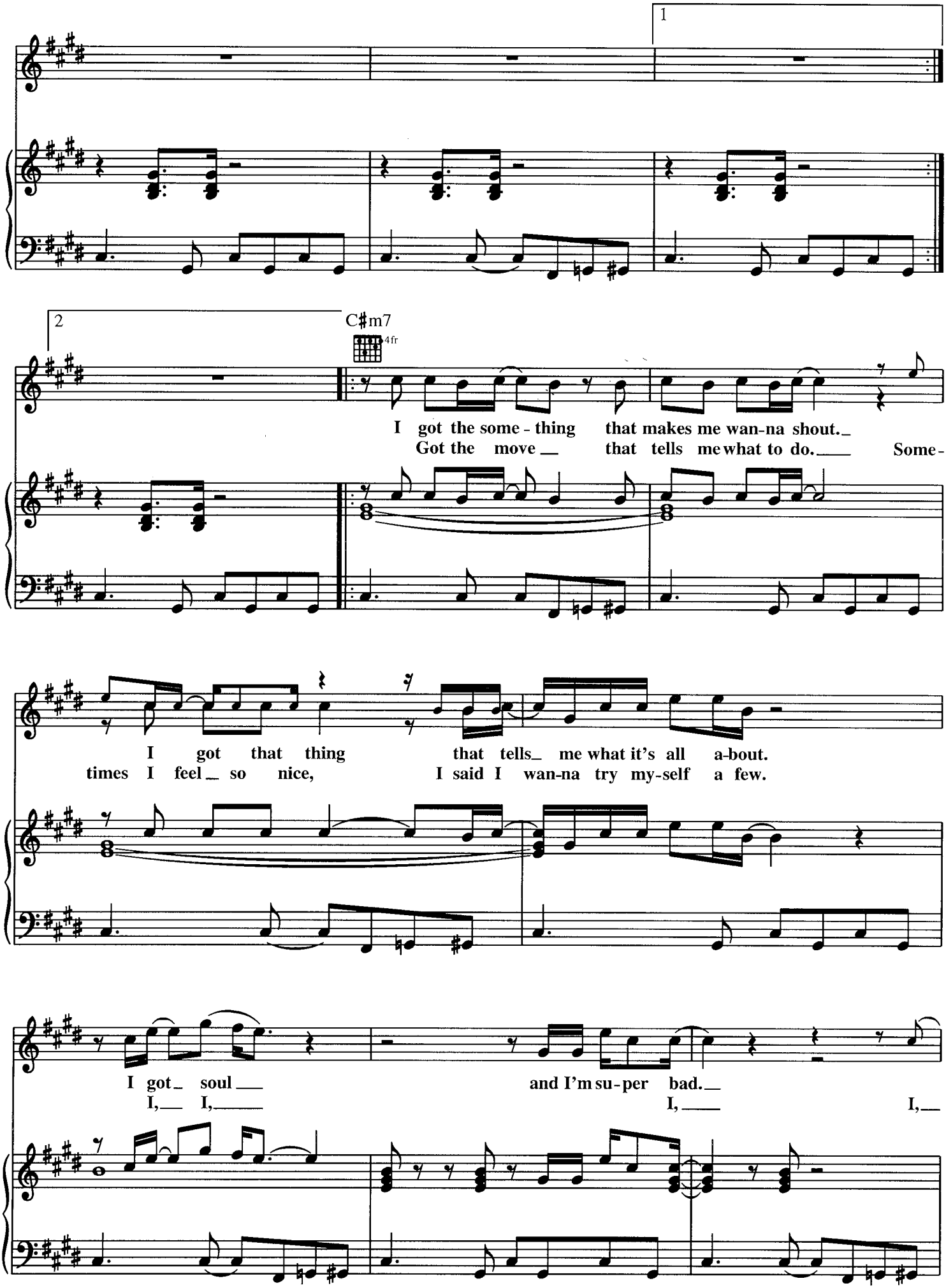
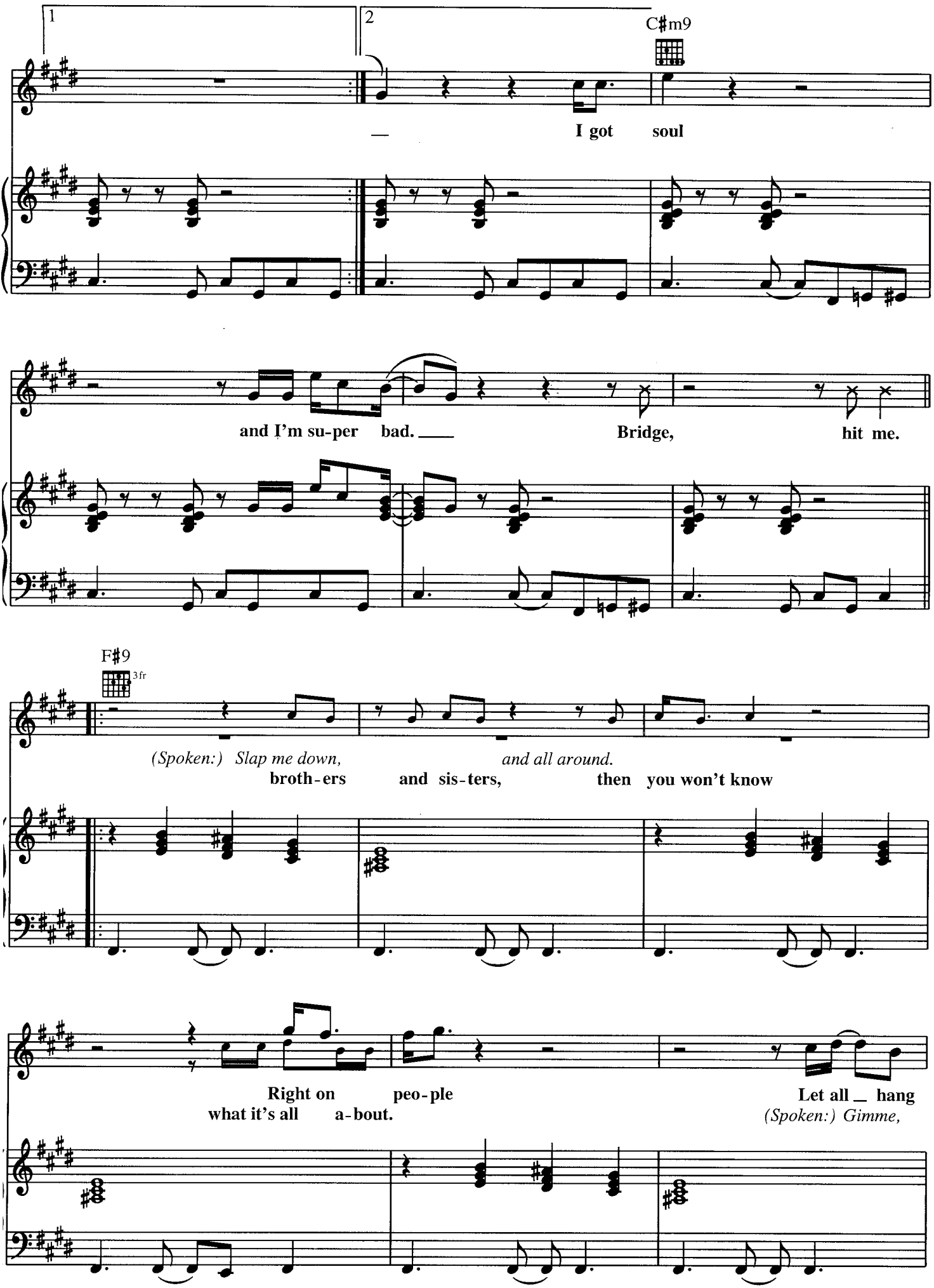
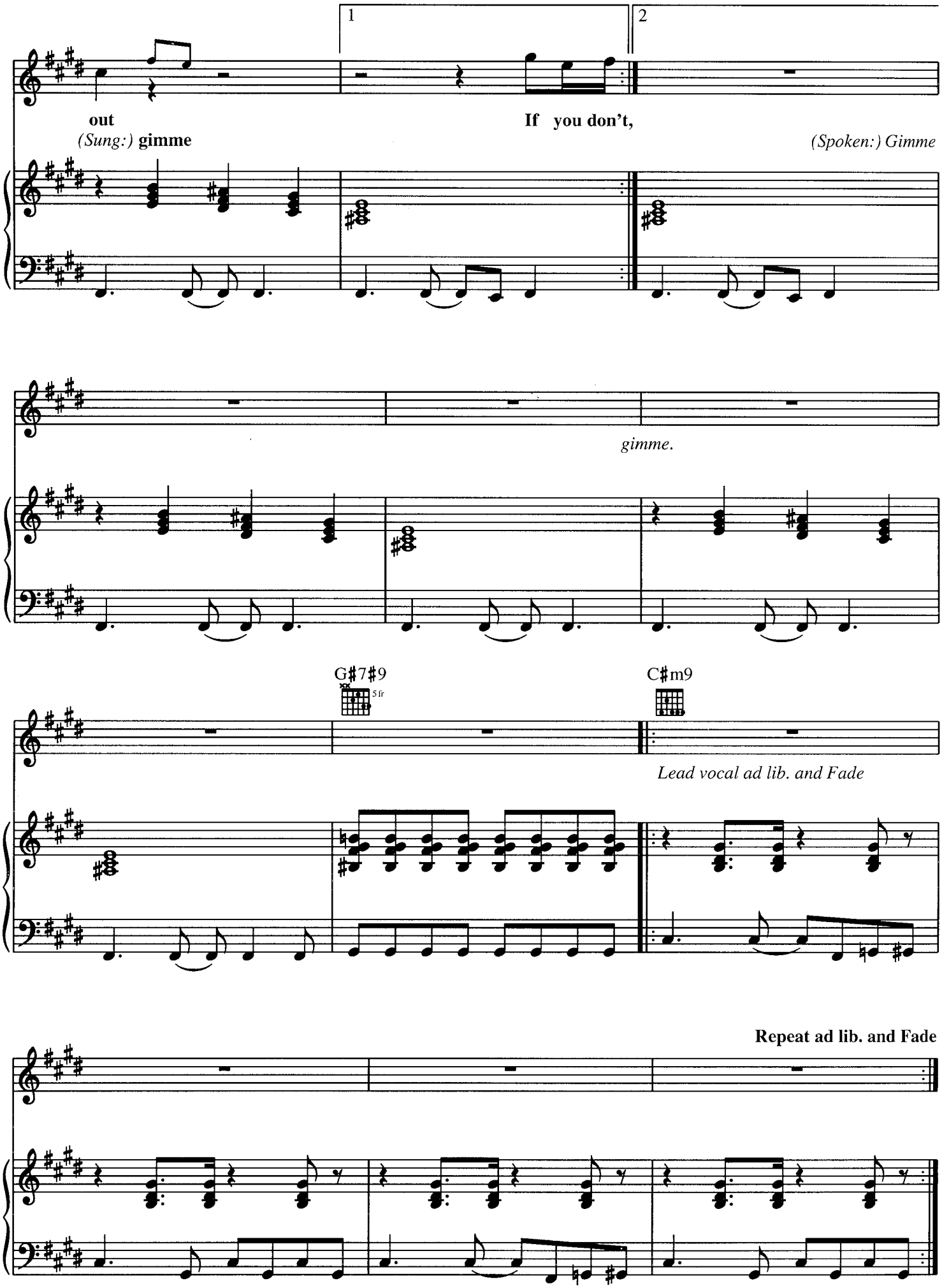

C♯m9
times I feel so nice, I wan-na try my-self a few. I got soul I got soul
1
soul and I'm su-per bad. Now,
and I'm su-per bad.
2
C♯m7
4fr
I'm love, I learned to do my thing.
And I don't need no one else.


Some-times I feel_ so nice, __ good God. I
jump back, I wan-na kiss my-self. I've_ got soul_
and I'm su-per bad.__ I said I'm su-per bad._
C♯m9
F♯7
__ Bridge, come on.
(1.) Slap me down
(2.) peo-ple.
(3.)


and round and_ round,
Let it all hang out.
If you
(Spoken:) Gimme
gimme,
gimme,
up and down
don't broth-ers and sis-ters,
all__ a - round._
then you won't know__
gimme
gimme
1,2
3
Right on
what it's all a-bout,
gimme
Yeah.
G♯+
C♯m9
Instrumental solo - ad lib.

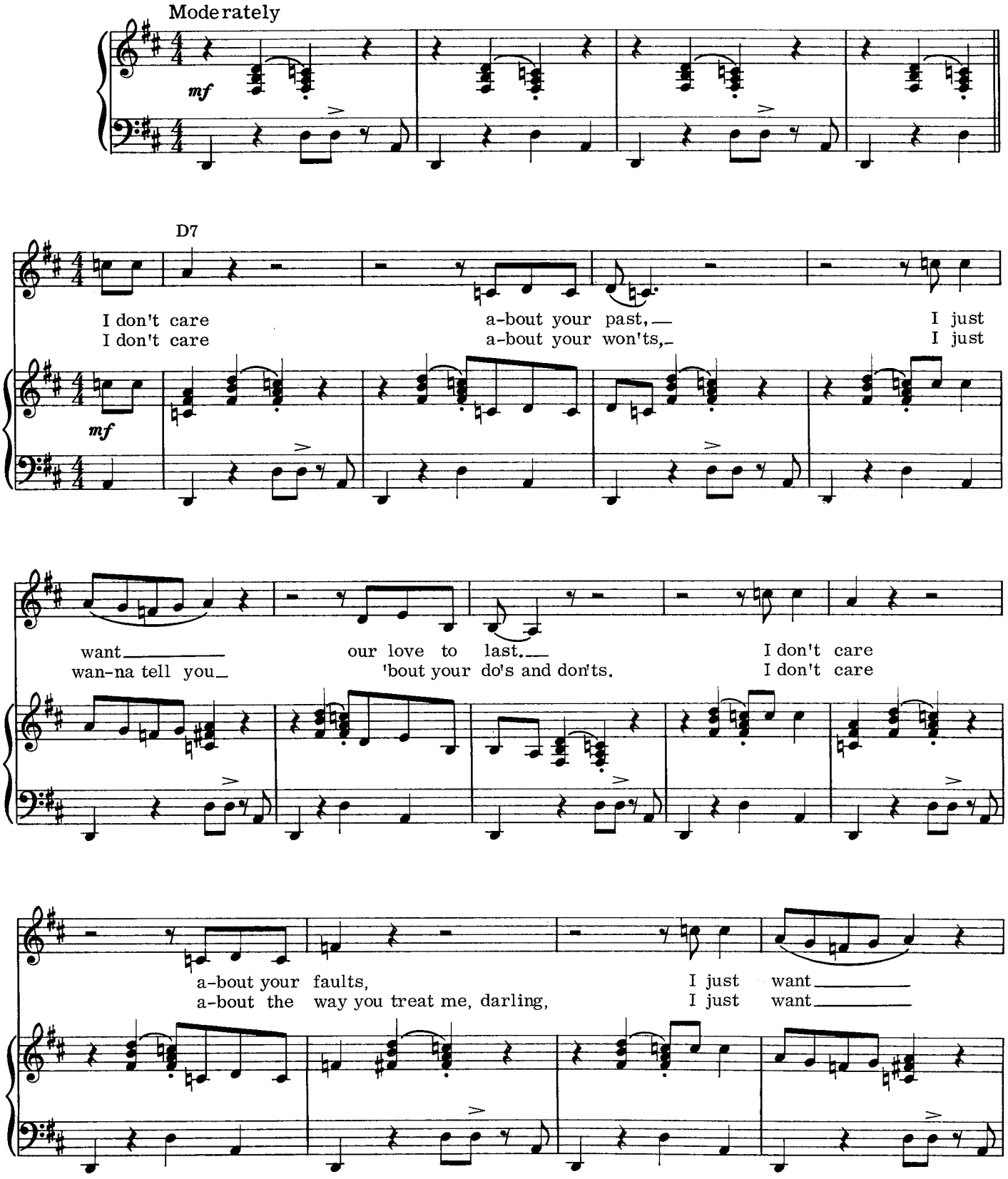

1
2
C♯m7
4fr
I got the some - thing that makes me wan-na shout._
Got the move __ that tells me what to do.___ Some-
I got that thing that tells_ me what it's all a-bout.
times I feel_ so nice, I said I wan-na try my-self a few.
I got_ soul ___ and I'm su-per bad.__
I,___ I,___ I,___ I,__


1
2
C♯m9
I got soul
and I'm su-per bad.
Bridge, hit me.
F♯9
3fr
(Spoken:) Slap me down, and all around.
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,


1
2
out
(Sung:) gimme
If you don't,
(Spoken:) Gimme
gimme.
G♯7♯9
5fr
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



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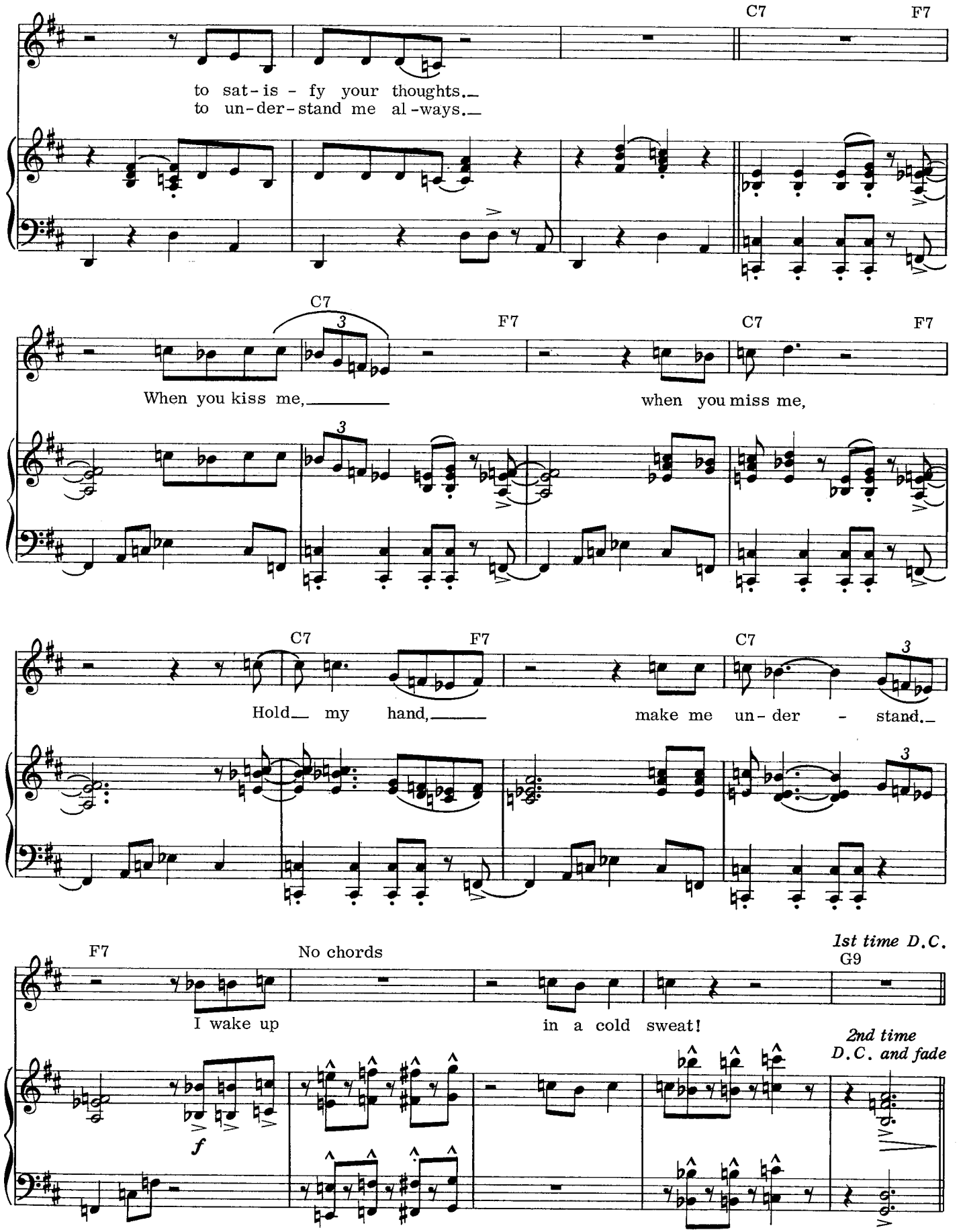
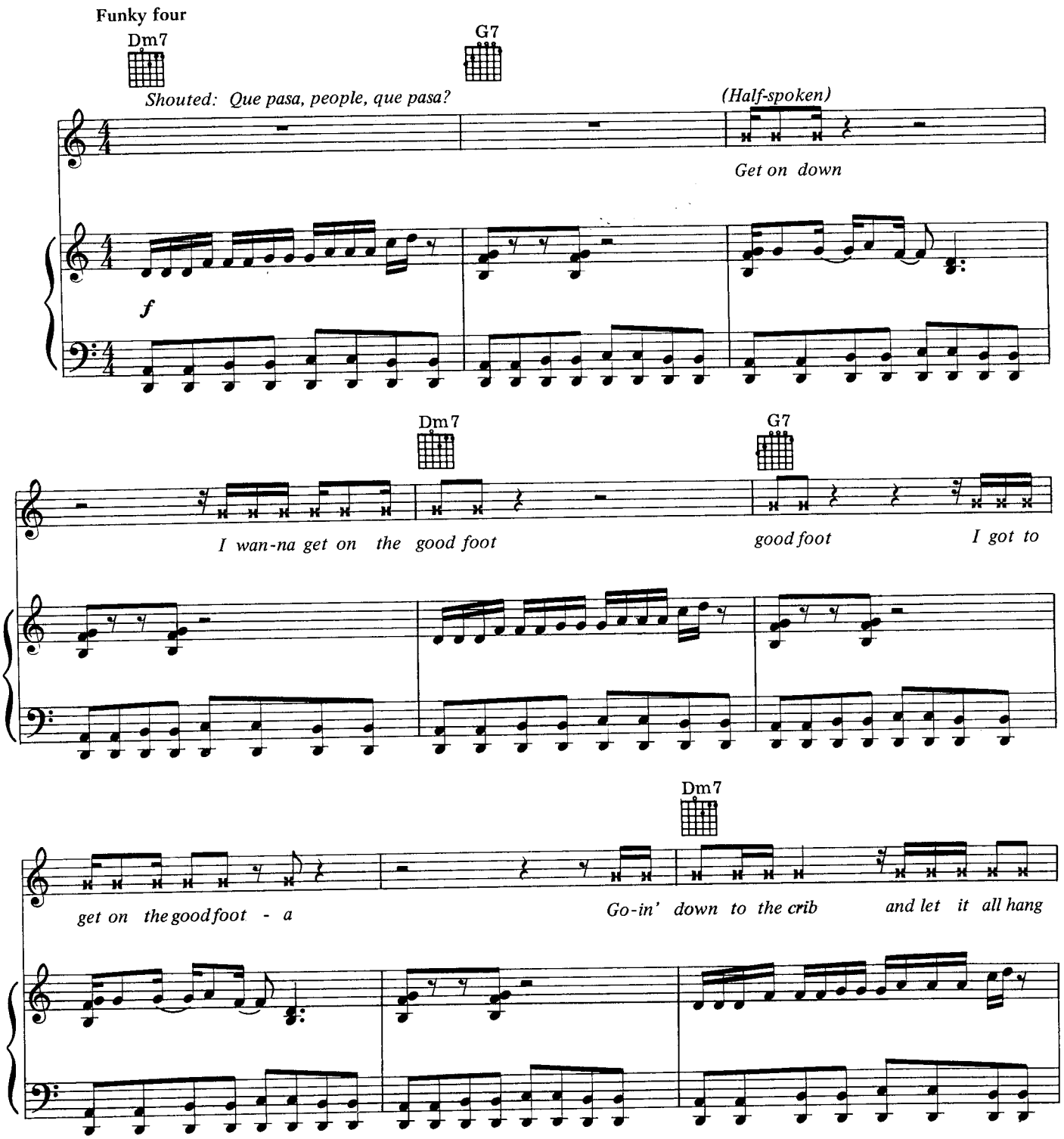

C7
F7
to sat-is - fy your thoughts.
to un-der-stand me al-ways.
C7
F7
C7
F7
When you kiss me,
when you miss me,
C7
F7
C7
Hold my hand,
make me un-der - stand.
F7
No chords
1st time D.C.
G9
I wake up
in a cold sweat!
2nd time
D.C. and fade
f

GET ON THE GOOD FOOT

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



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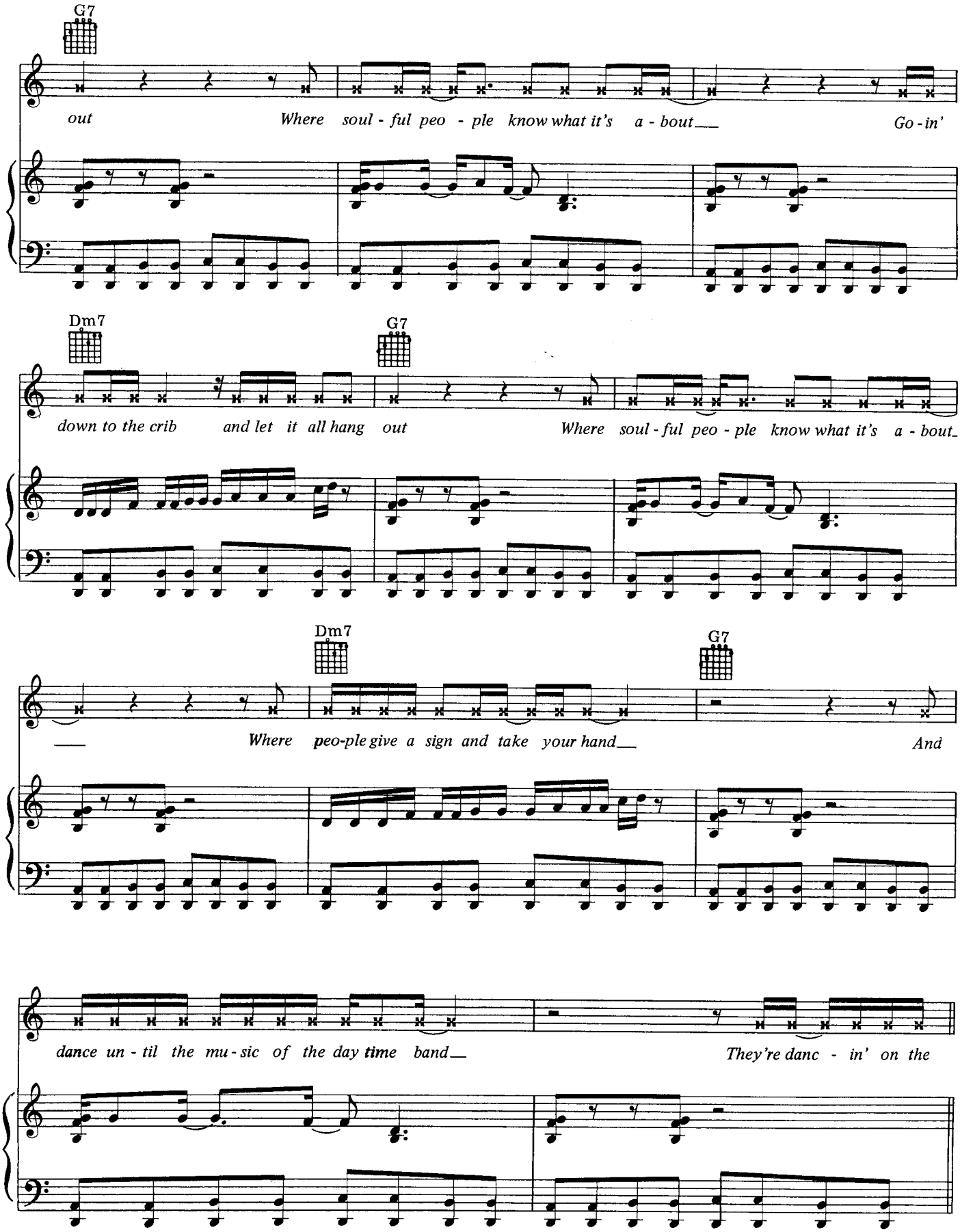
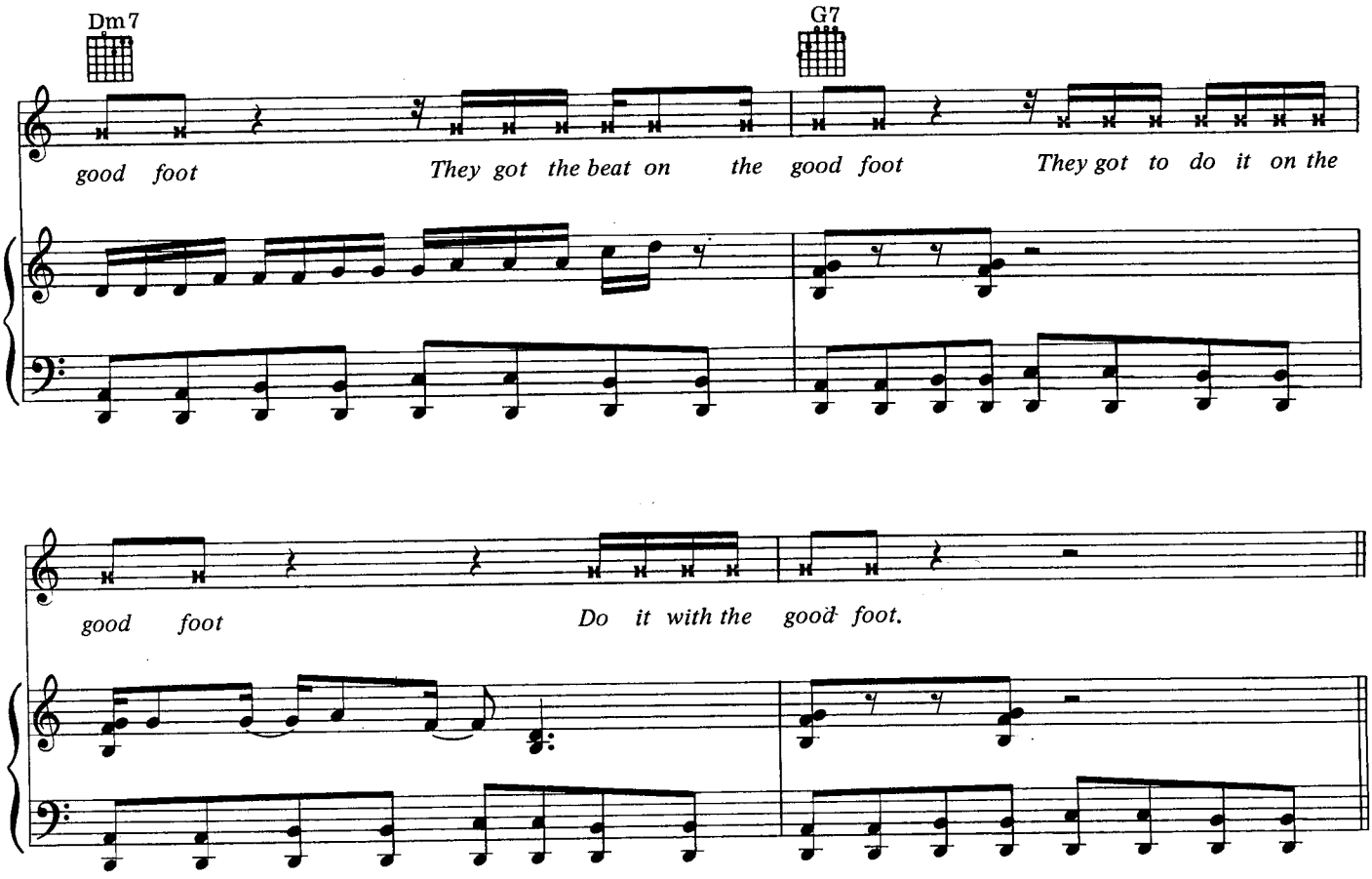
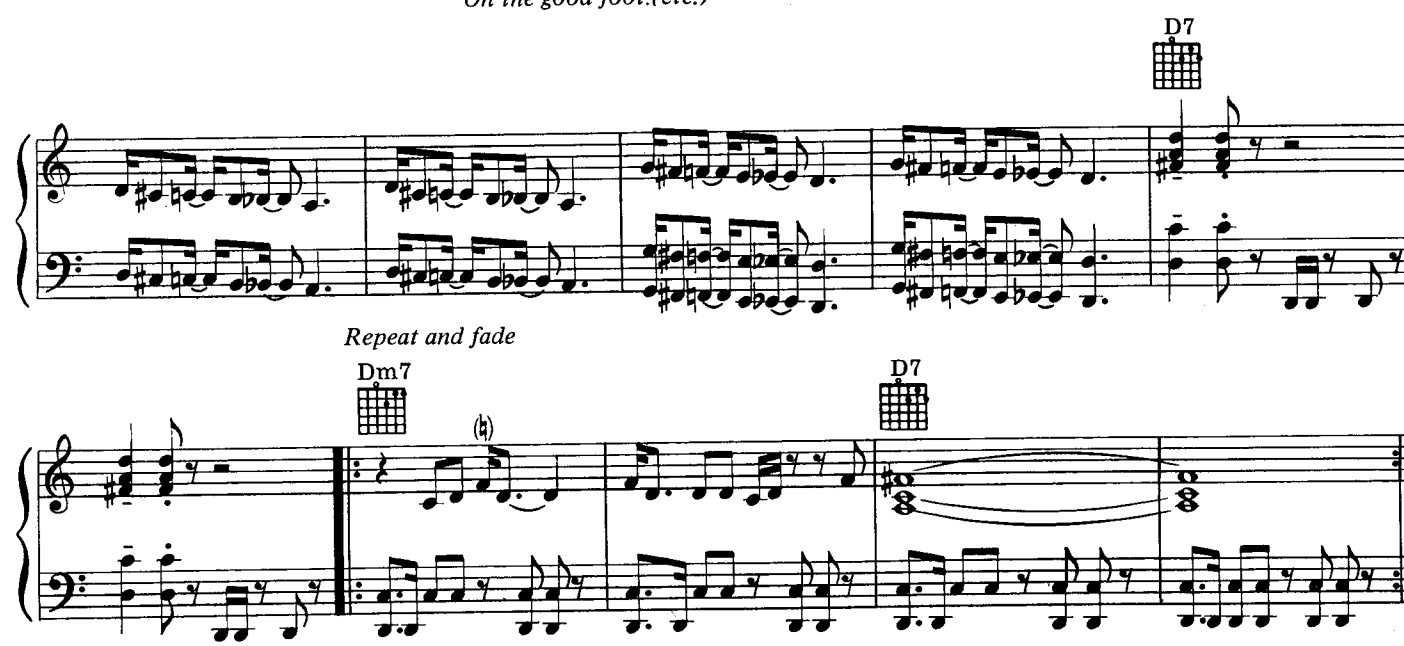

G7
out
Where soul - ful peo - ple know what it's a - bout
Go - in'
Dm7
G7
down to the crib and let it all hang out
Where soul - ful peo - ple know what it's a - bout
Dm7
G7
Where peo-ple give a sign and take your hand
And
dance un - til the mu - sic of the day time band
They're danc - in' on the



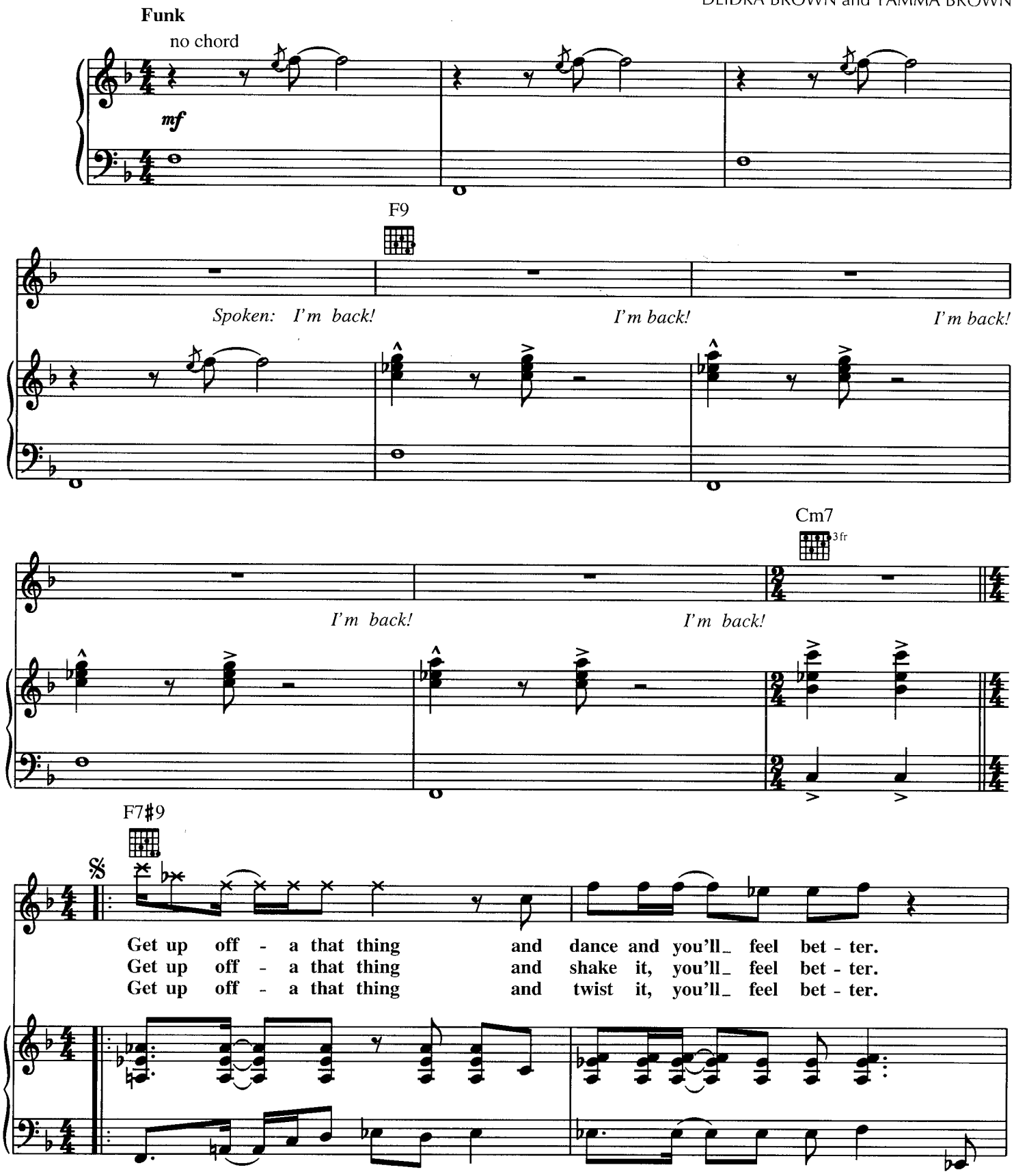
Additional Words

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' 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

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



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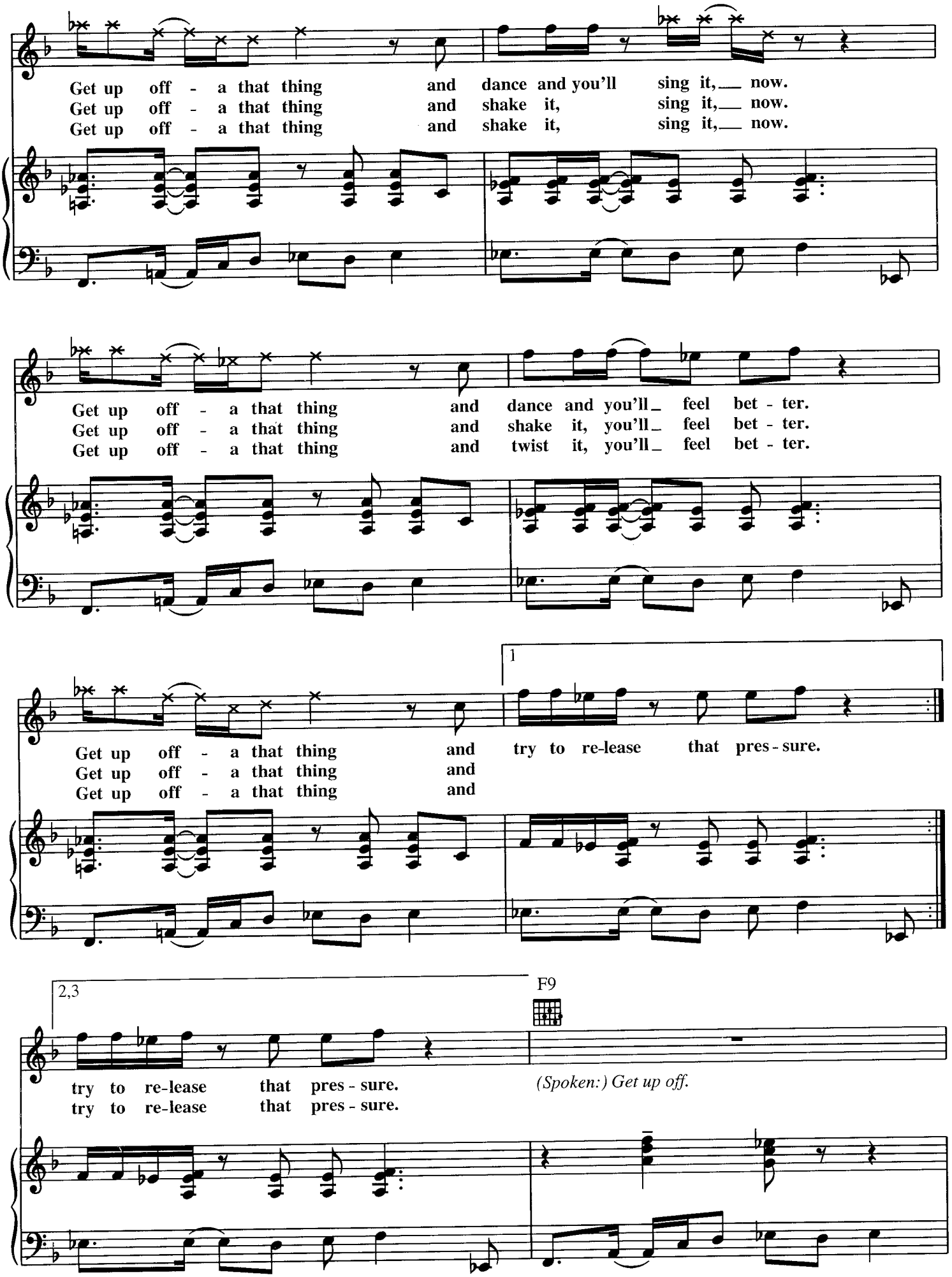
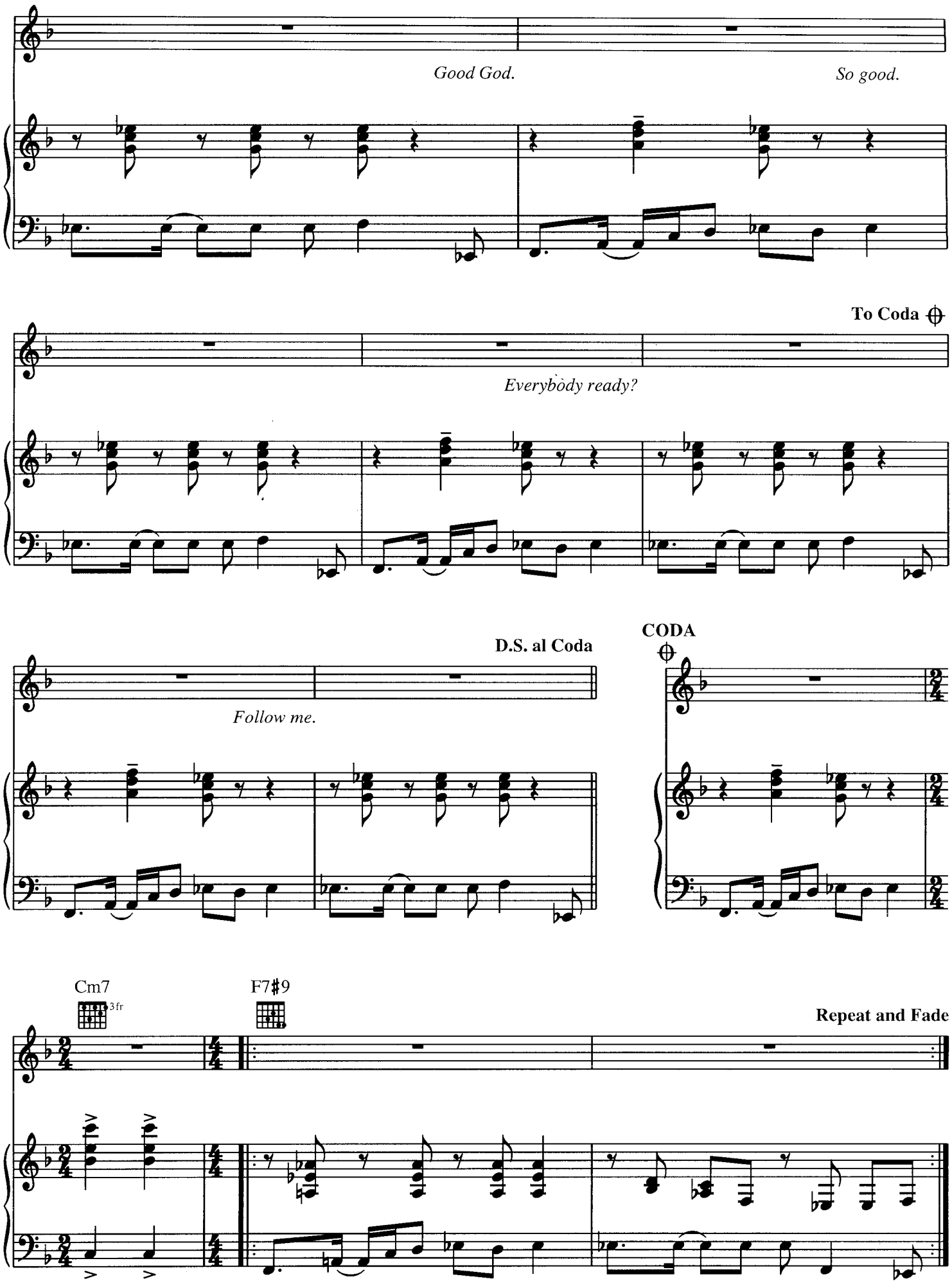
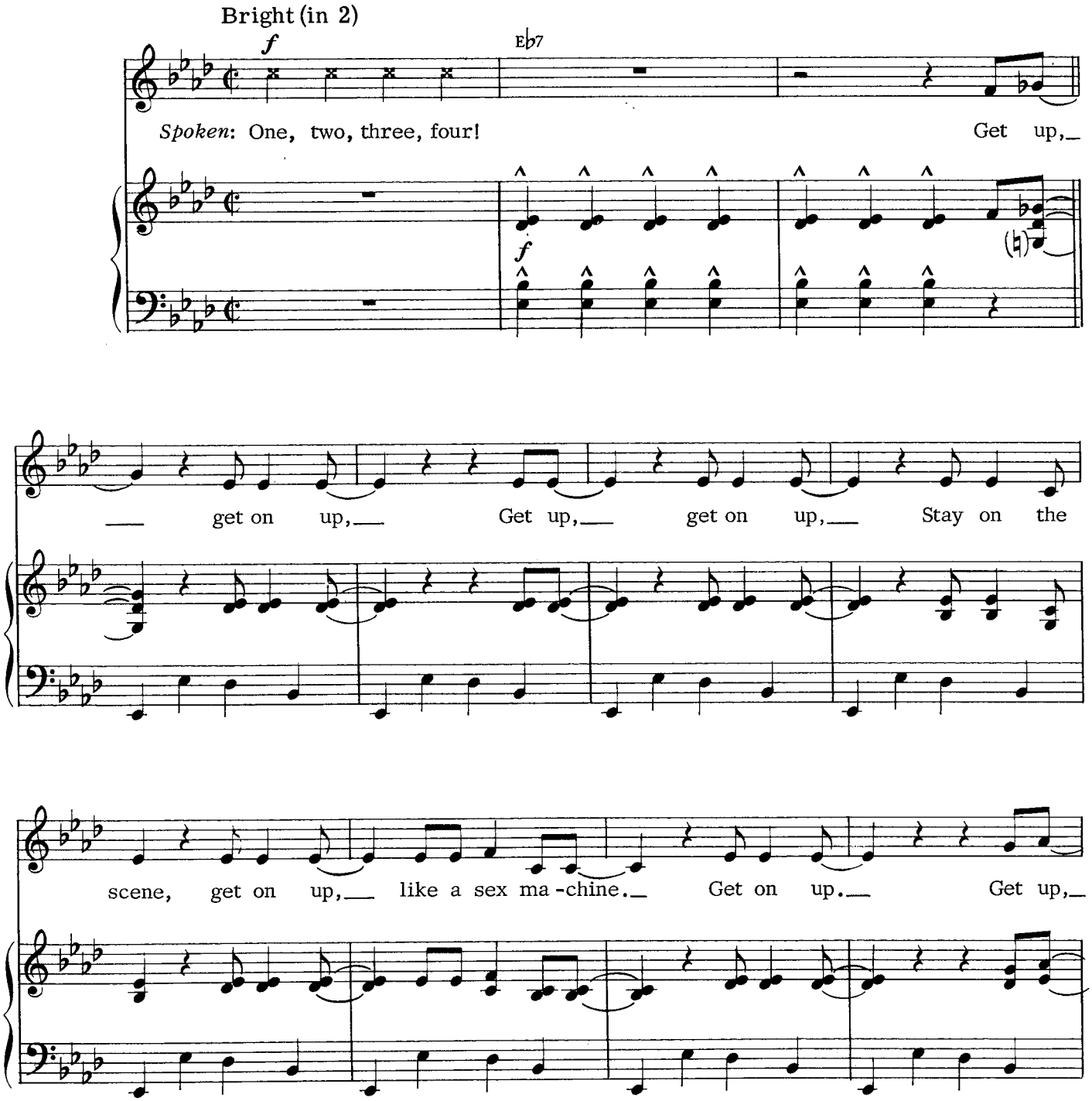

Get up off - a that thing and dance and you'll sing it, now.
Get up off - a that thing and shake it, sing it, now.
Get up off - a that thing and shake it, sing it, now.
Get up off - a that thing and dance and you'll feel bet - ter.
Get up off - a that thing and shake it, you'll feel bet - ter.
Get up off - a that thing and twist it, you'll feel bet - ter.
1
Get up off - a that thing and try to re-lease that pres - sure.
Get up off - a that thing and
Get up off - a that thing and
2,3
F9
try to re-lease that pres - sure.
try to re-lease that pres - sure.
(Spoken:) Get up off.


Good God.
So good.
To Coda
Everybody ready?
D.S. al Coda
Follow me.
CODA
Cm7
3fr
F7#9
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 wanta 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)



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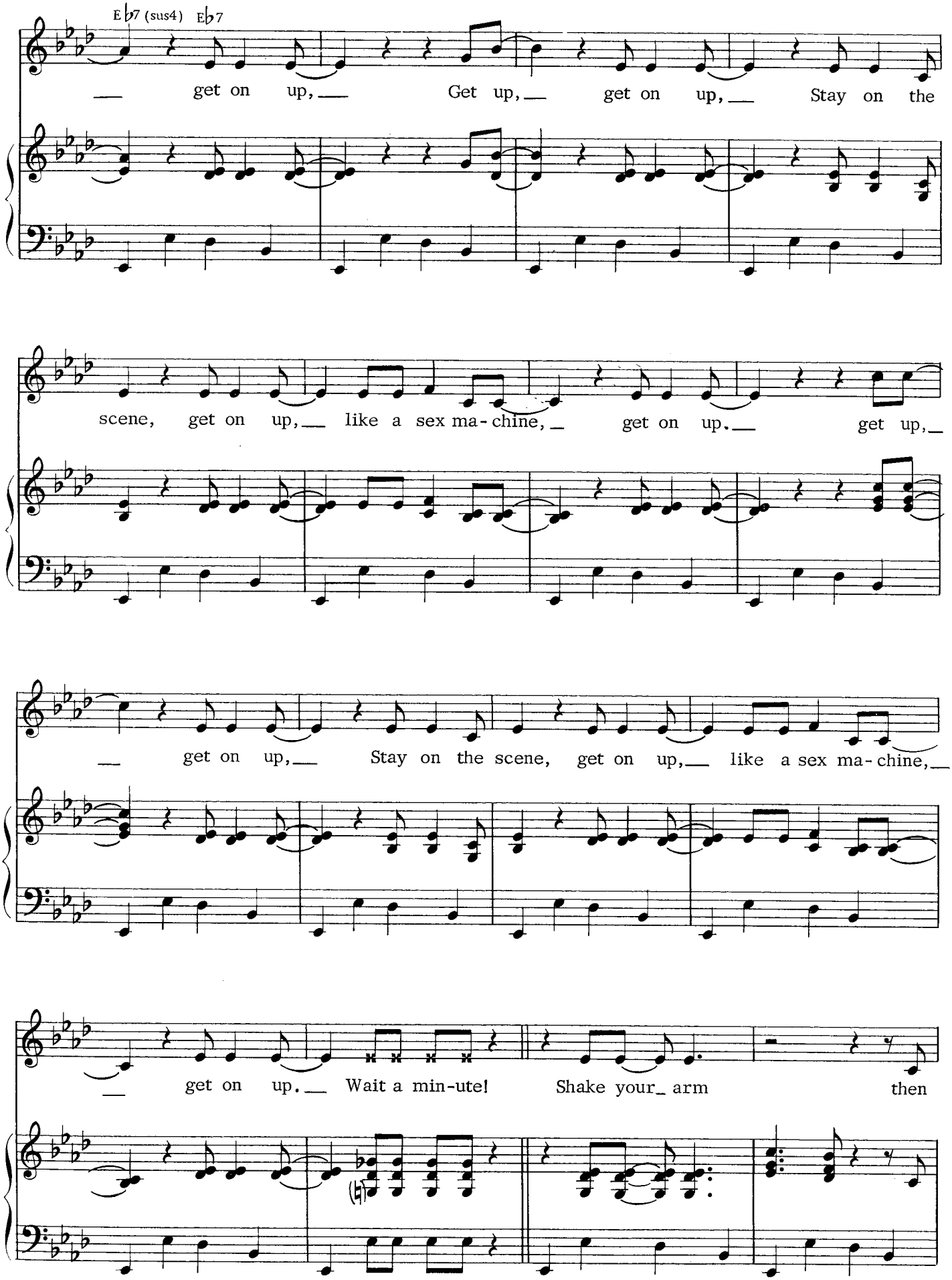
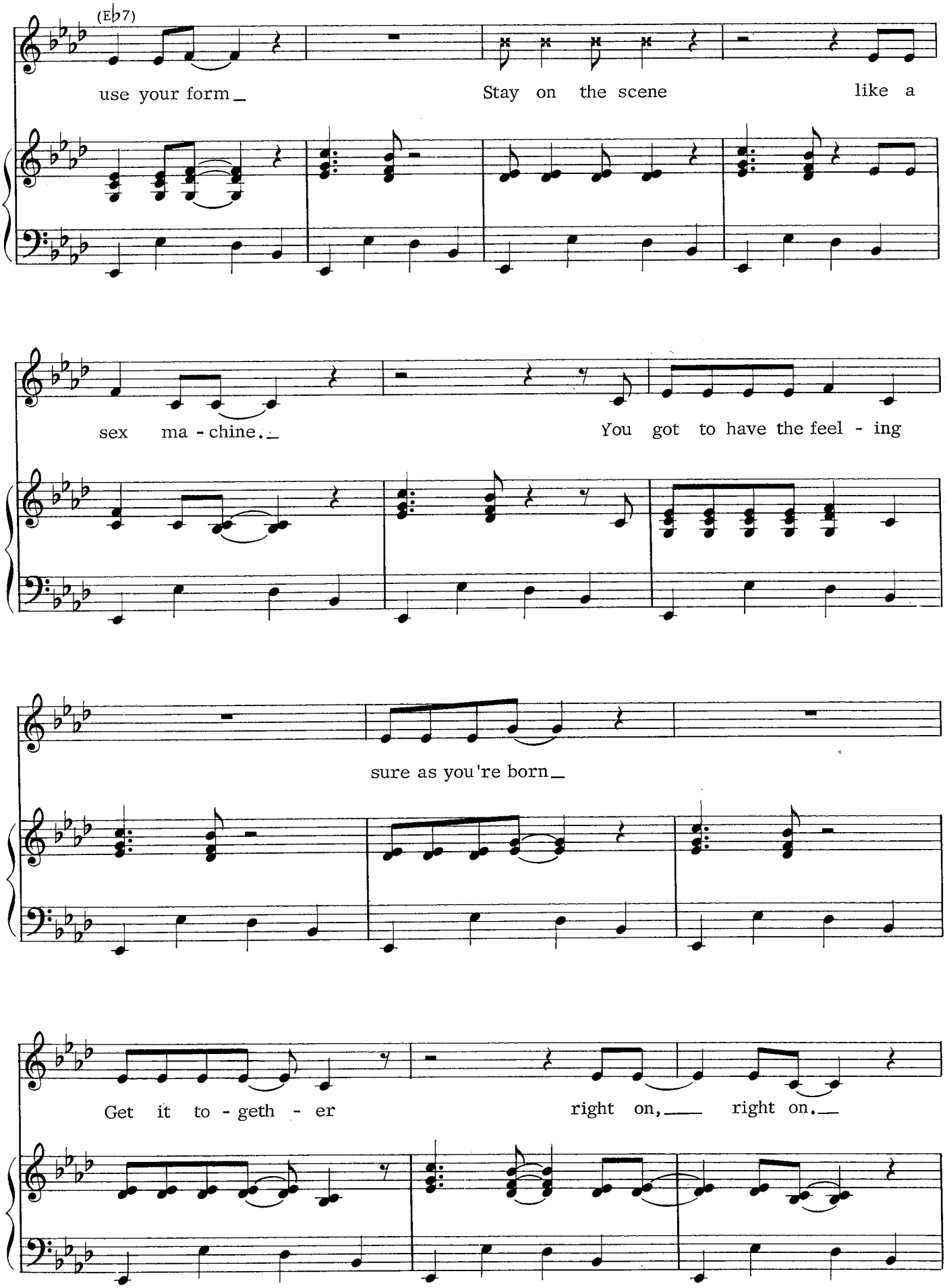
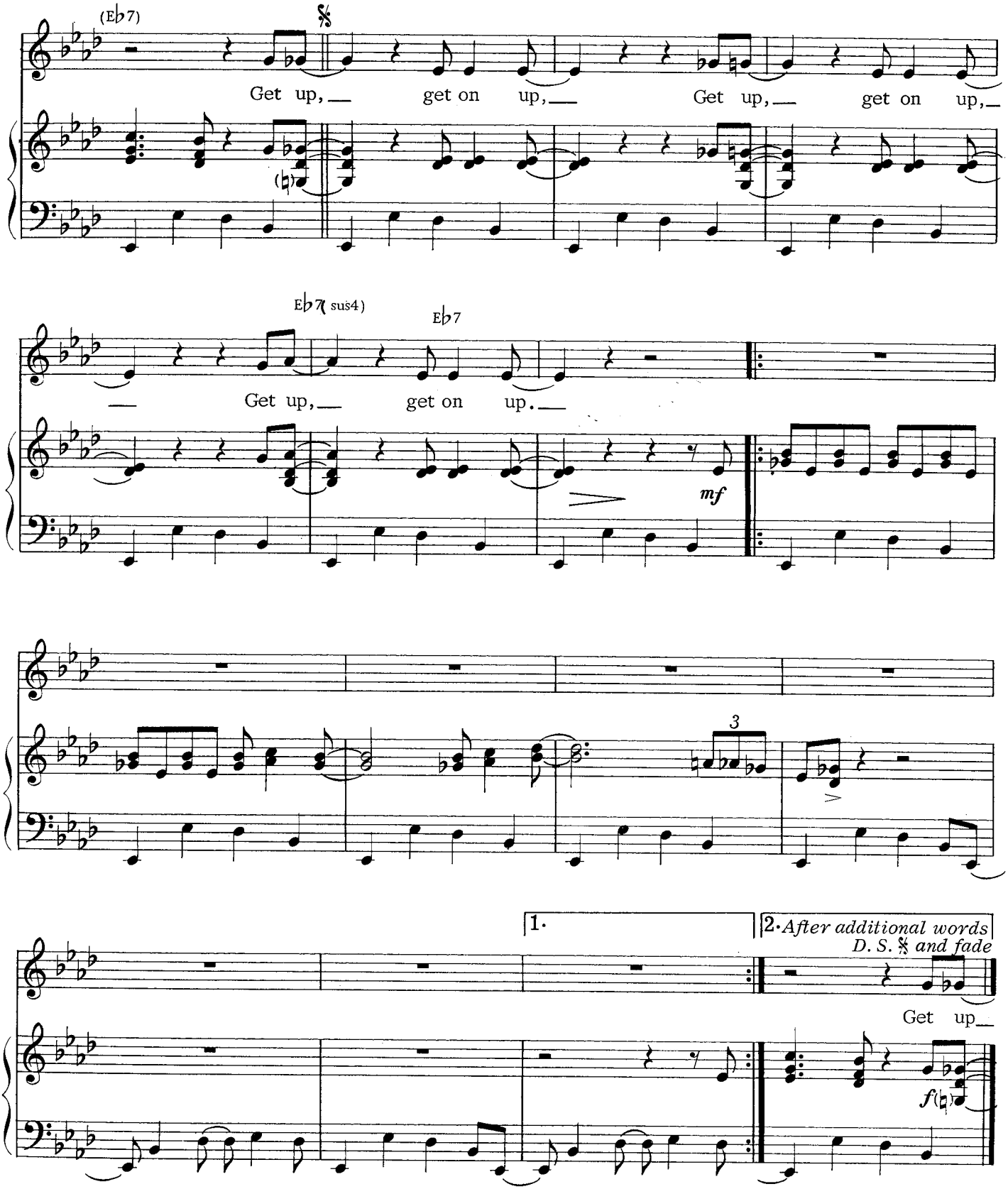

E♭7 (sus4) E♭7
get on up, Get up, get on up, Stay on the
scene, get on up, like a sex ma-chine, get on up. get up,
get on up, Stay on the scene, get on up, like a sex ma-chine,
get on up. Wait a min-ute! Shake your arm then


(Eb7)
use your form_
Stay on the scene
like a
sex ma - chine._
You got to have the feel - ing
sure as you're born_
Get it to - geth - er
right on,___
right on.__



ADDITIONAL WORDS

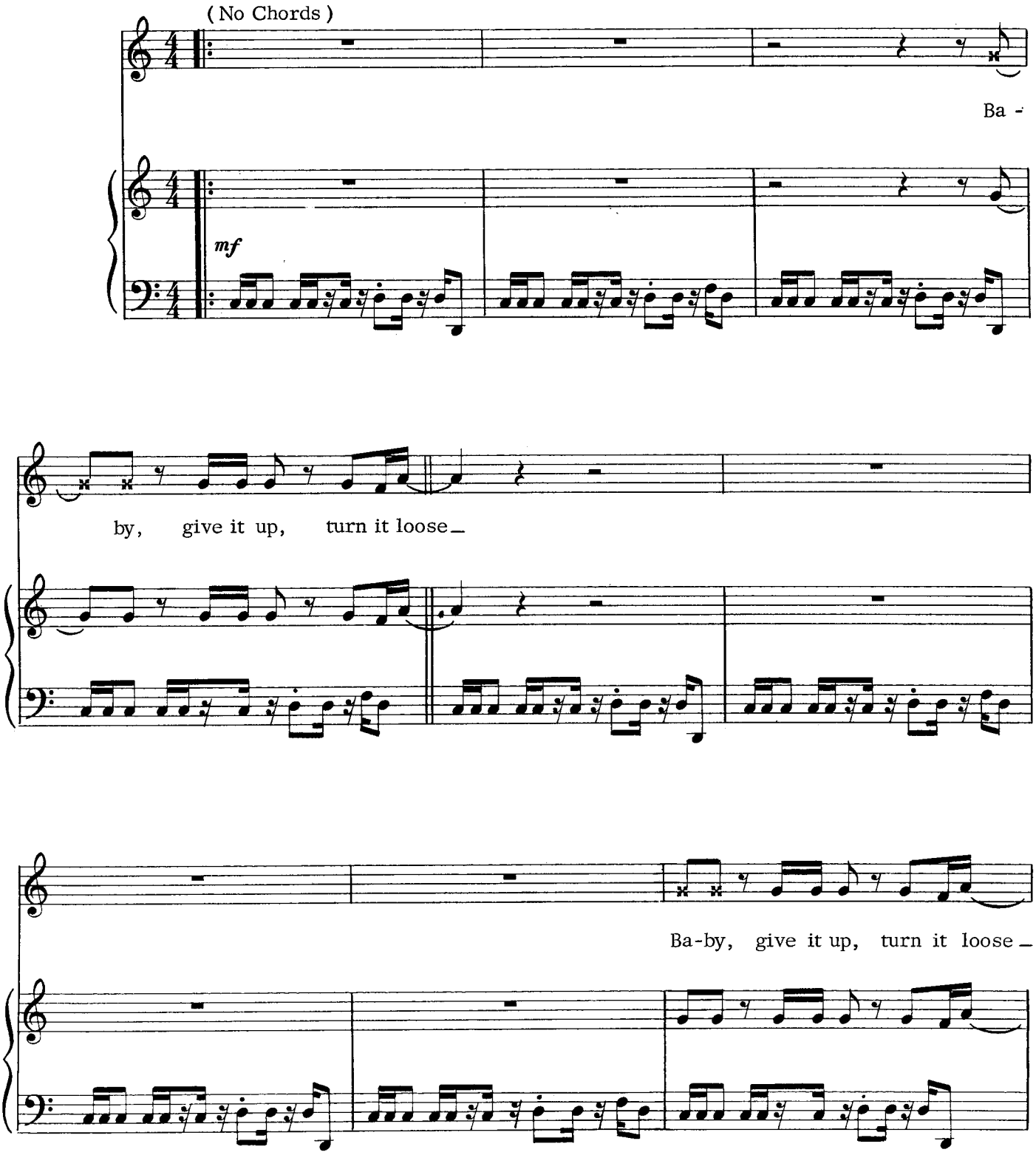
I said the feeling you got to get,
Give me the fever in a cold sweat.
The way I like it is the way it is;
I got mine and don't worry 'bout his.

Get on up and then shake your money maker,
Shake your money maker, etc.

GIVE IT UP OR TURNIT A LOOSE

Words and Music by
CHARLES FRED BOBBITT

Slowly, with a double-time feeling



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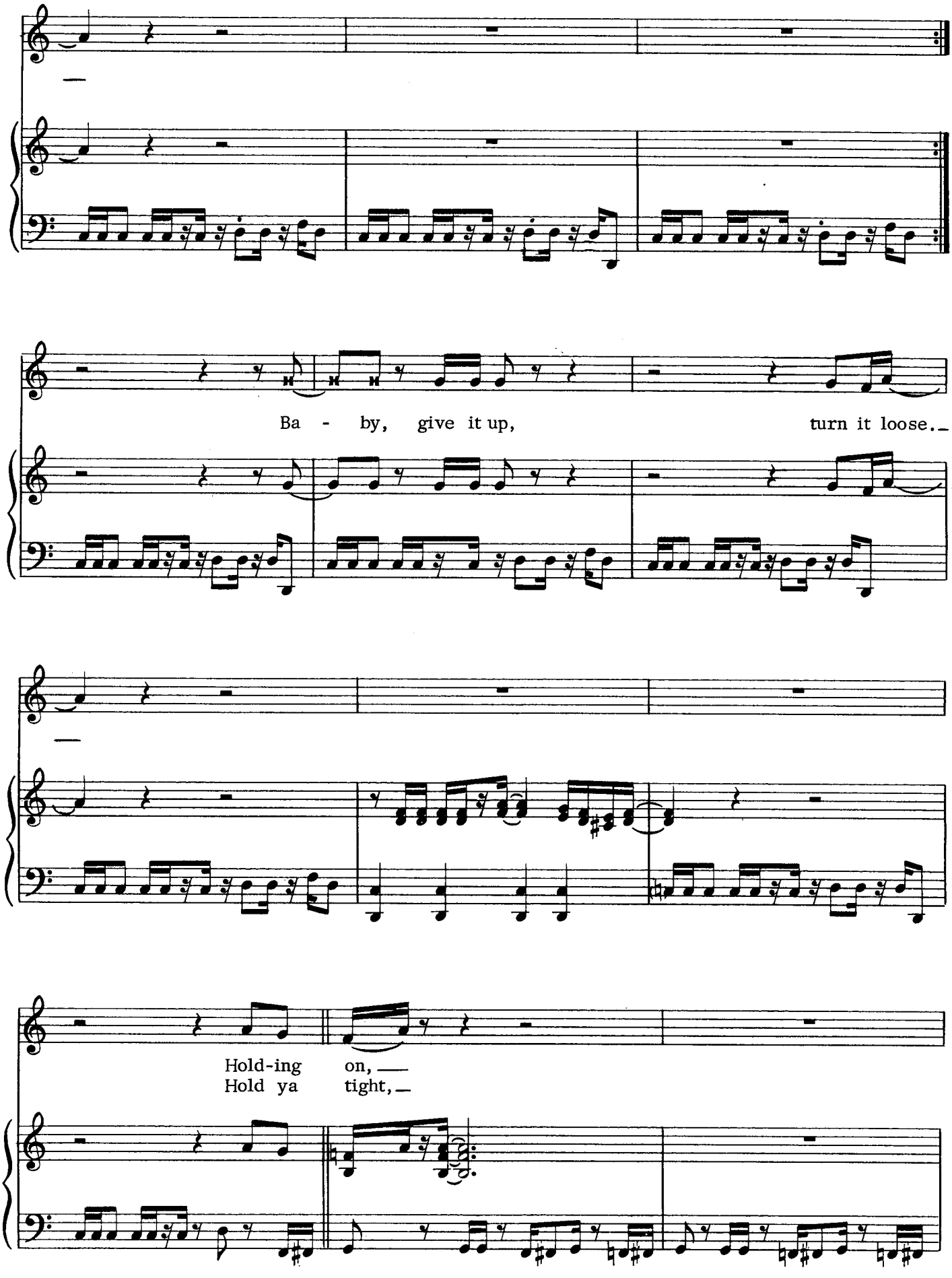
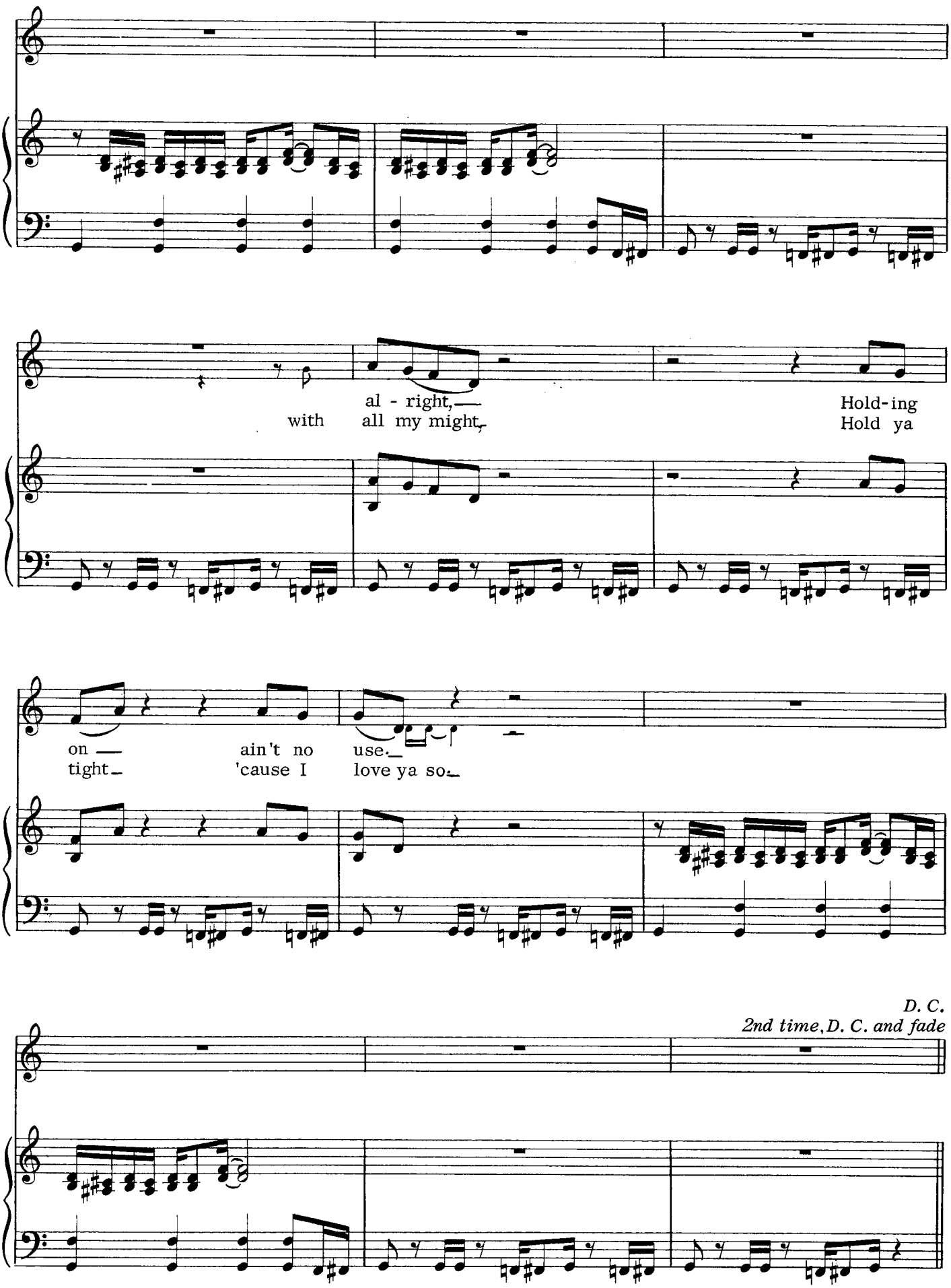
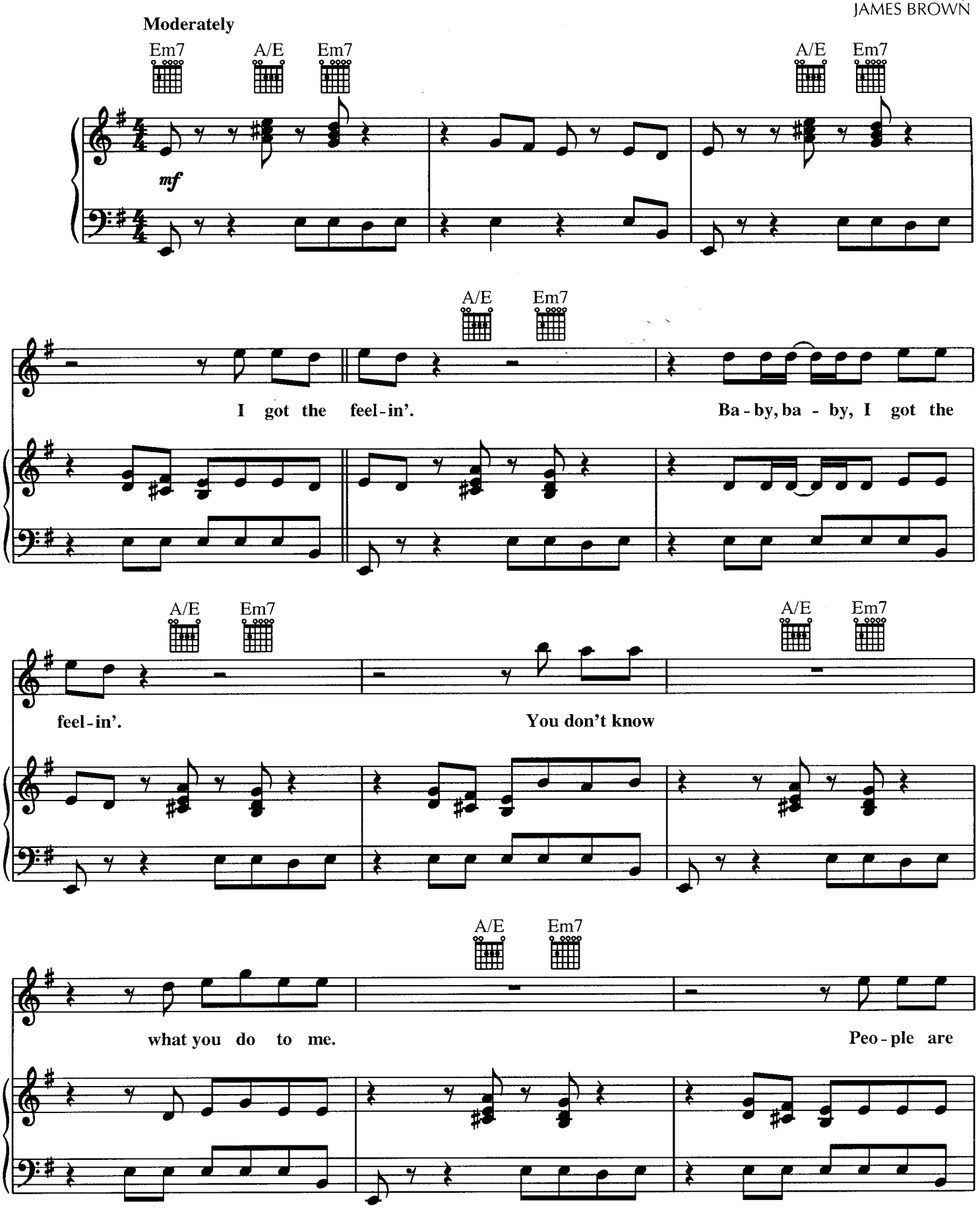

Ba - by, give it up, turn it loose.
Hold-ing on,
Hold ya tight,


al - right,
with all my might,
Hold-ing
Hold ya
on
tight
ain't no use.
'cause I love ya so.
D. C.
2nd time, D. C. and fade

I GOT THE FEELIN'

Words and Music by
JAMES BROWN



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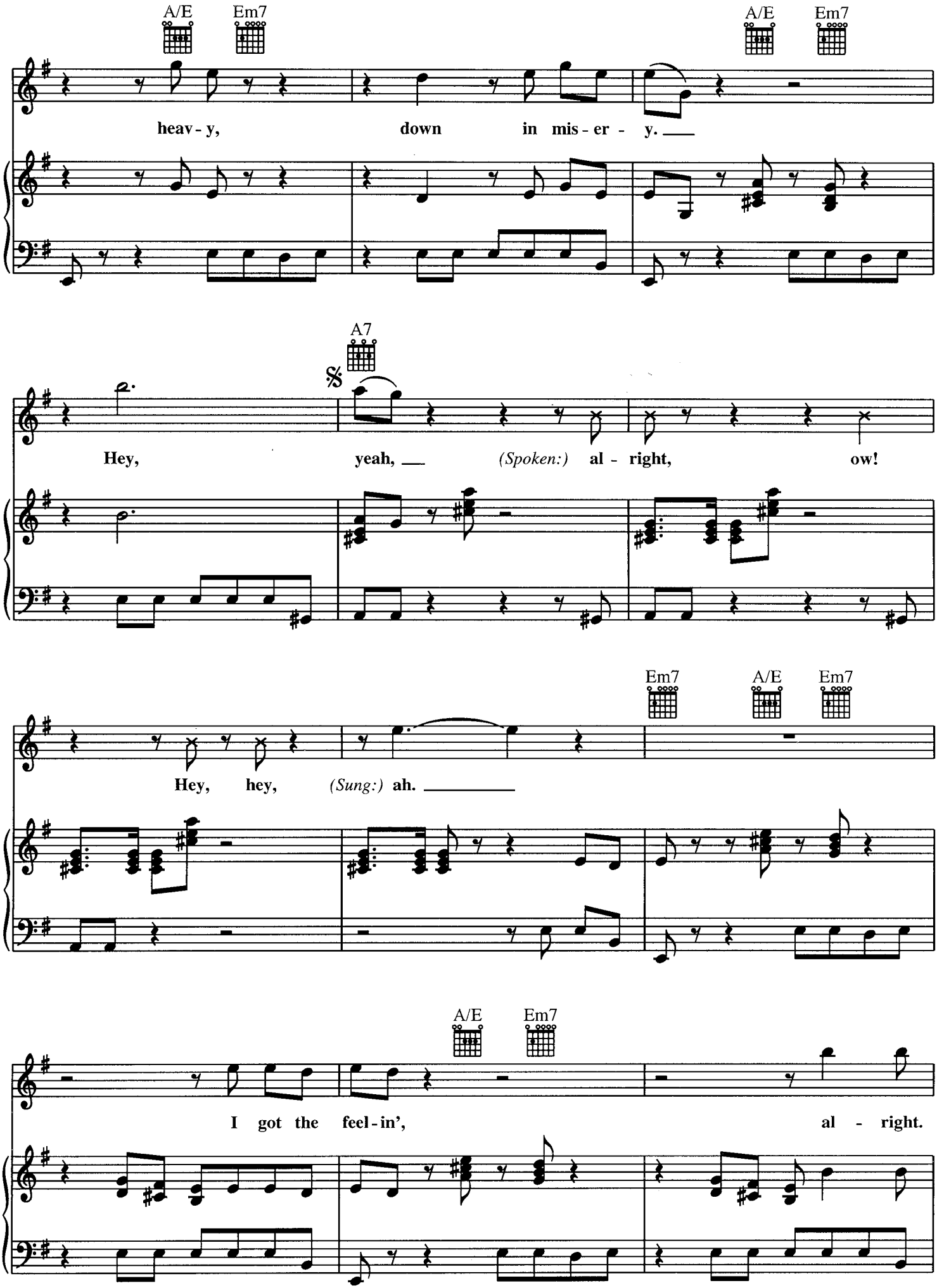
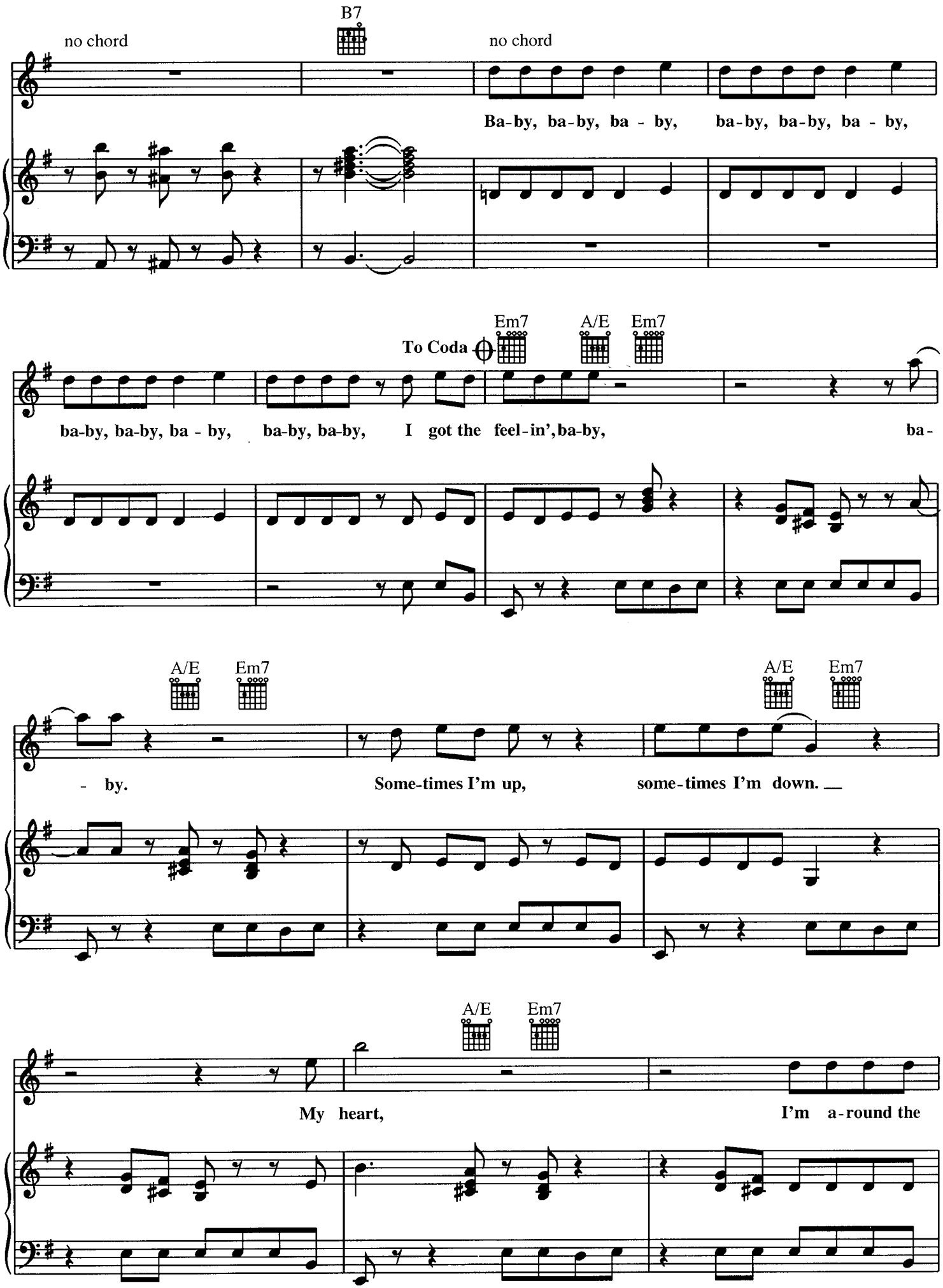
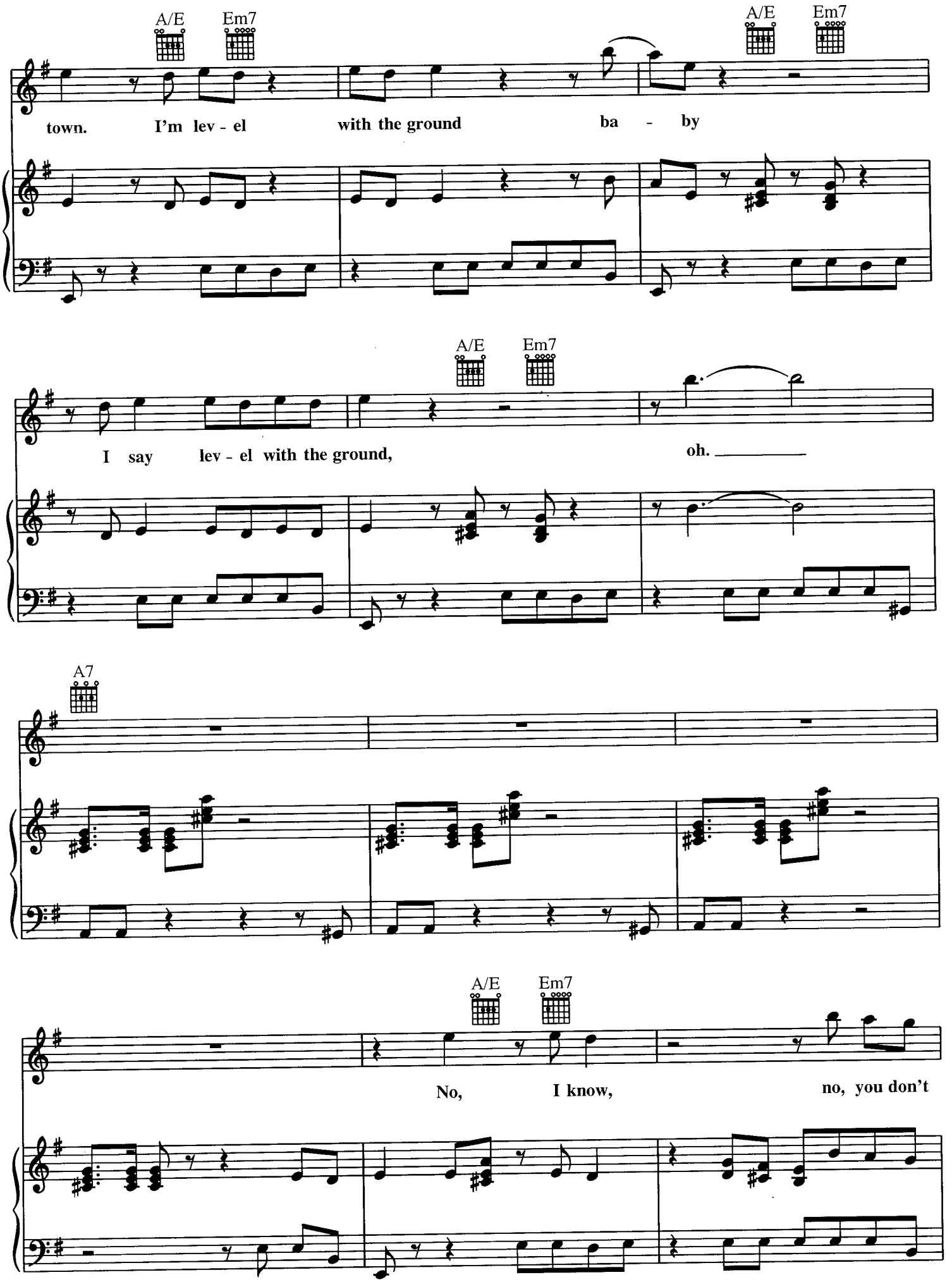
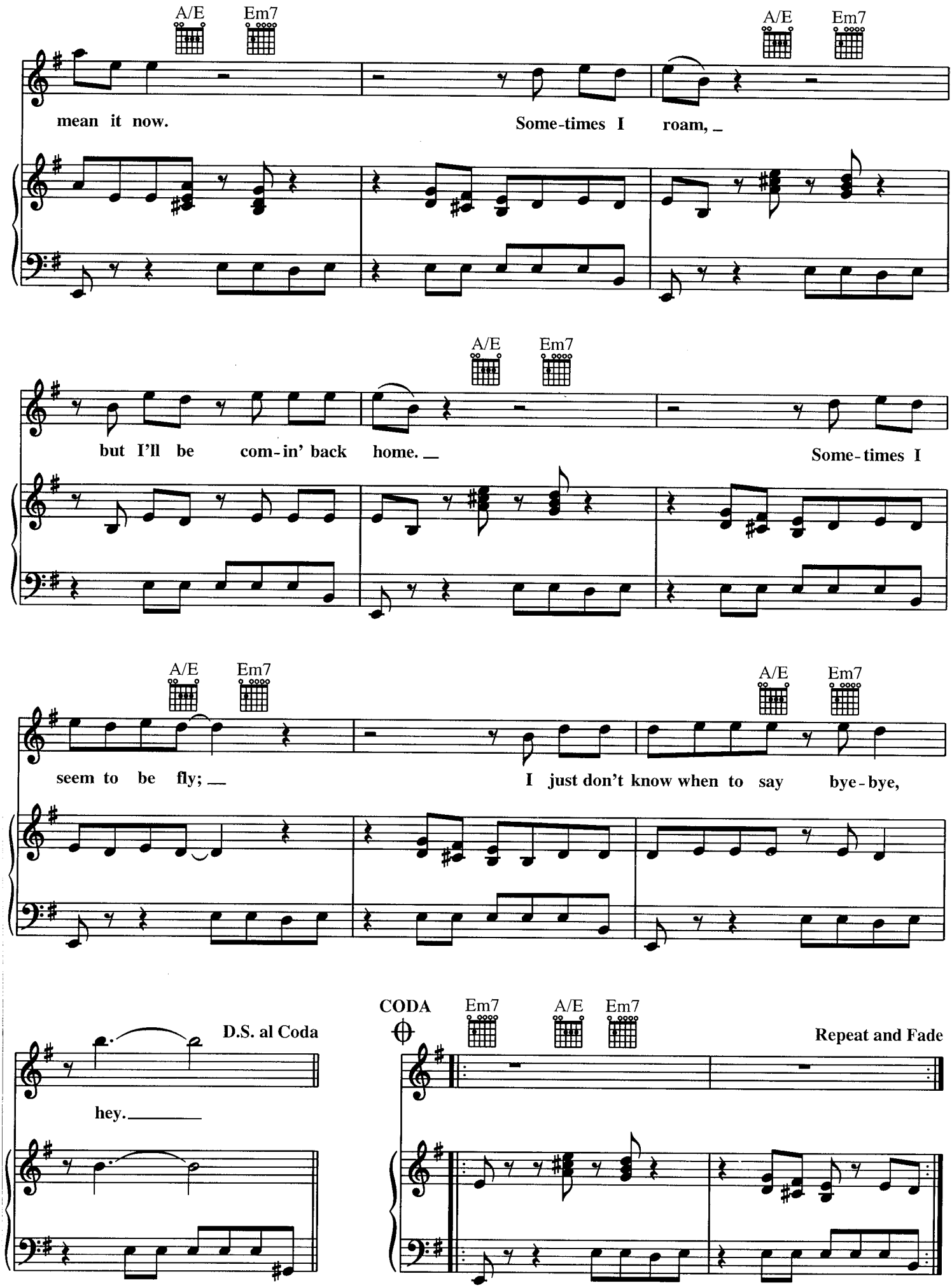

A/E
Em7
A/E
Em7
heav - y, down in mis - er - y.
A7
Hey, yeah, (Spoken:) al - right, ow!
Em7
A/E
Em7
Hey, hey, (Sung:) ah.
A/E
Em7
I got the feel - in', al - right.

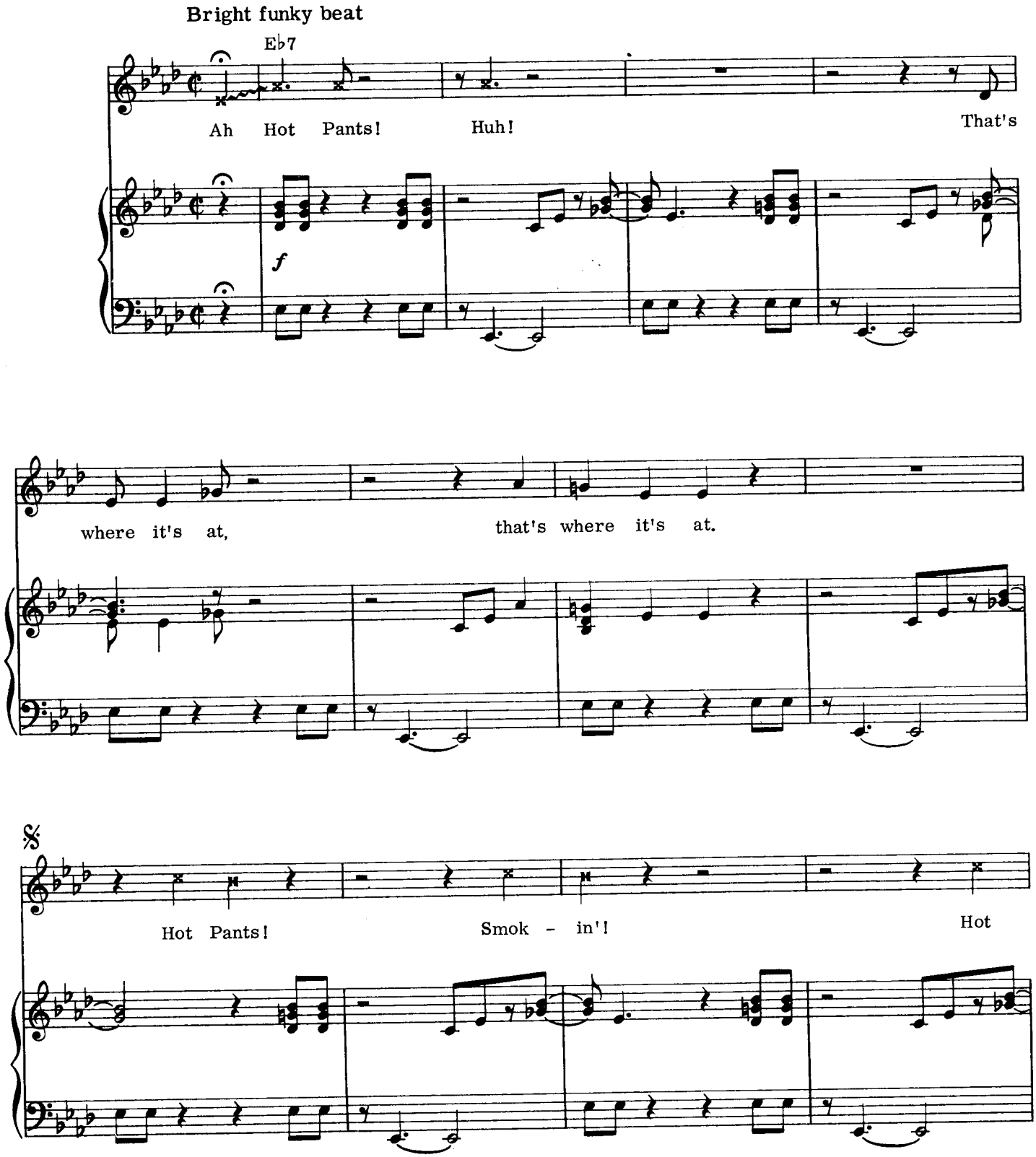

no chord
B7
no chord
Ba-by, ba-by, ba - by, ba-by, ba-by, ba - by,
To Coda
Em7
A/E
Em7
ba-by, ba-by, ba - by, ba-by, ba-by, I got the feel-in', ba-by, ba-
A/E
Em7
A/E
Em7
- by. Some-times I'm up, some-times I'm down.
A/E
Em7
My heart, I'm a-round the


A/E
Em7
A/E
Em7
town. I'm lev - el with the ground ba - by
A/E
Em7
I say lev - el with the ground, oh.
A7
A/E
Em7
No, I know, no, you don't


A/E
Em7
mean it now.
Some-times I roam, _
but I'll be com-in' back home. _
Some-times I
seem to be fly; _
I just don't know when to say bye-bye,
D.S. al Coda
hey. _____
CODA
Repeat and Fade

HOT PANTS, PT. 1

Words and Music by JAMES BROWN
and FRED WESLEY



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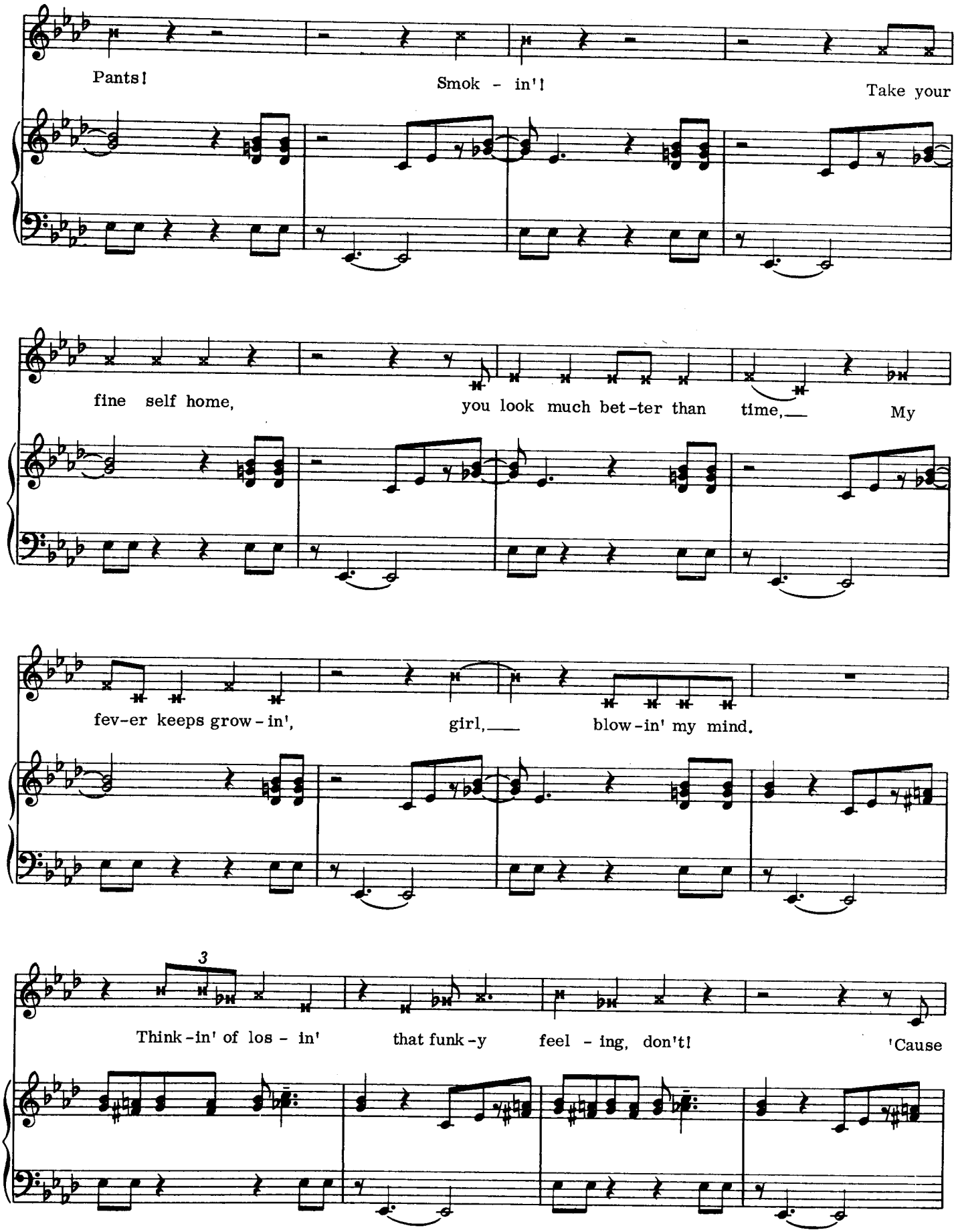
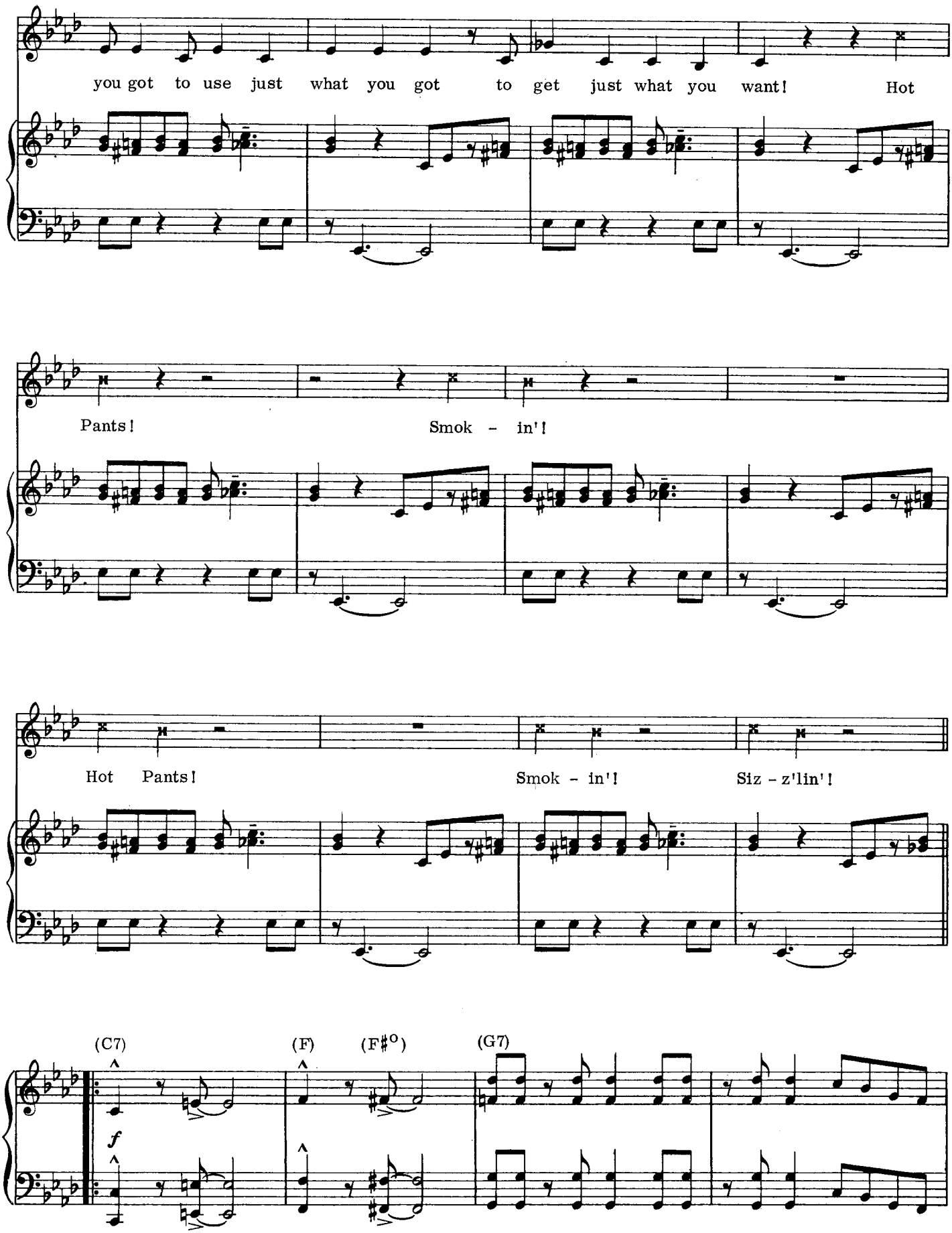
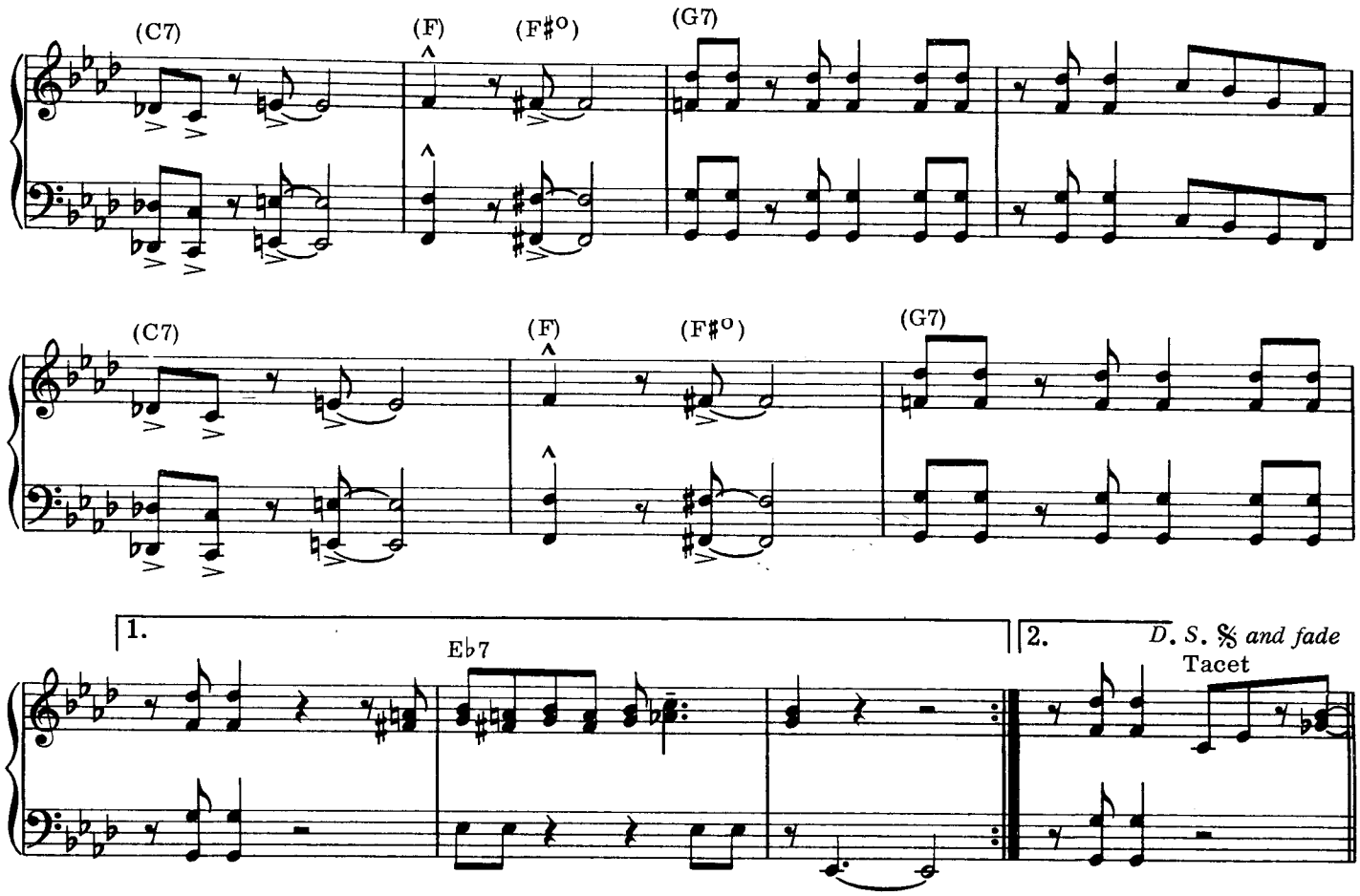

Pants!
Smok - in'!
Take your
fine self home,
you look much bet-ter than
time,
My
fev-er keeps grow-in',
girl,
blow-in' my mind.
3
Think-in' of los - in'
that funk-y
feel - ing, don't!
'Cause


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♯°) (G7)
f



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

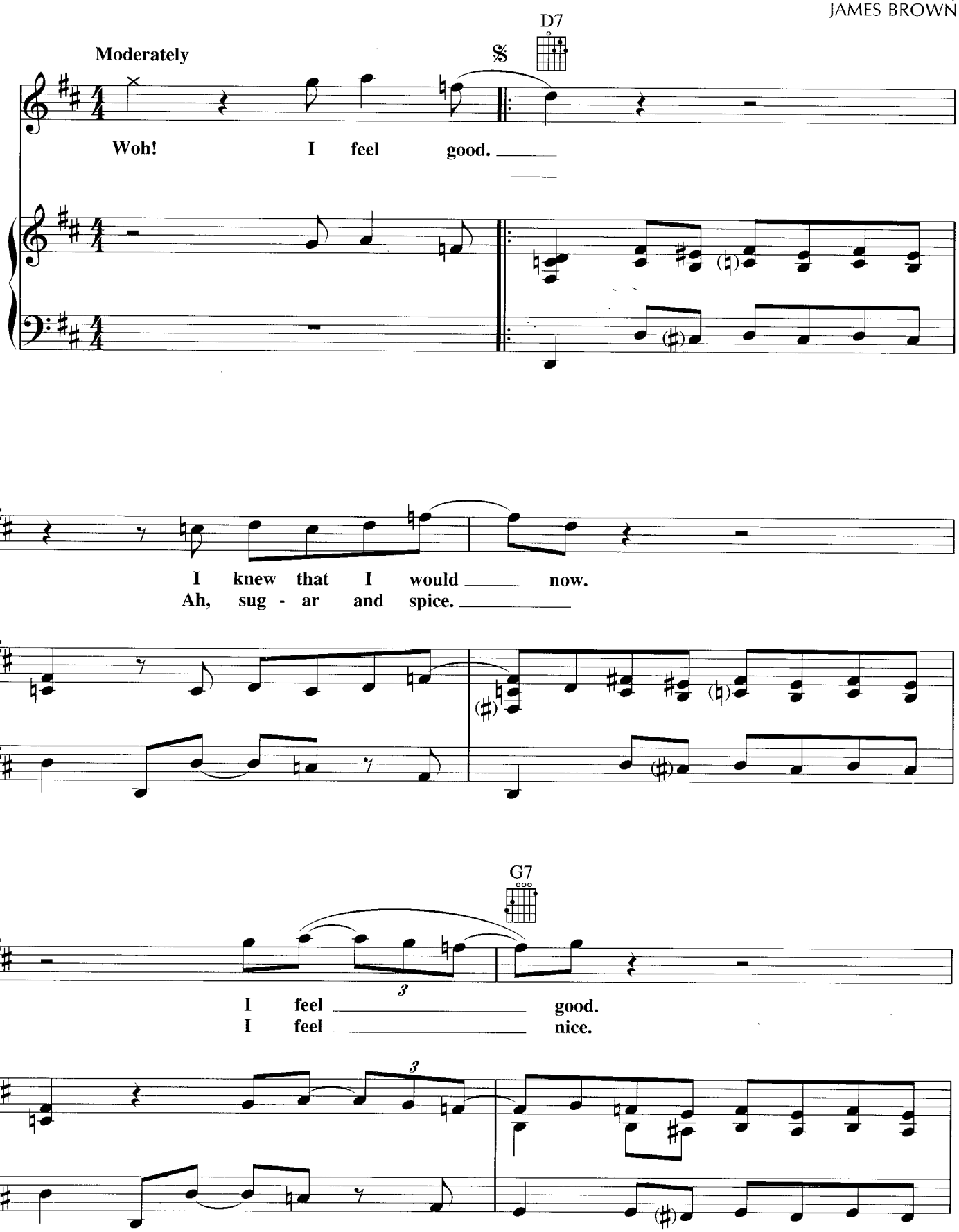
Filthy McNasty all night long
Get down the one over there with the hot pants on
The one over there with the mini-dress;
I ain't got the time, I still dig that mess.

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



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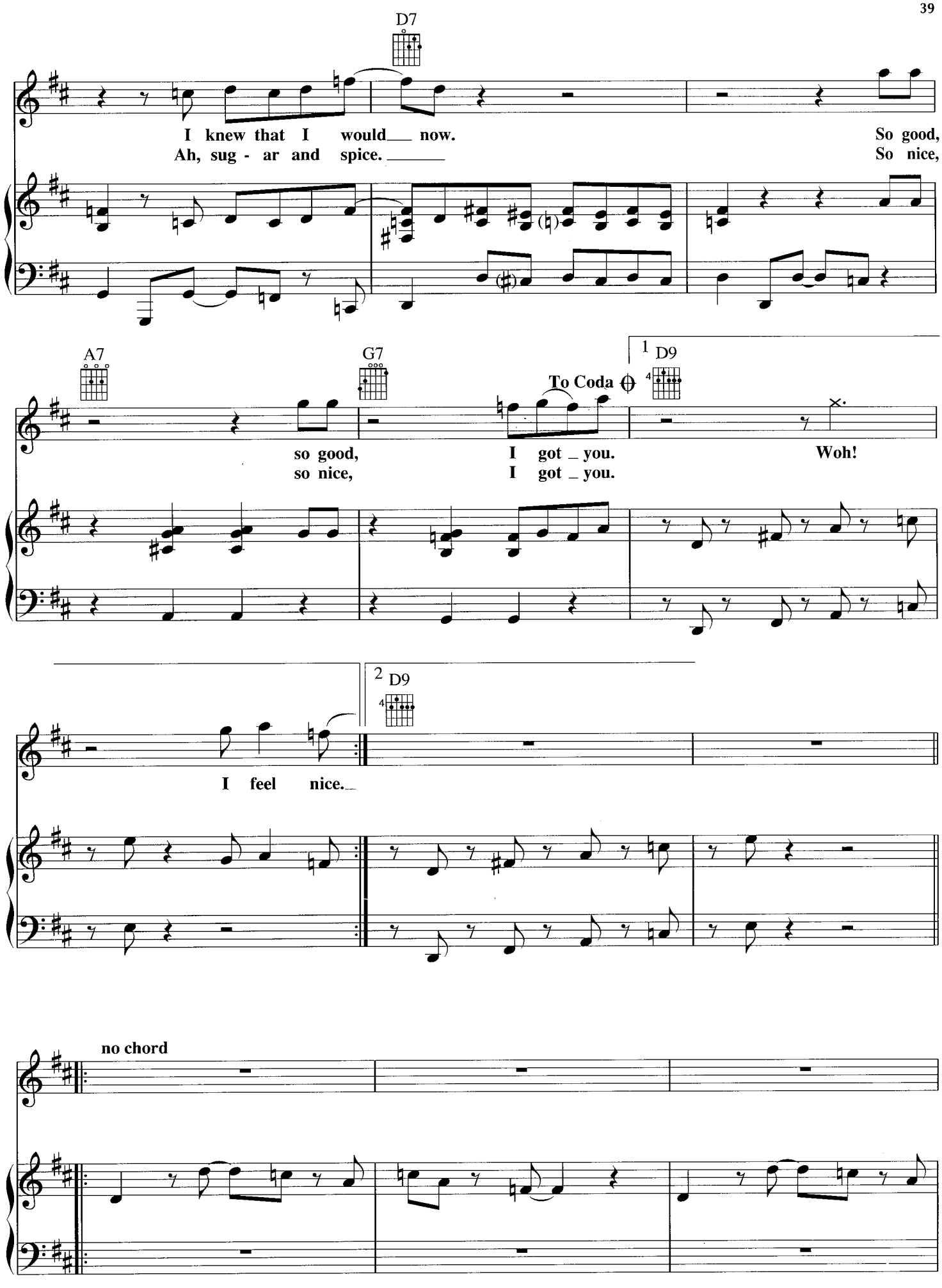
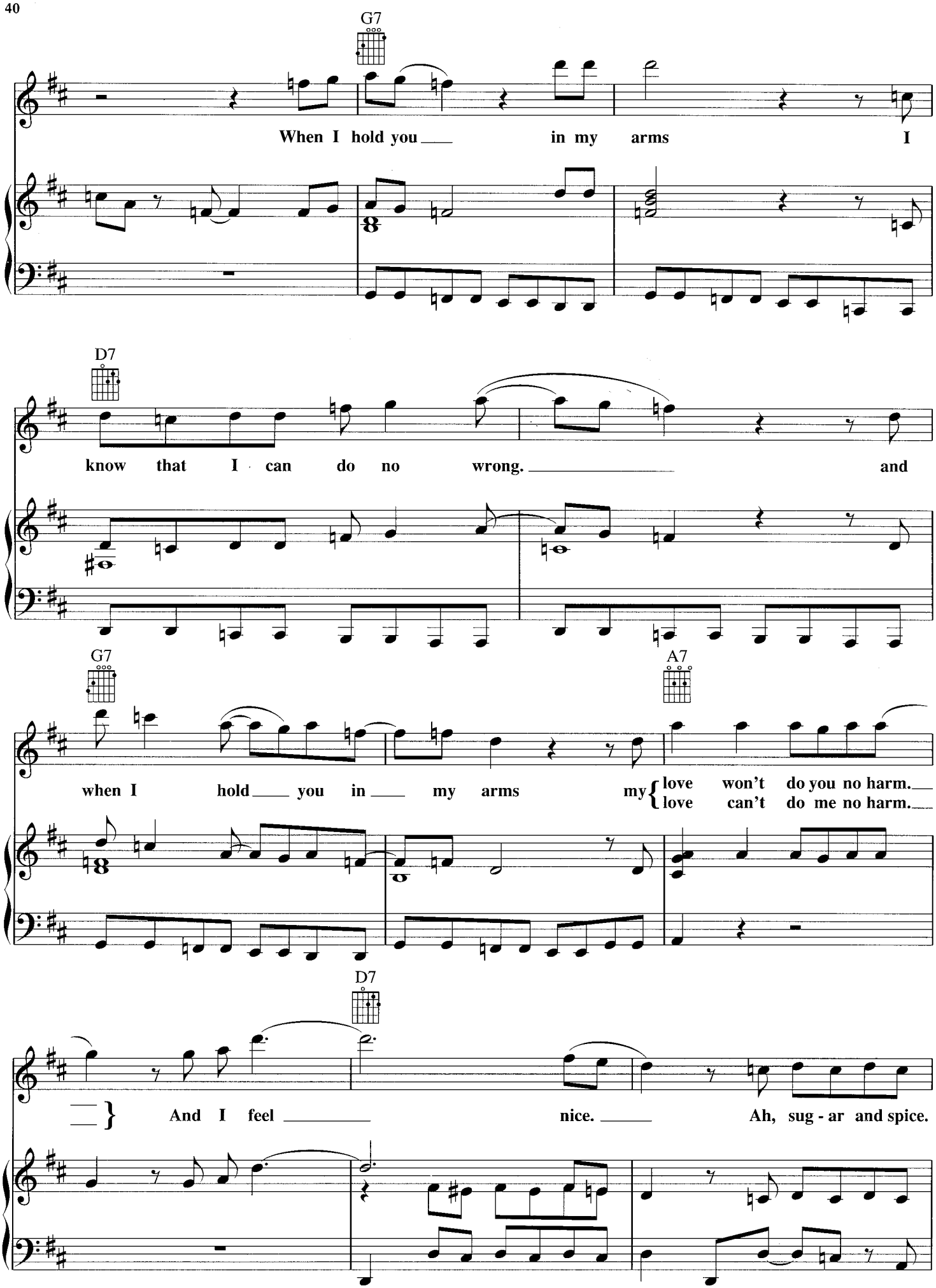
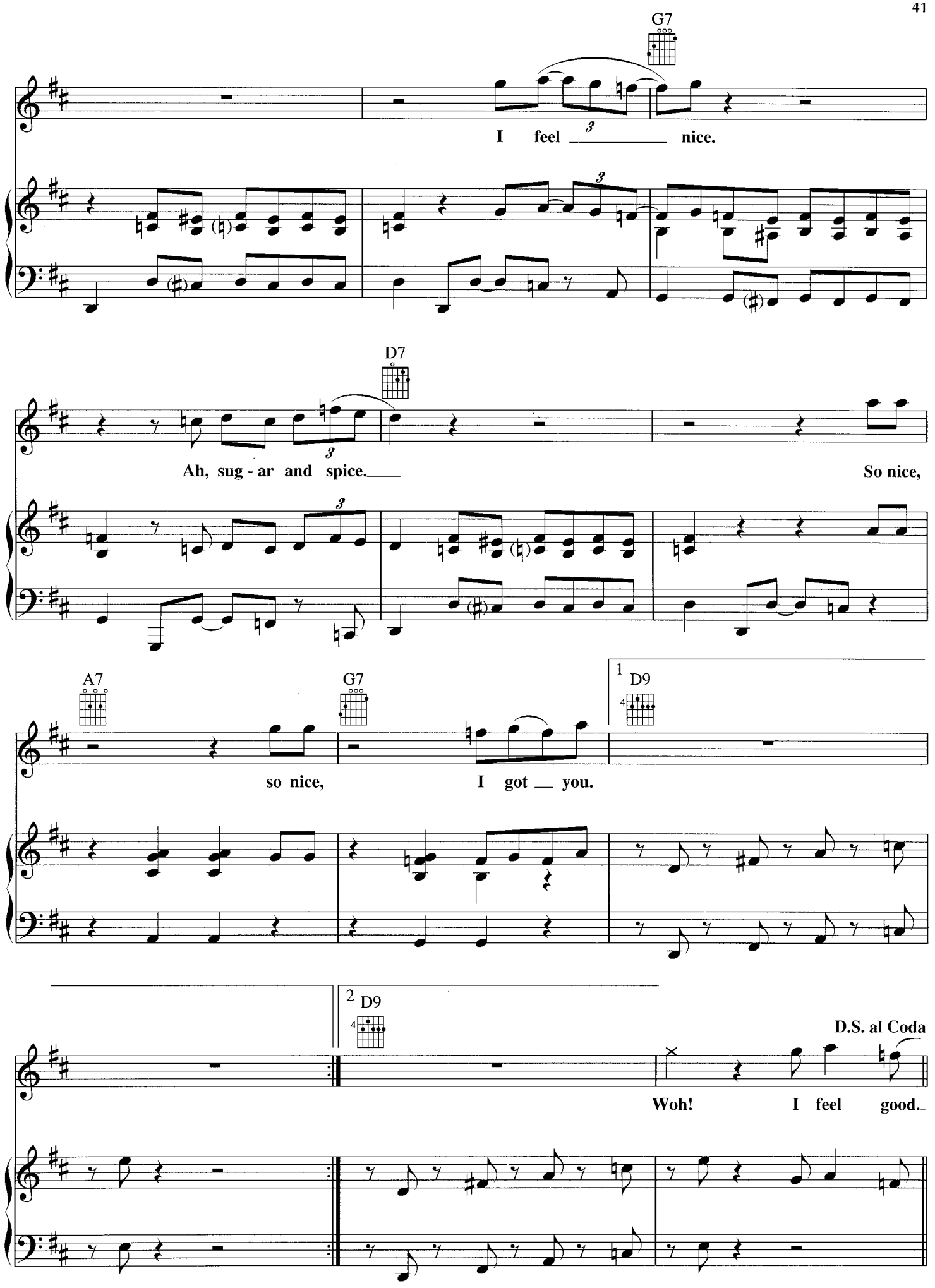
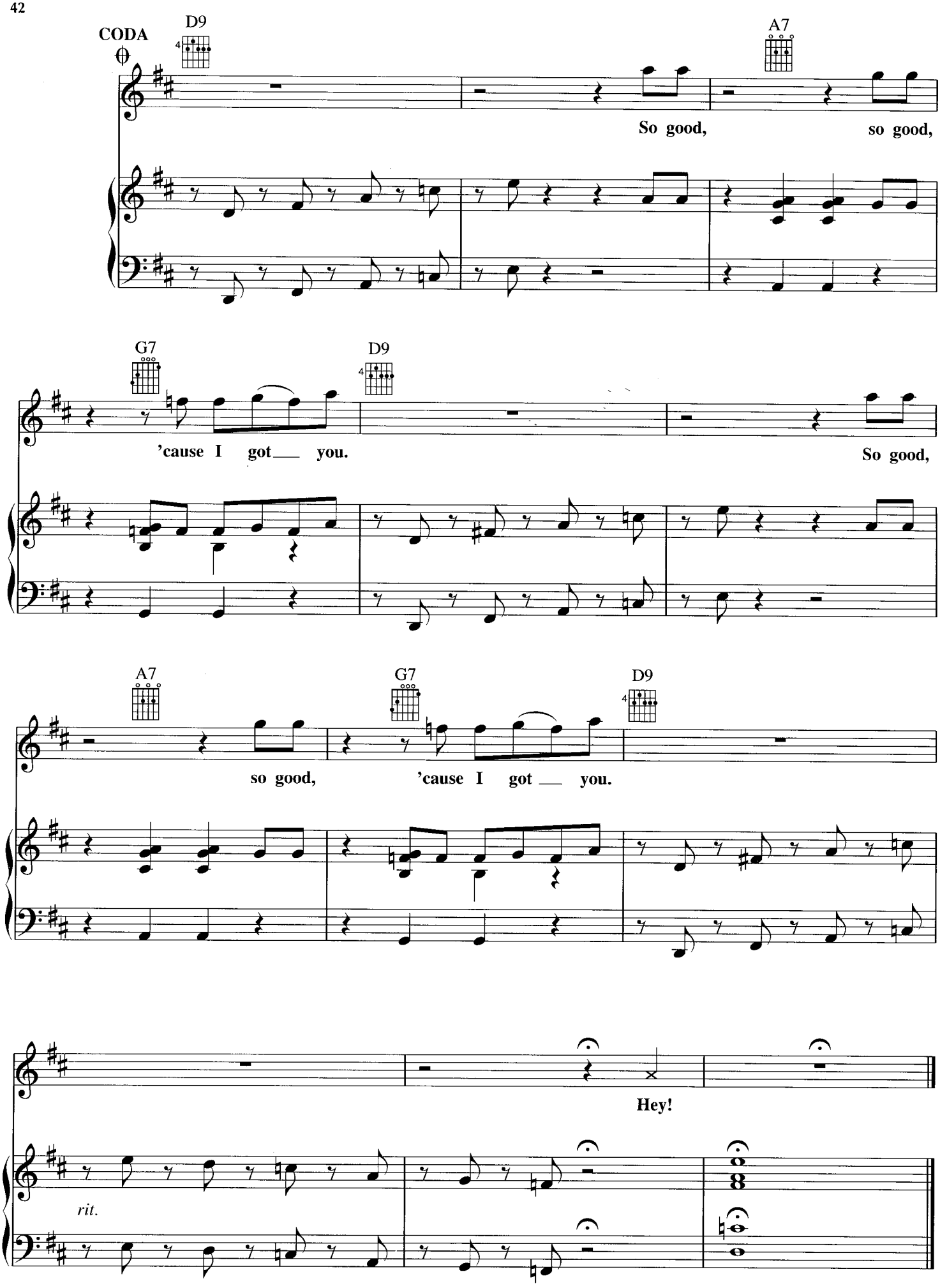

D7
I knew that I would now.
So good,
Ah, sug - ar and spice.
So nice,
A7
G7
1 D9
To Coda
so good,
I got you.
Woh!
so nice,
I got you.
2 D9
I feel nice.
no chord

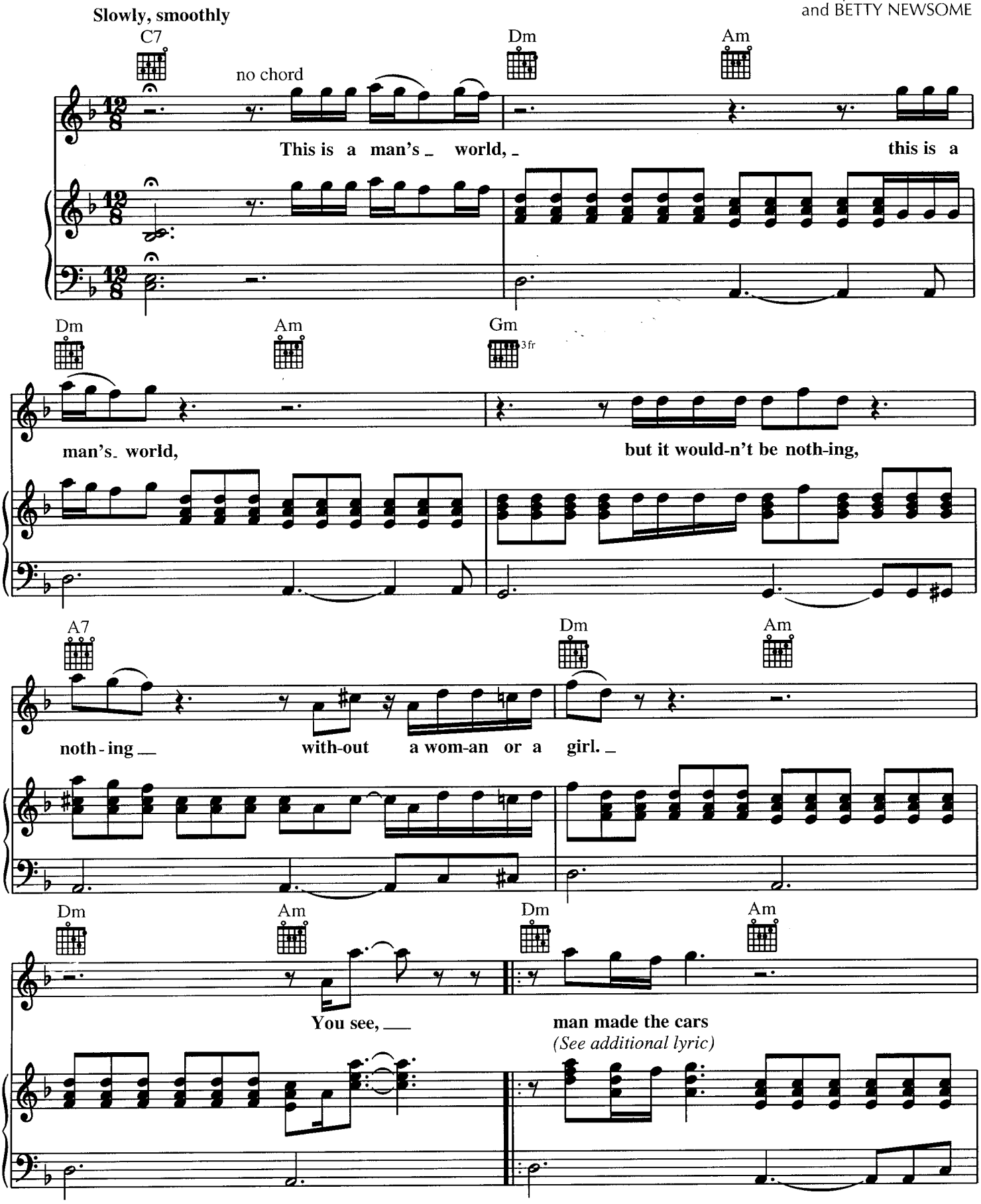

G7
When I hold you in my arms I
D7
know that I can do no wrong. and
G7
A7
when I hold you in my arms my love won't do you no harm.
love can't do me no harm.
D7
And I feel nice. Ah, sug - ar and spice.


G7
I feel nice.
D7
Ah, sug - ar and spice.
So nice,
A7
G7
1 D9
so nice,
I got you.
2 D9
D.S. al Coda
Woh! I feel good.


CODA
D9
A7
So good, so good,
G7
D9
'cause I got you.
So good,
A7
G7
D9
so good, 'cause I got you.
Hey!
rit.

IT'S A MAN'S MAN'S MAN'S WORLD

Words and Music by JAMES BROWN
and BETTY NEWSOME



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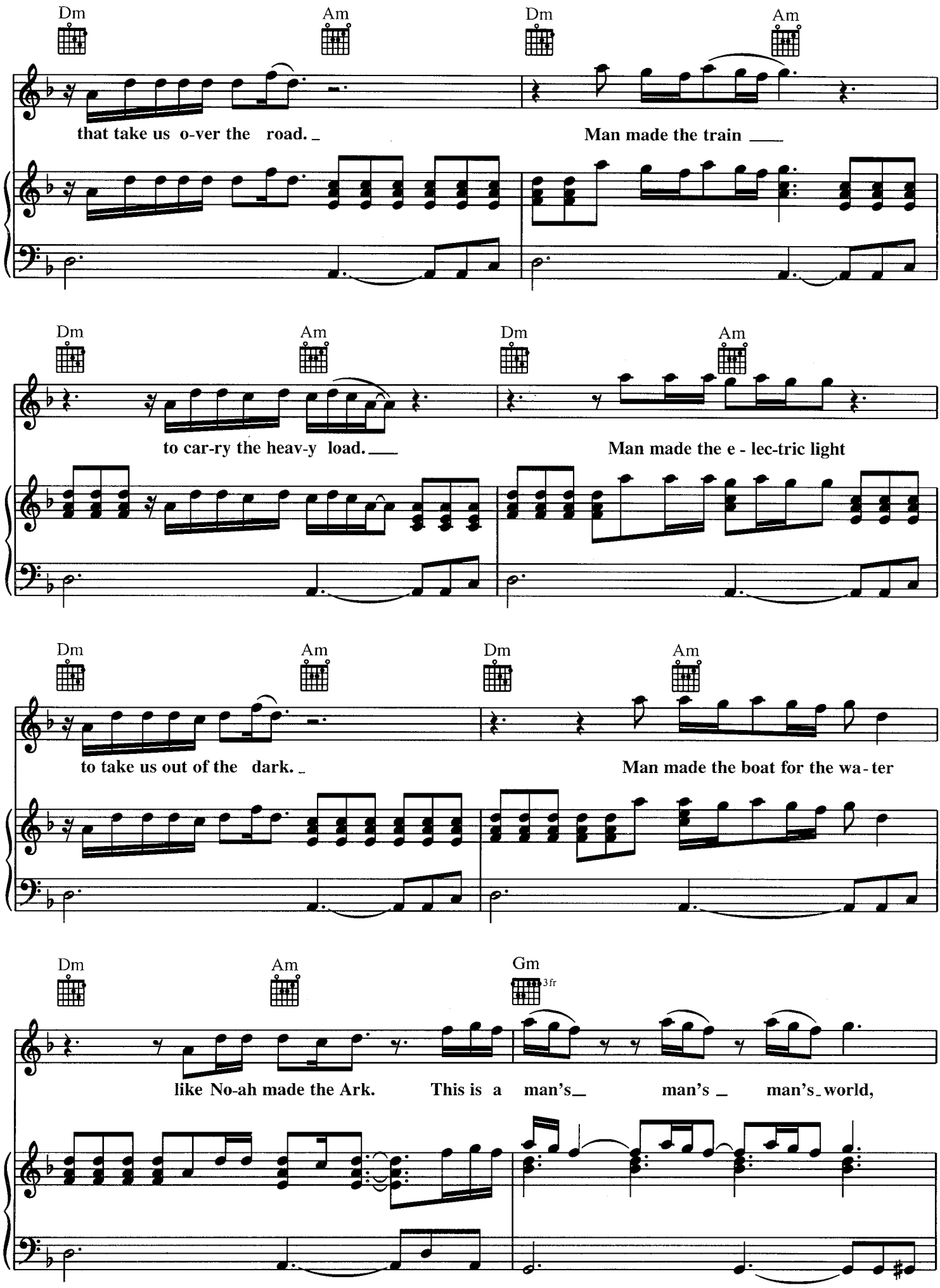
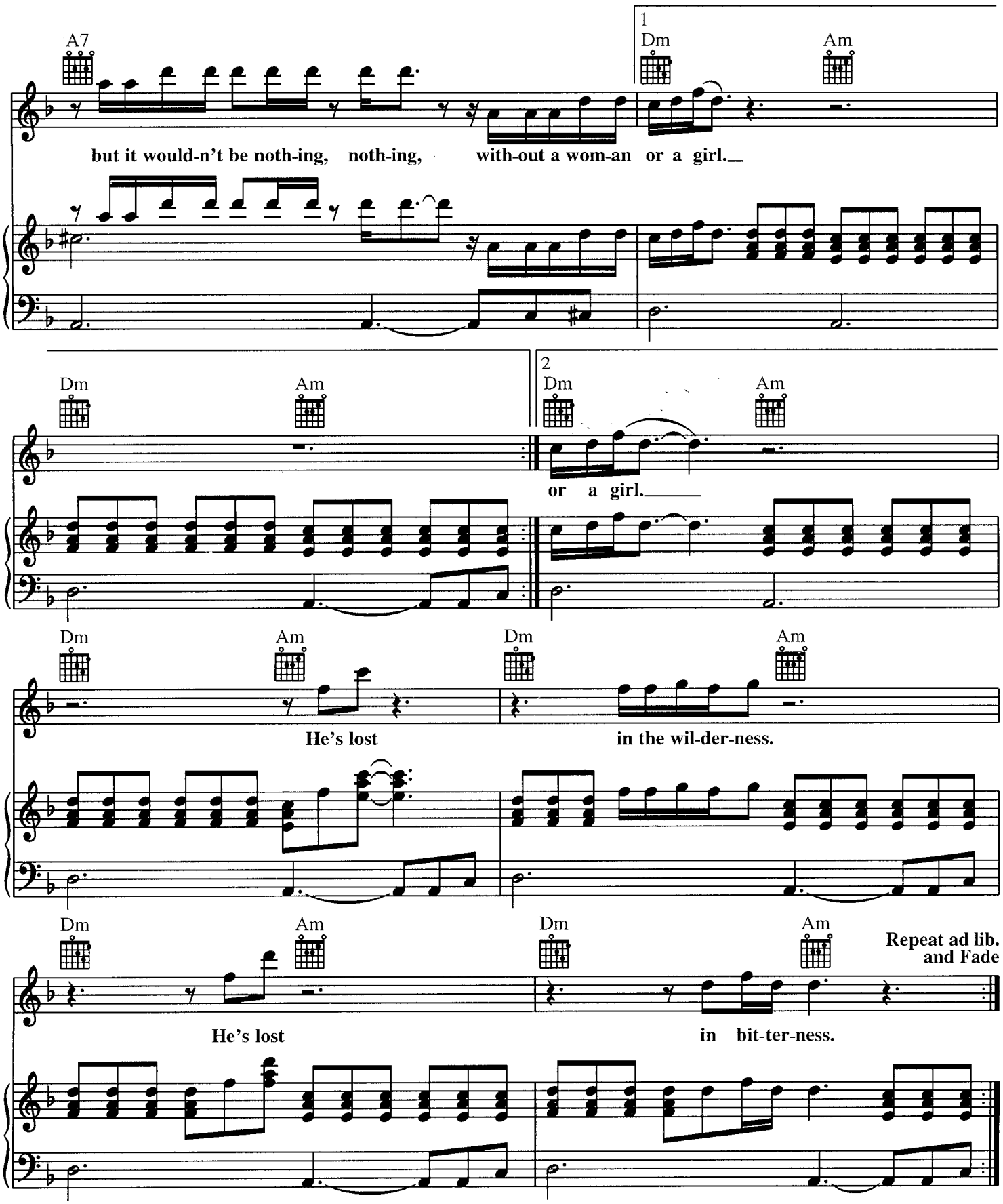

Dm
Am
Dm
Am
that take us o-ver the road.
Man made the train
Dm
Am
Dm
Am
to car-ry the heav-y load.
Man made the e - lec-tric light
Dm
Am
Dm
Am
to take us out of the dark.
Man made the boat for the wa - ter
Dm
Am
Gm
3fr
like No-ah made the Ark.
This is a man's man's man's world,

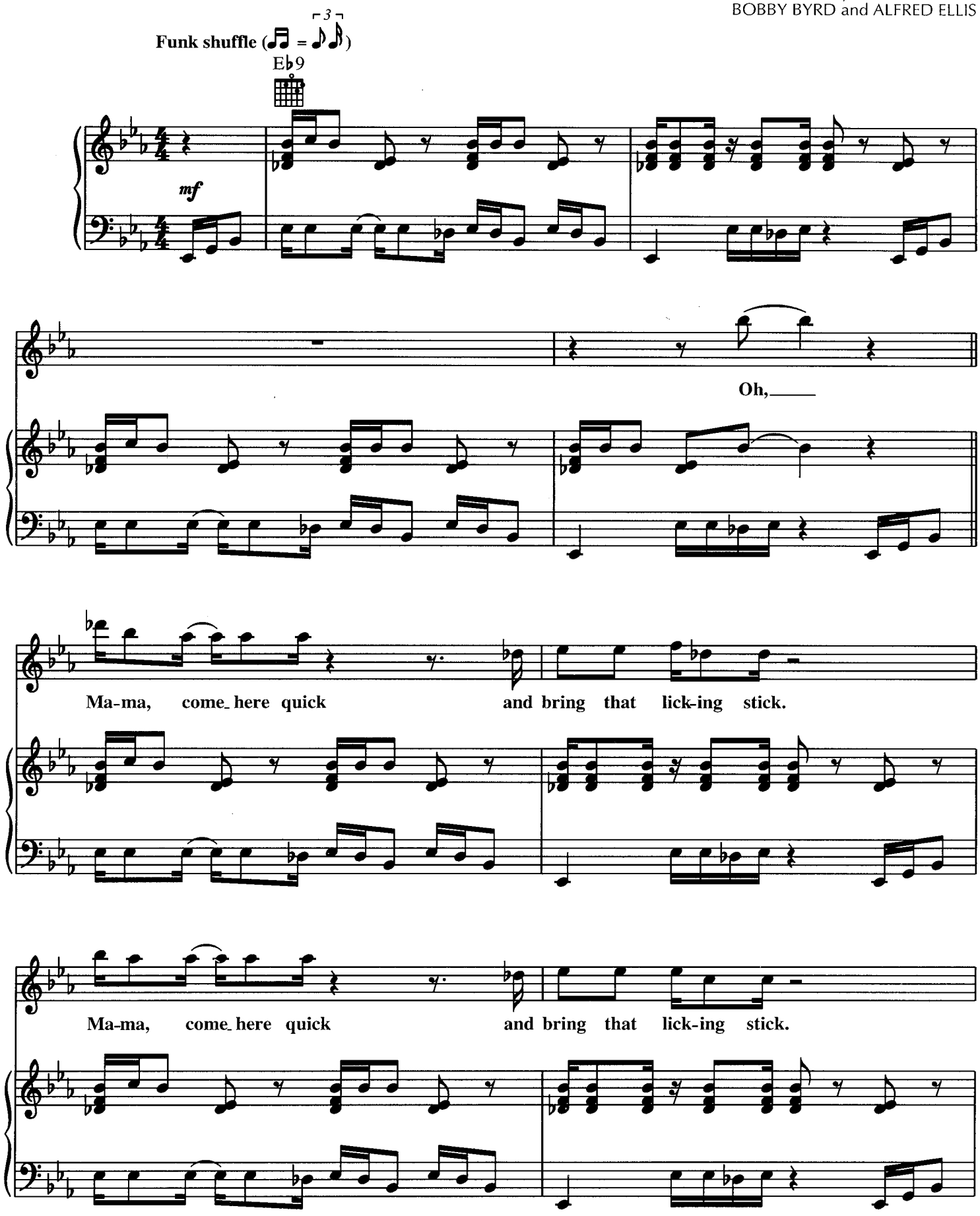


Additional Lyrics

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



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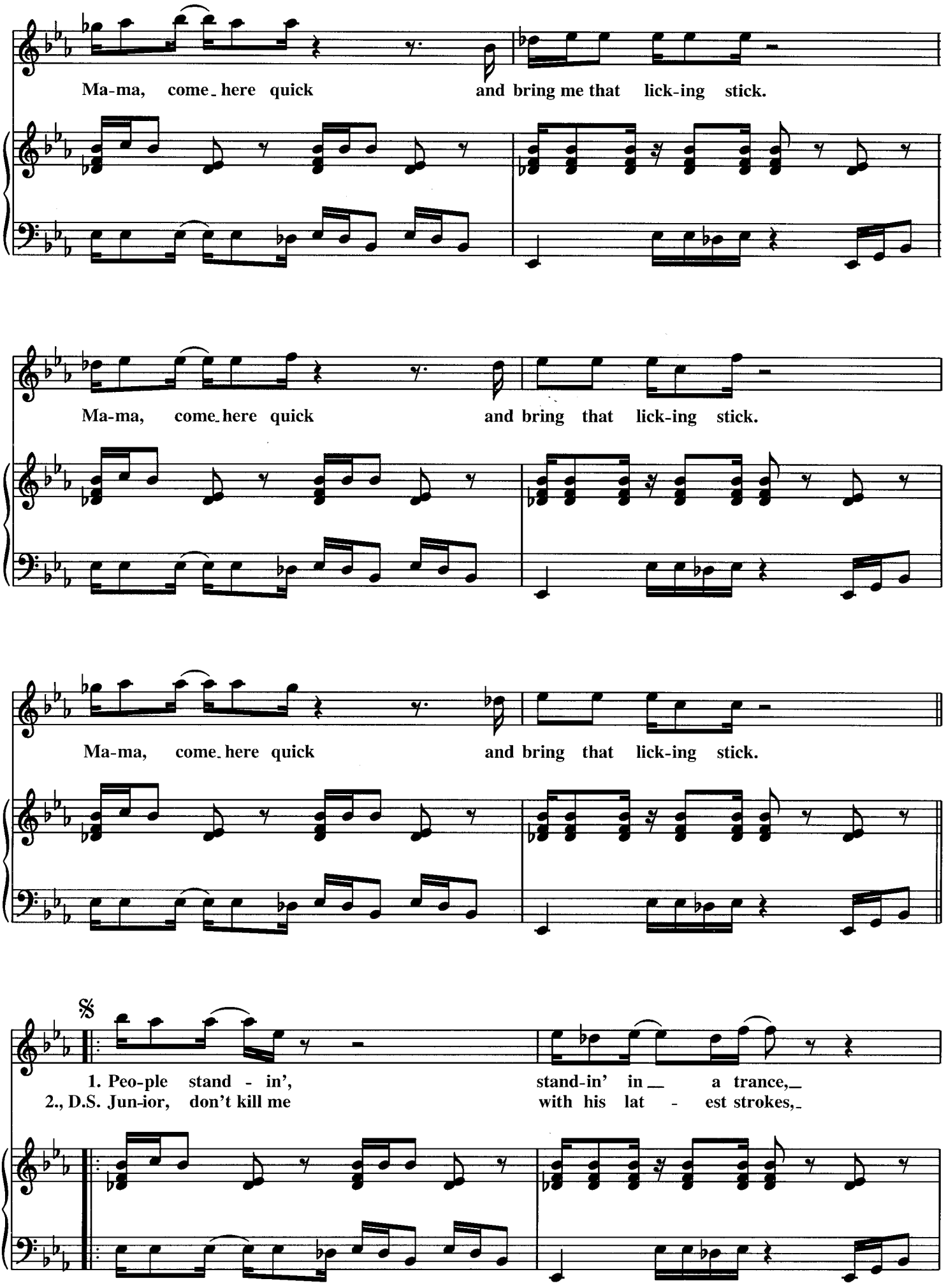
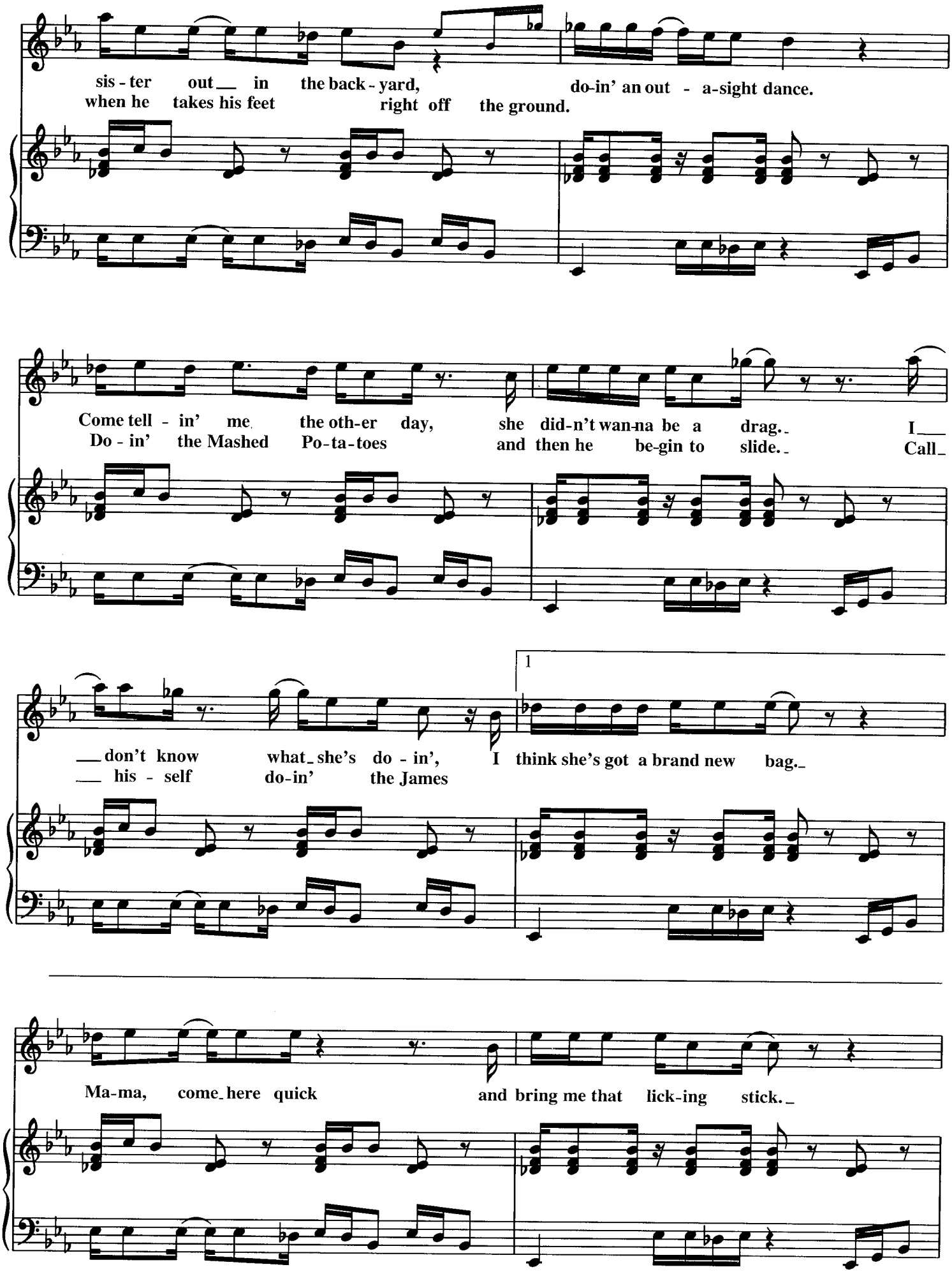
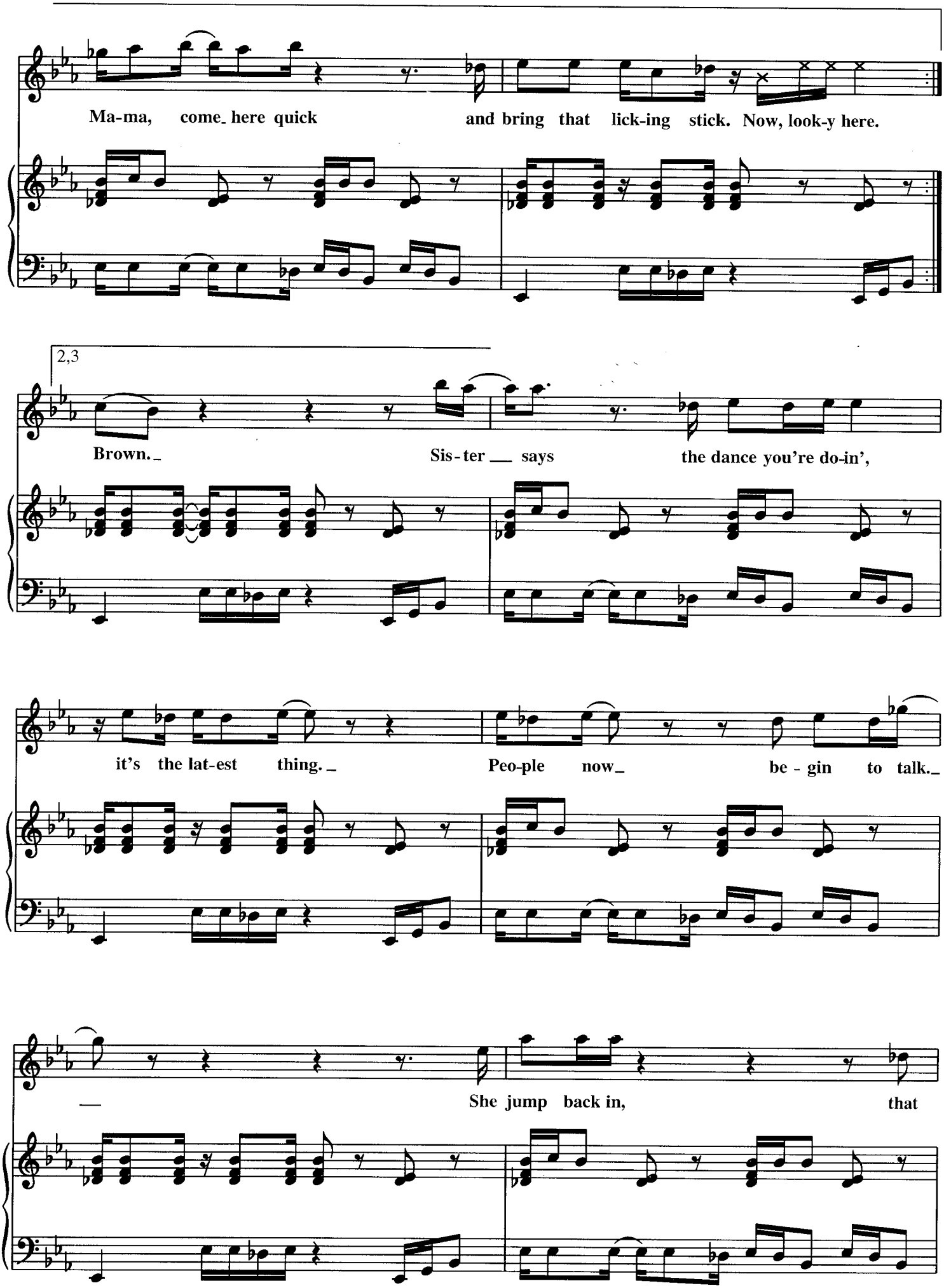
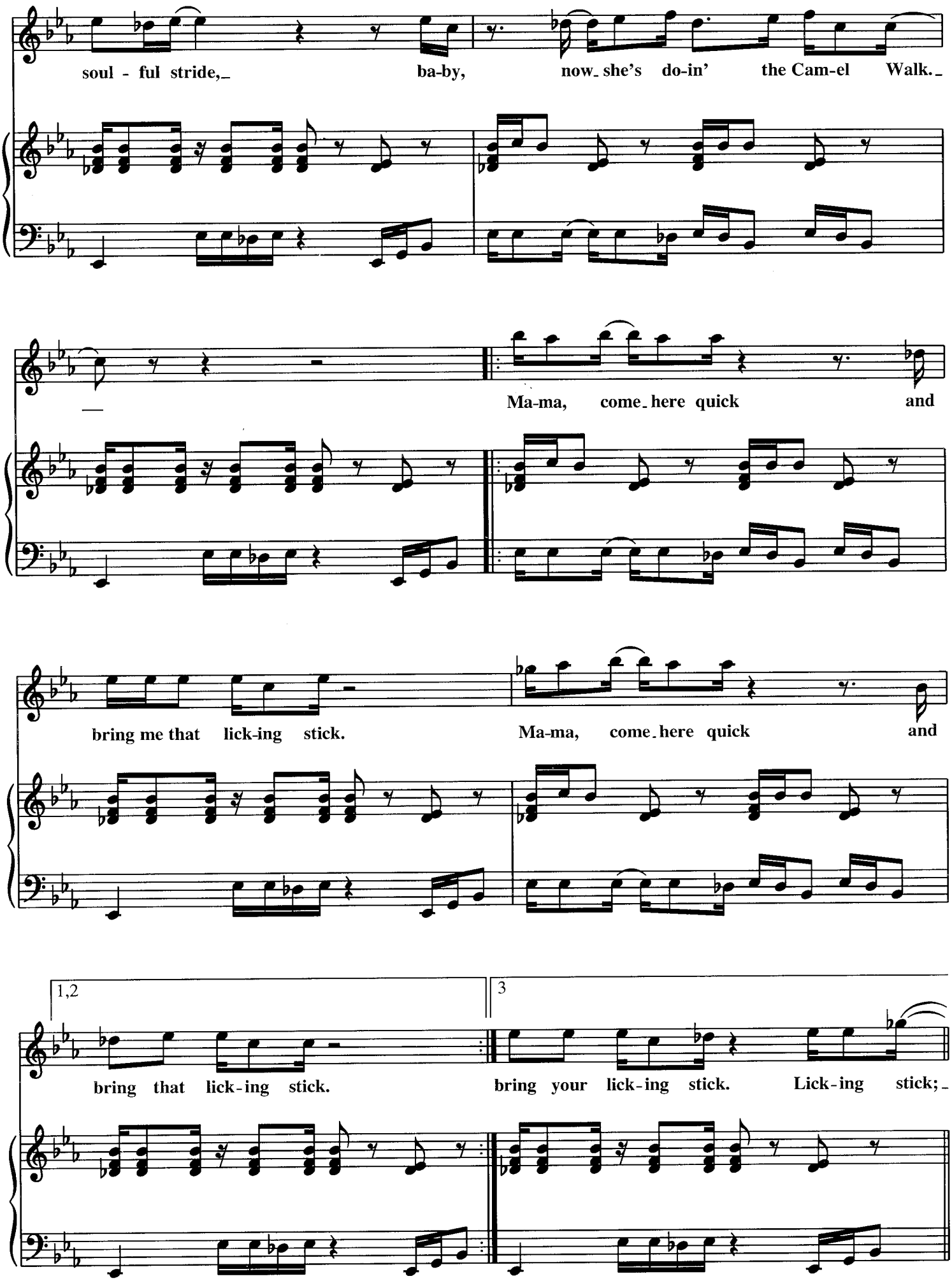
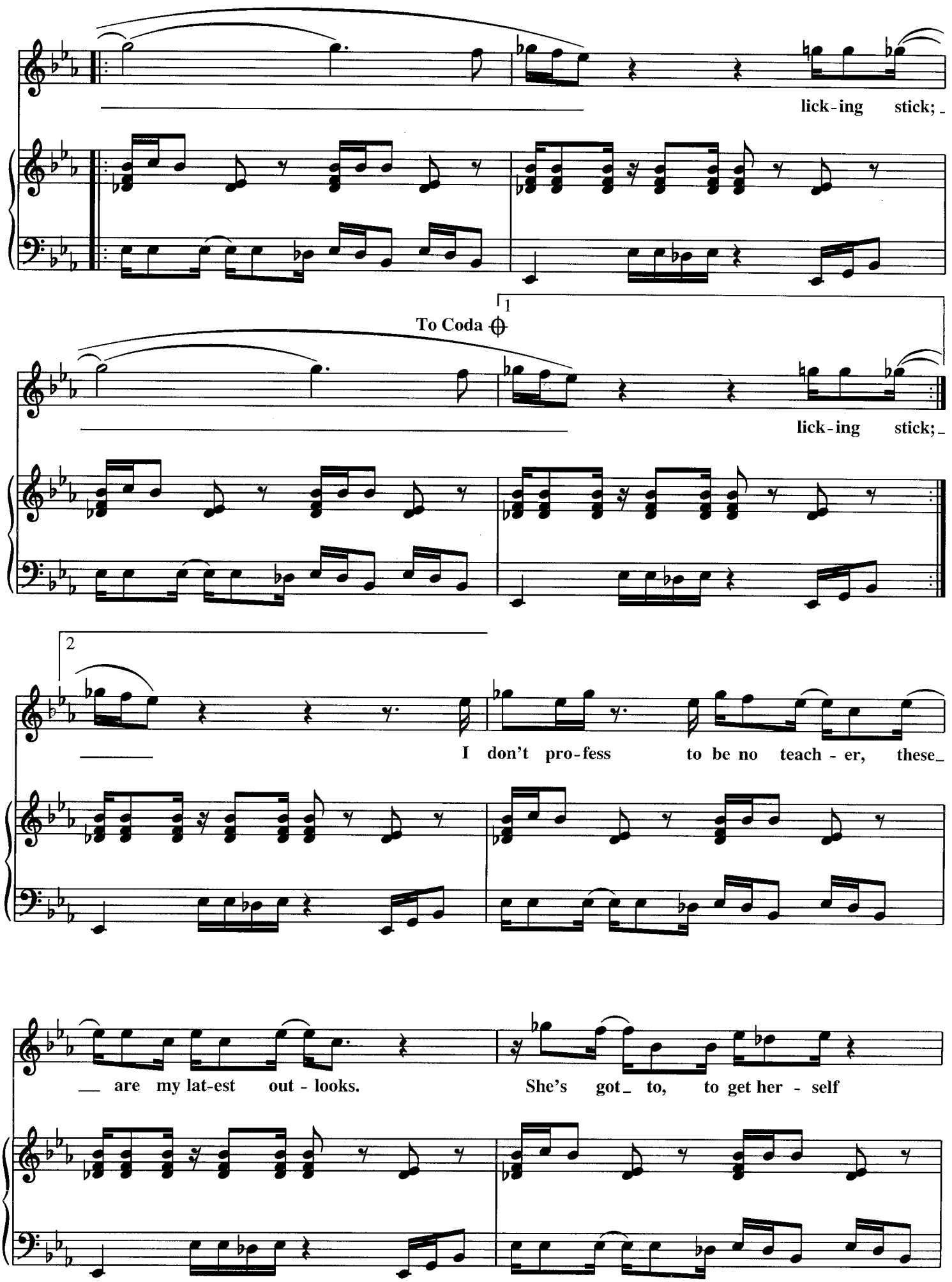
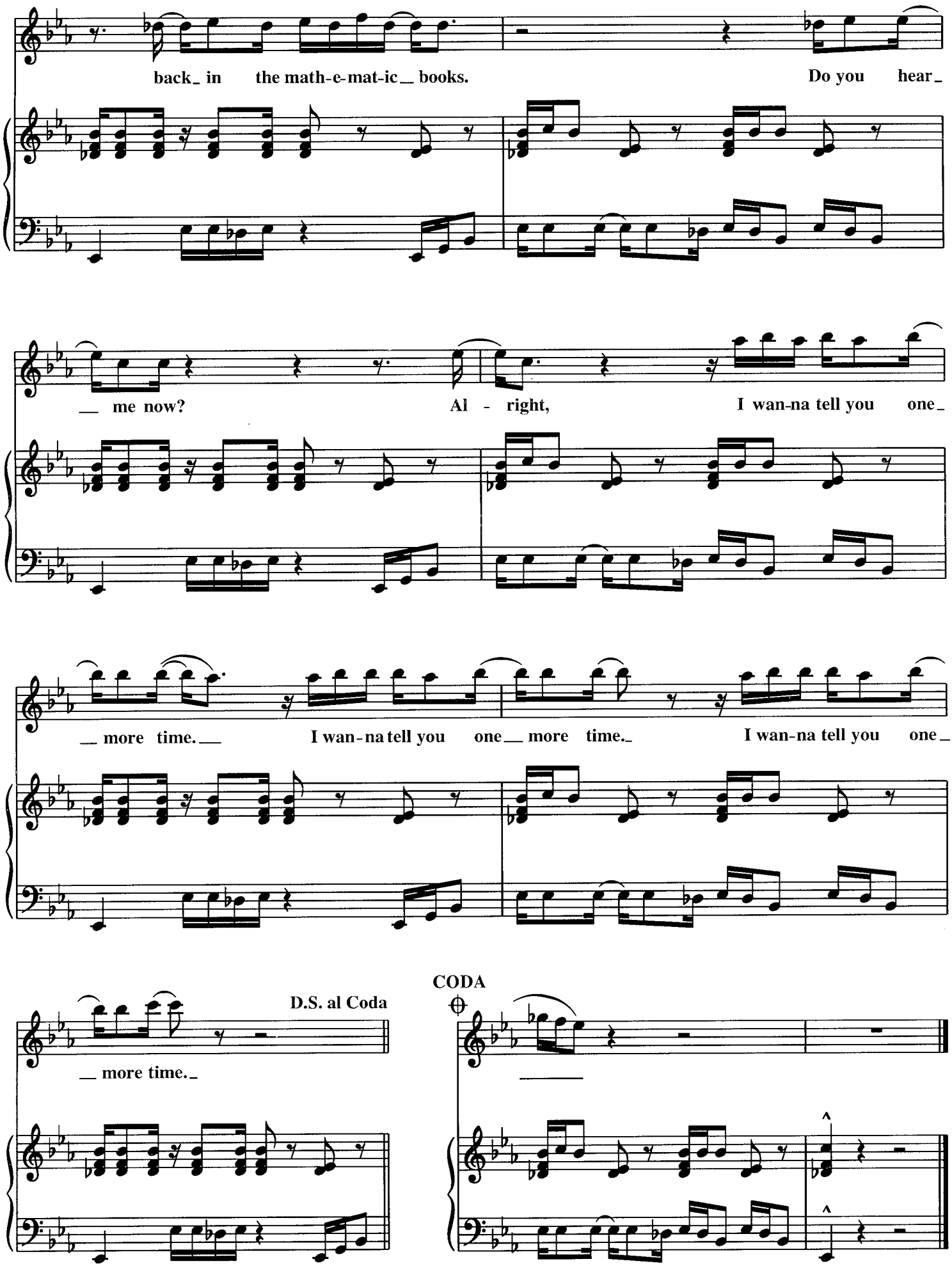

Ma-ma, come here quick and bring me that lick-ing stick.
Ma-ma, come here quick and bring that lick-ing stick.
Ma-ma, come here quick and bring that lick-ing stick.
𝄋
1. Peo-ple stand - in', stand-in' in a trance,
2., D.S. Jun-ior, don't kill me with his lat - est strokes,


sis - ter 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 oth-er day, she did-n't wan-na be a drag. I
Do - in' the Mashed Po-ta-toes and then he be-gin to slide. Call
don't know what she's do - in', I think she's got a brand new bag.
his - self do-in' the James
1
Ma-ma, come here quick and bring me that lick-ing stick.


Ma-ma, come here quick and bring that lick-ing stick. Now, look-y here.
2,3
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

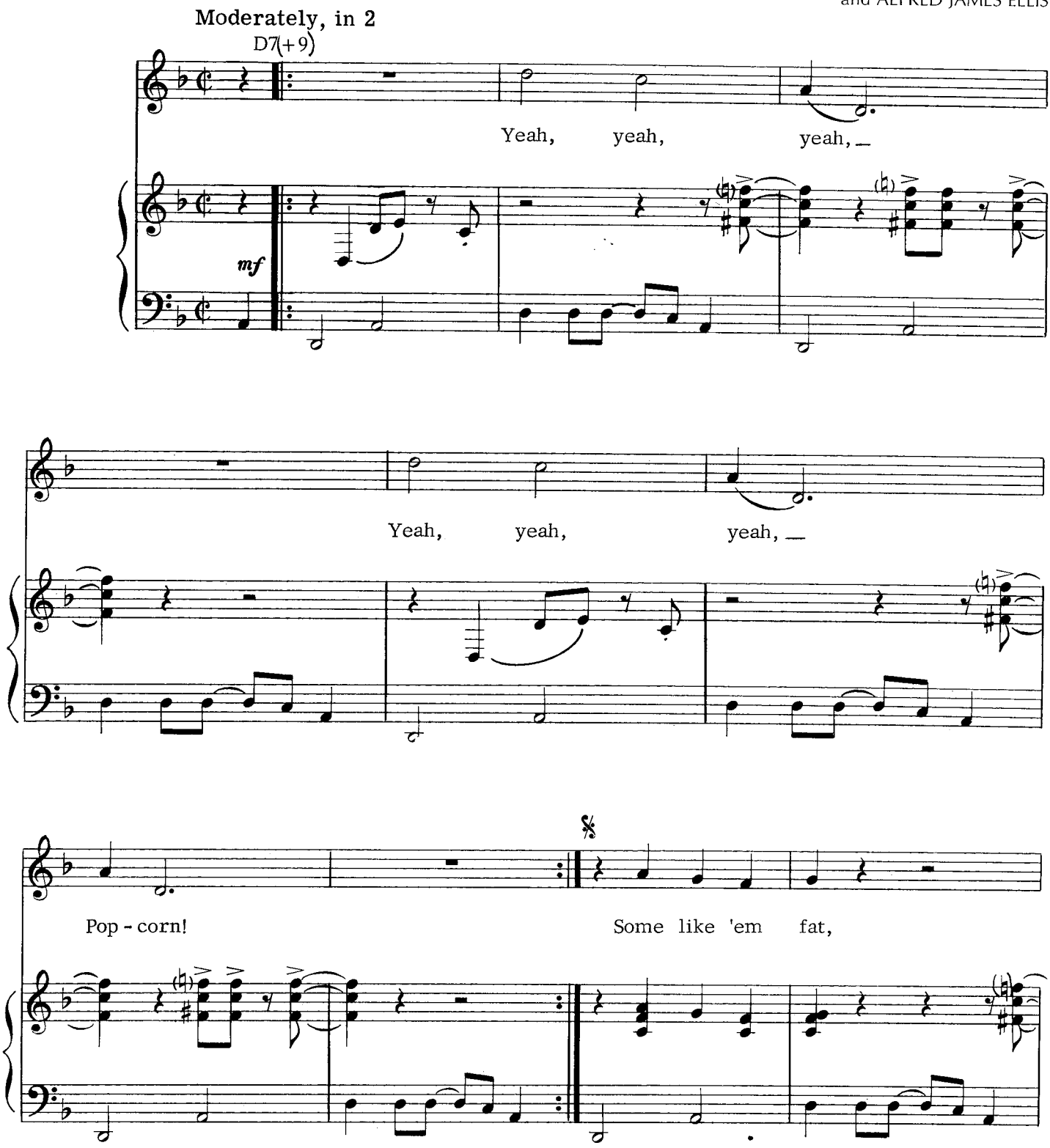

soul - ful stride, ba-by, now she's do-in' the Cam-el Walk.
Ma-ma, come here quick and
bring me that lick-ing stick. Ma-ma, come here quick and
1,2
3
bring that lick-ing stick. bring your lick-ing stick. Lick-ing stick;


lick-ing stick;
To Coda
1
lick-ing stick;
2
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 math-e-mat-ic_ books.
Do you hear_
_ me now?
Al - right,
I wan-na tell you one_
_ more time._
I wan-na tell you one_ more time._
I wan-na tell you one_
D.S. al Coda
_ more time._
CODA

MOTHER POPCORN, PT. 1

Words and Music by JAMES BROWN
and ALFRED JAMES ELLIS



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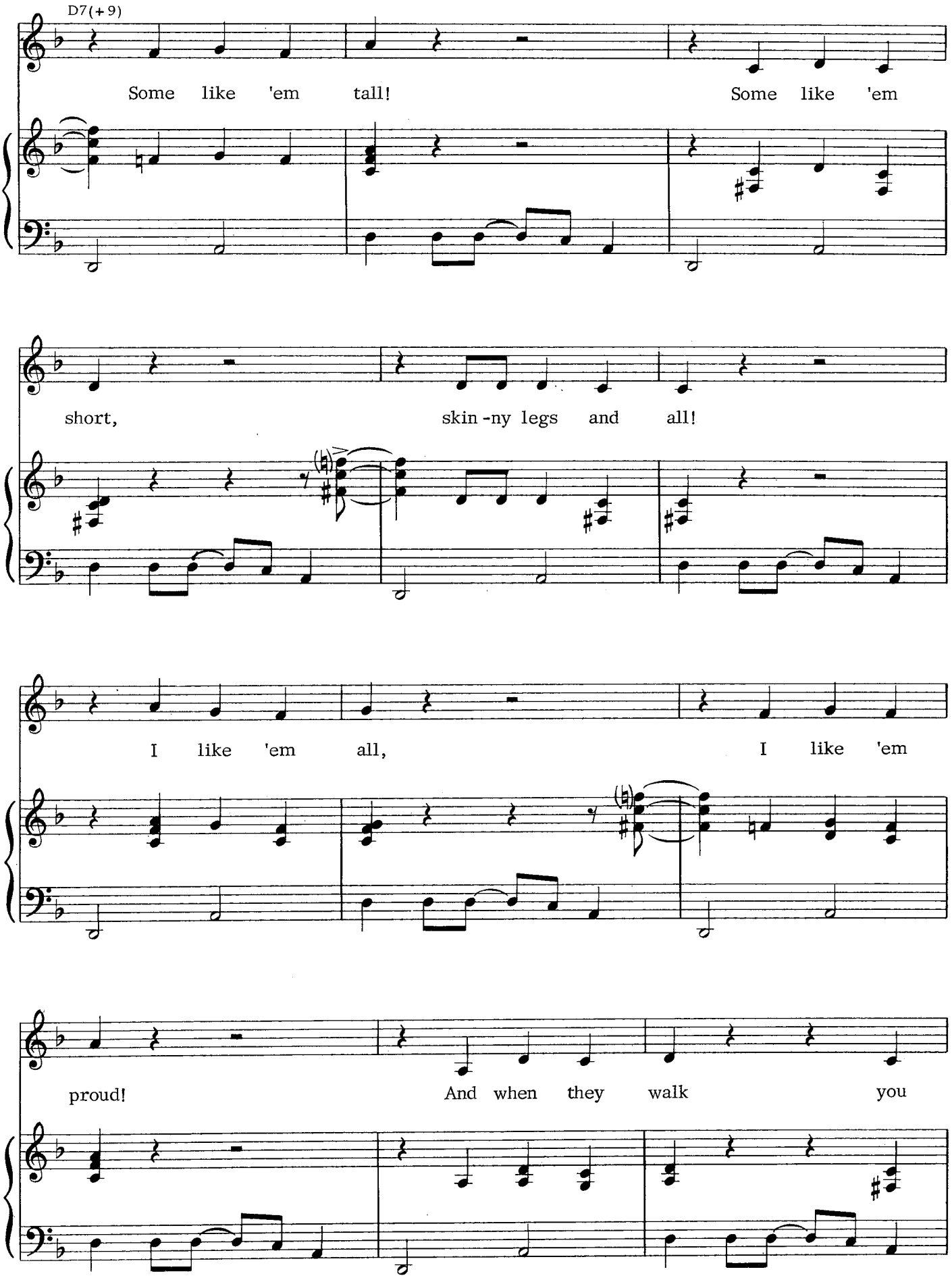
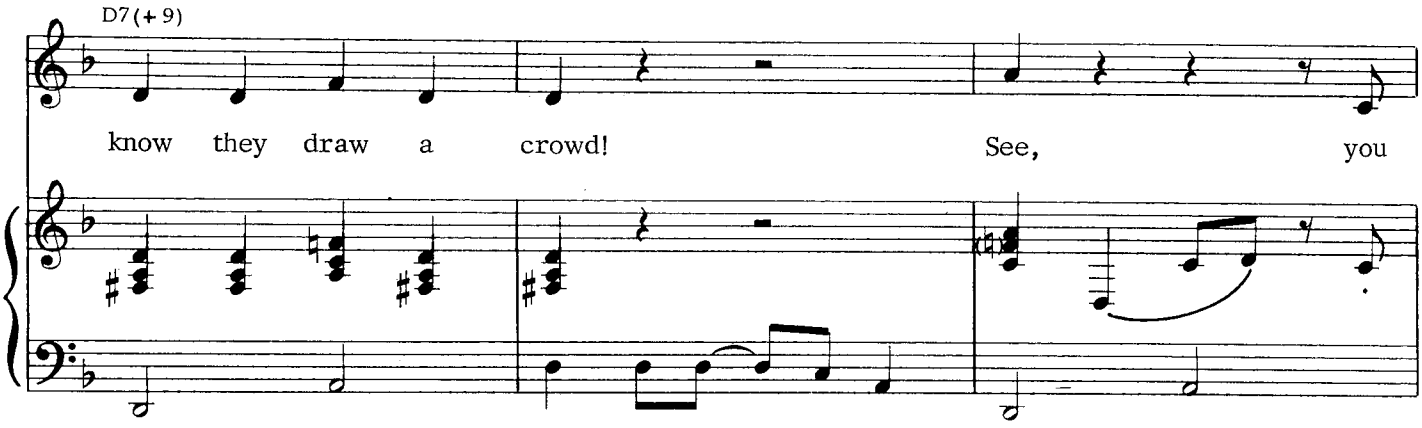
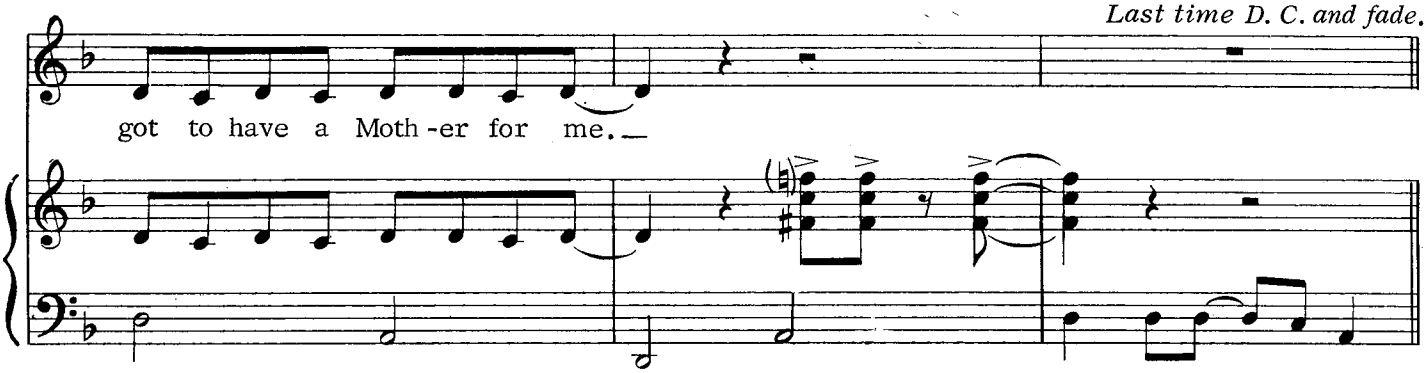

D7(+9)
Some like 'em tall! Some like 'em
short, skin-ny legs and all!
I like 'em all, I like 'em
proud! And when they walk you

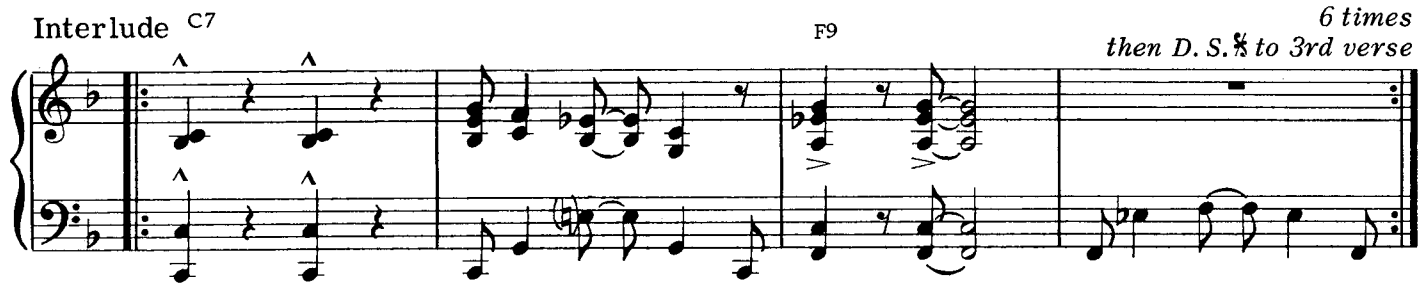


D. S.𝄋 for additional words.
Last time D. C. and fade.



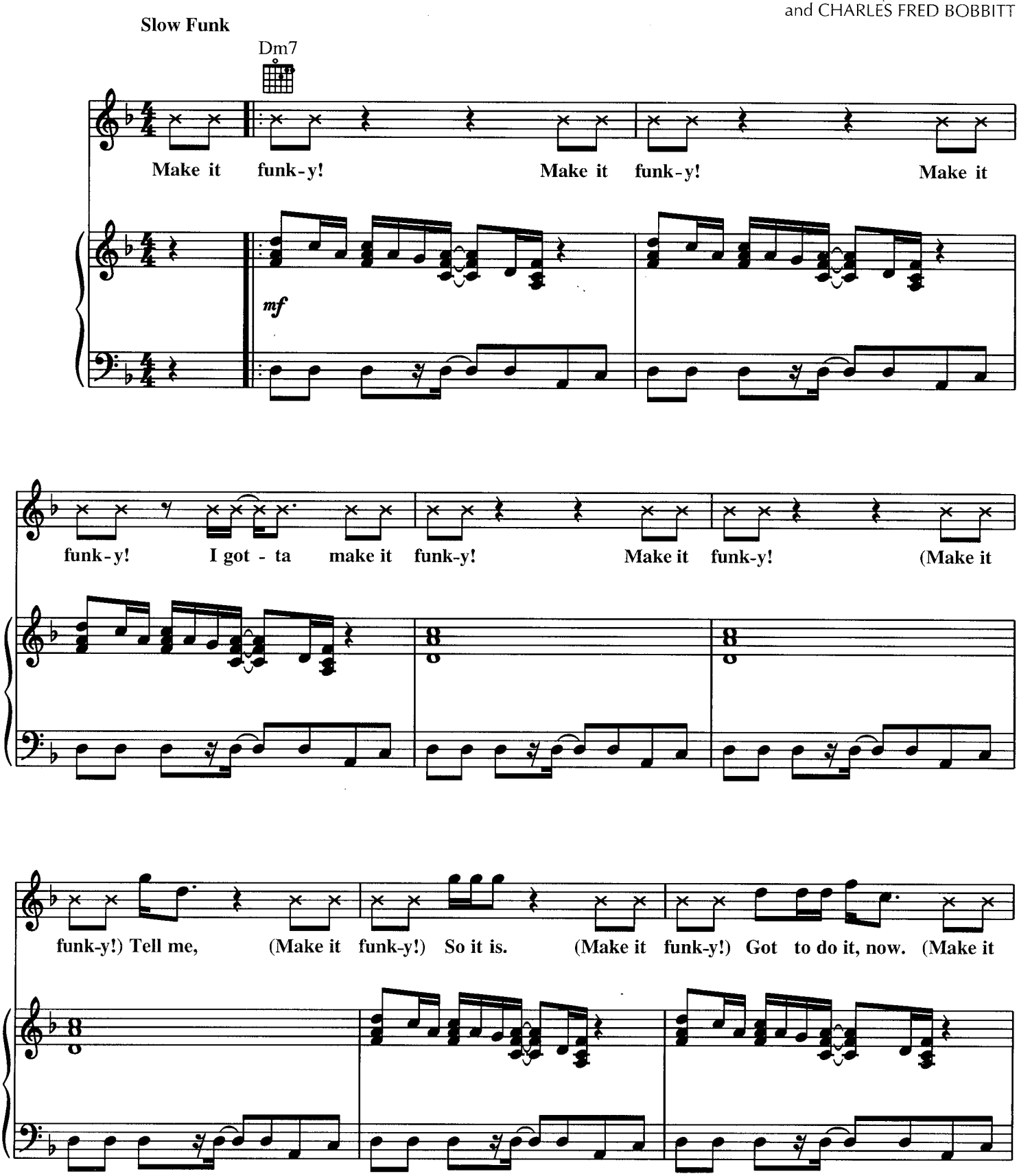
2. There was a time when I was all alone.
I had a secret, thought I was gone.
Somebody dug me! Said, "Now I see what you are doin',
Brother, to stay ahead of me!"
And when I get burnt, I use some salve;
And when I want some lovin', them Mothers you got to have;
See, you got to have a Mother for me. *(to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



MAKE IT FUNKY, PT. 1

Words and Music by JAMES BROWN
and CHARLES FRED BOBBITT



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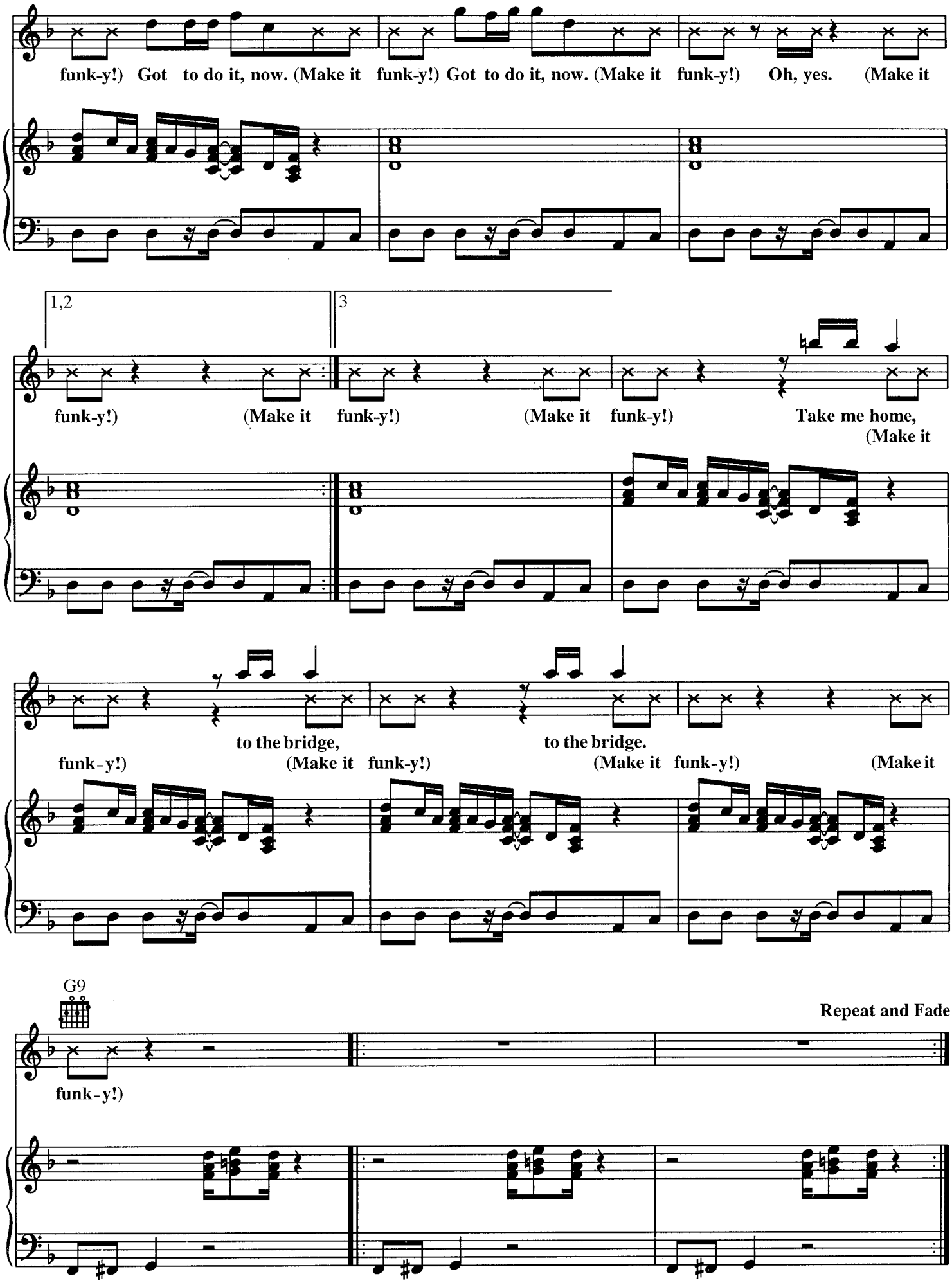
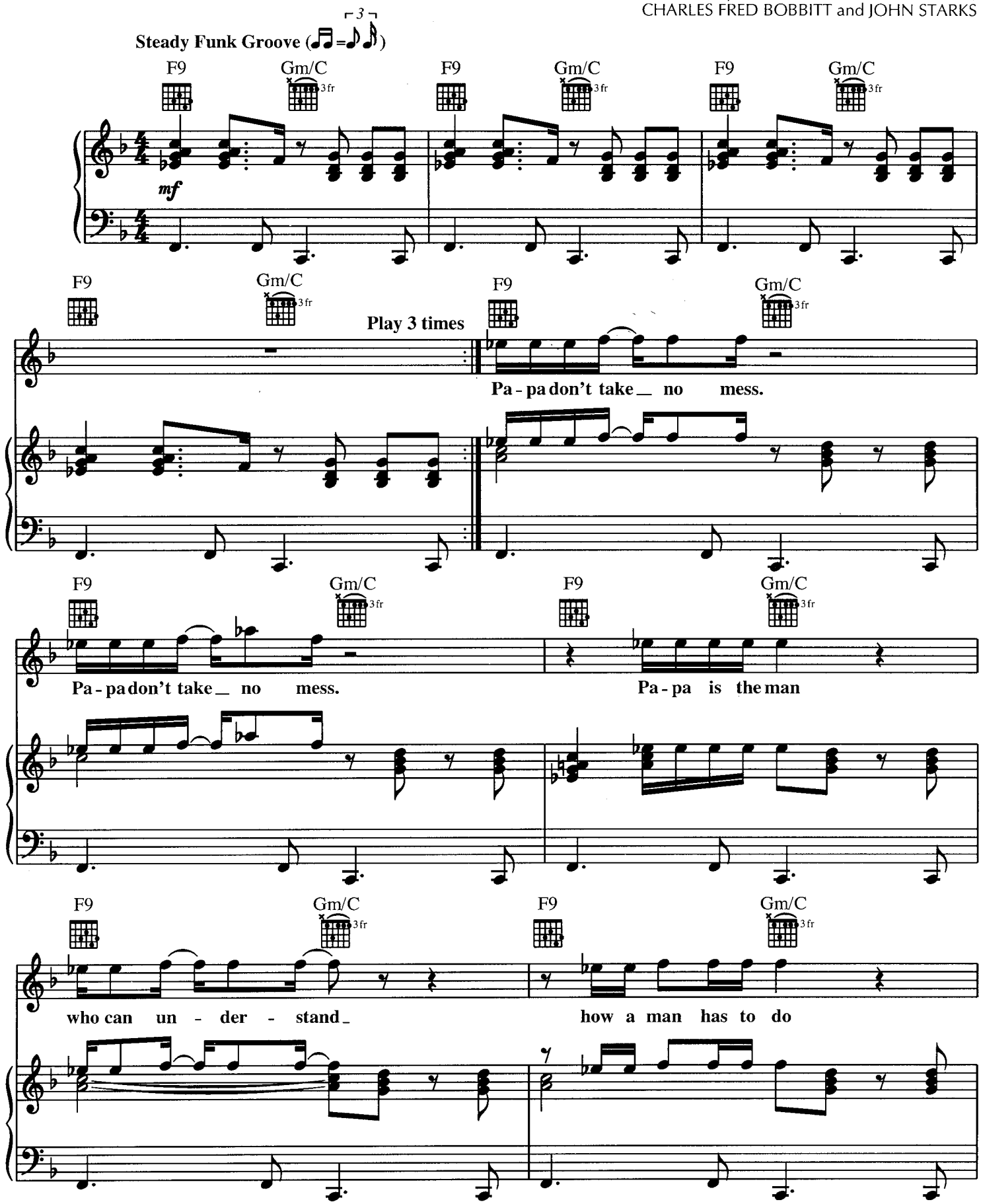

funk-y!) Got to do it, now. (Make it funk-y!) Got to do it, now. (Make it funk-y!) Oh, yes. (Make it
1,2
3
funk-y!) (Make it funk-y!) (Make it funk-y!) Take me home,
(Make it
to the bridge,
to the bridge.
funk-y!) (Make it funk-y!) (Make it funk-y!) (Make it
G9
Repeat and Fade
funk-y!)

PAPA DON'T TAKE NO MESS, PT. 1

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



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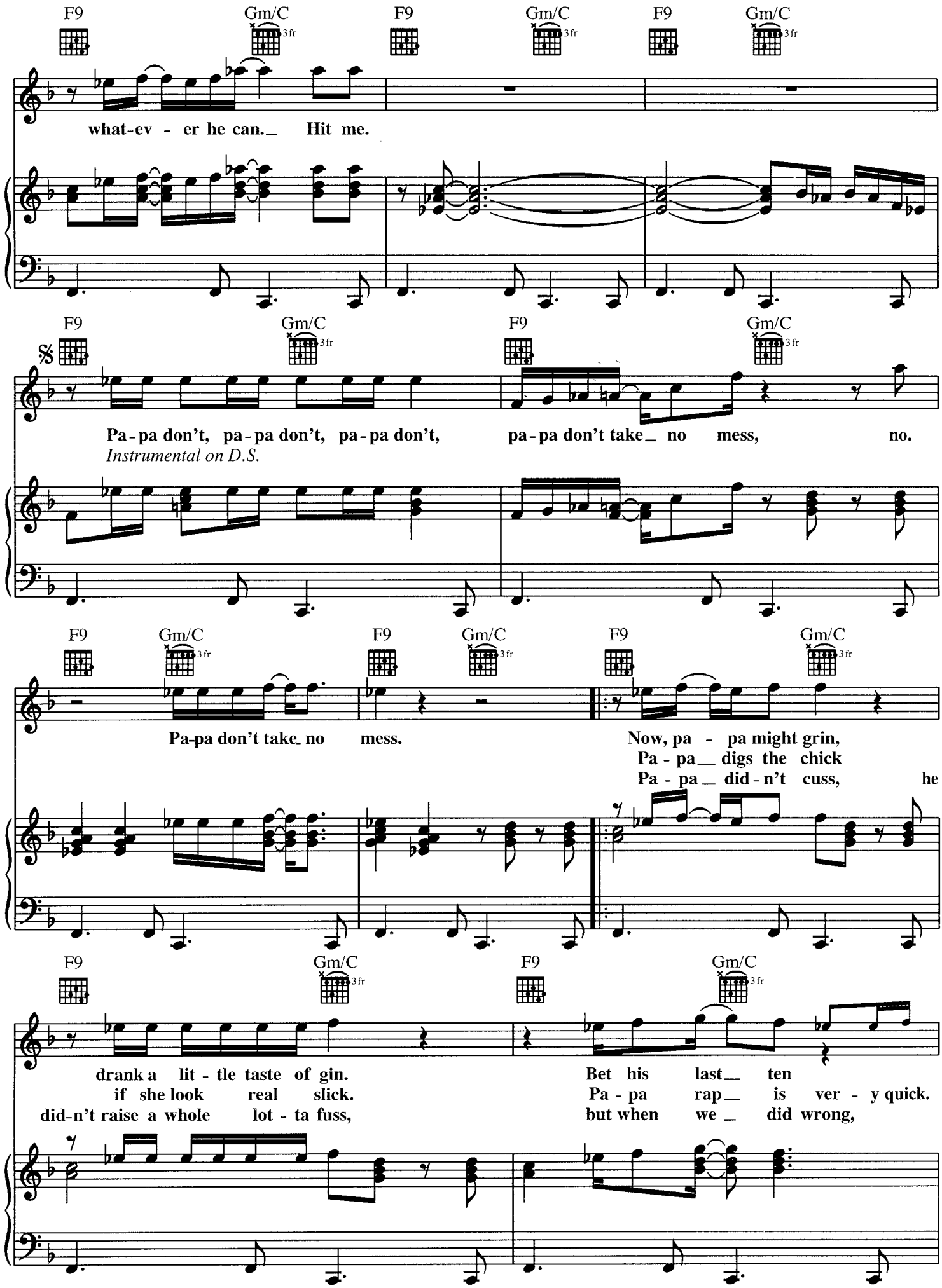
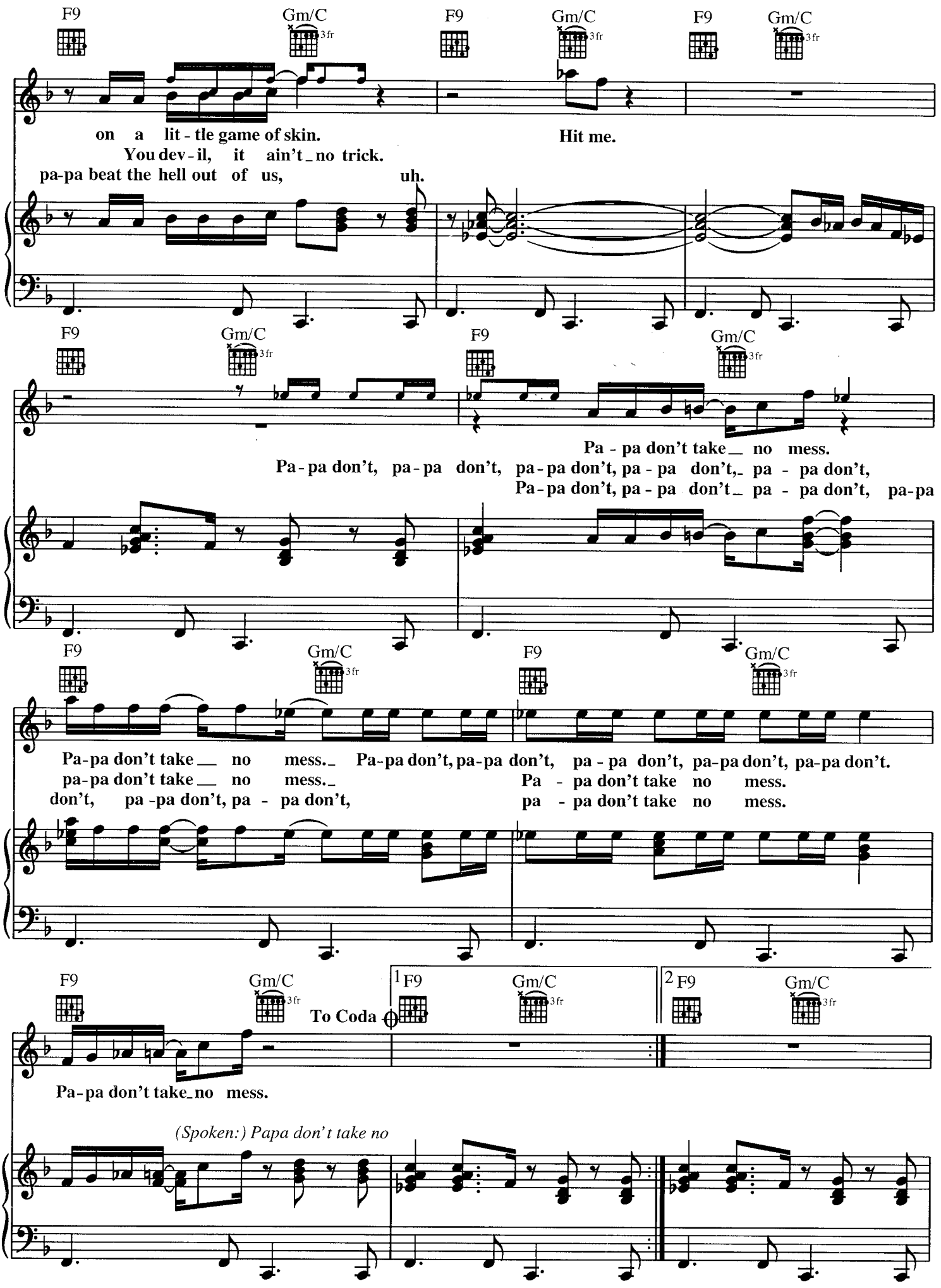
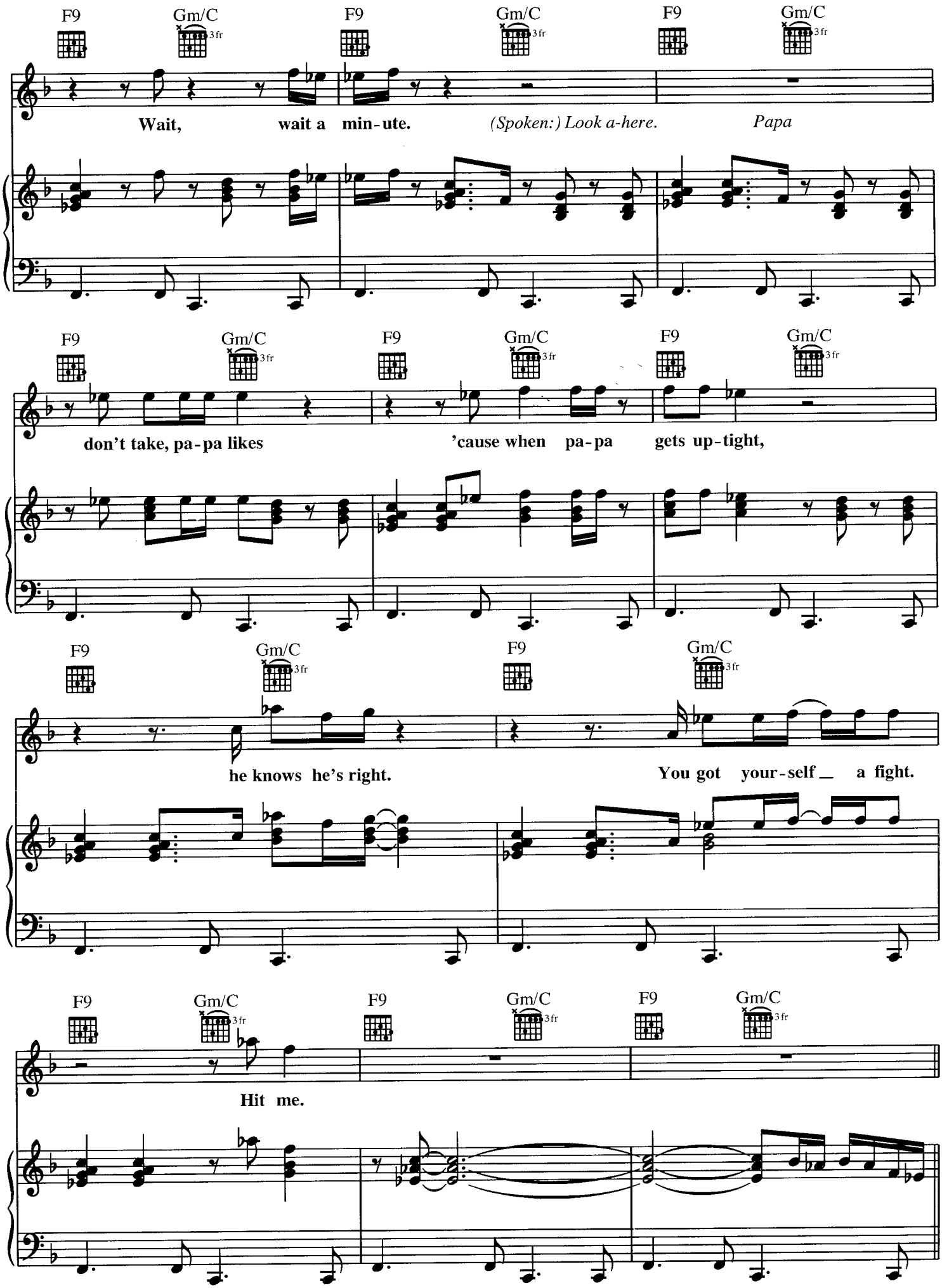
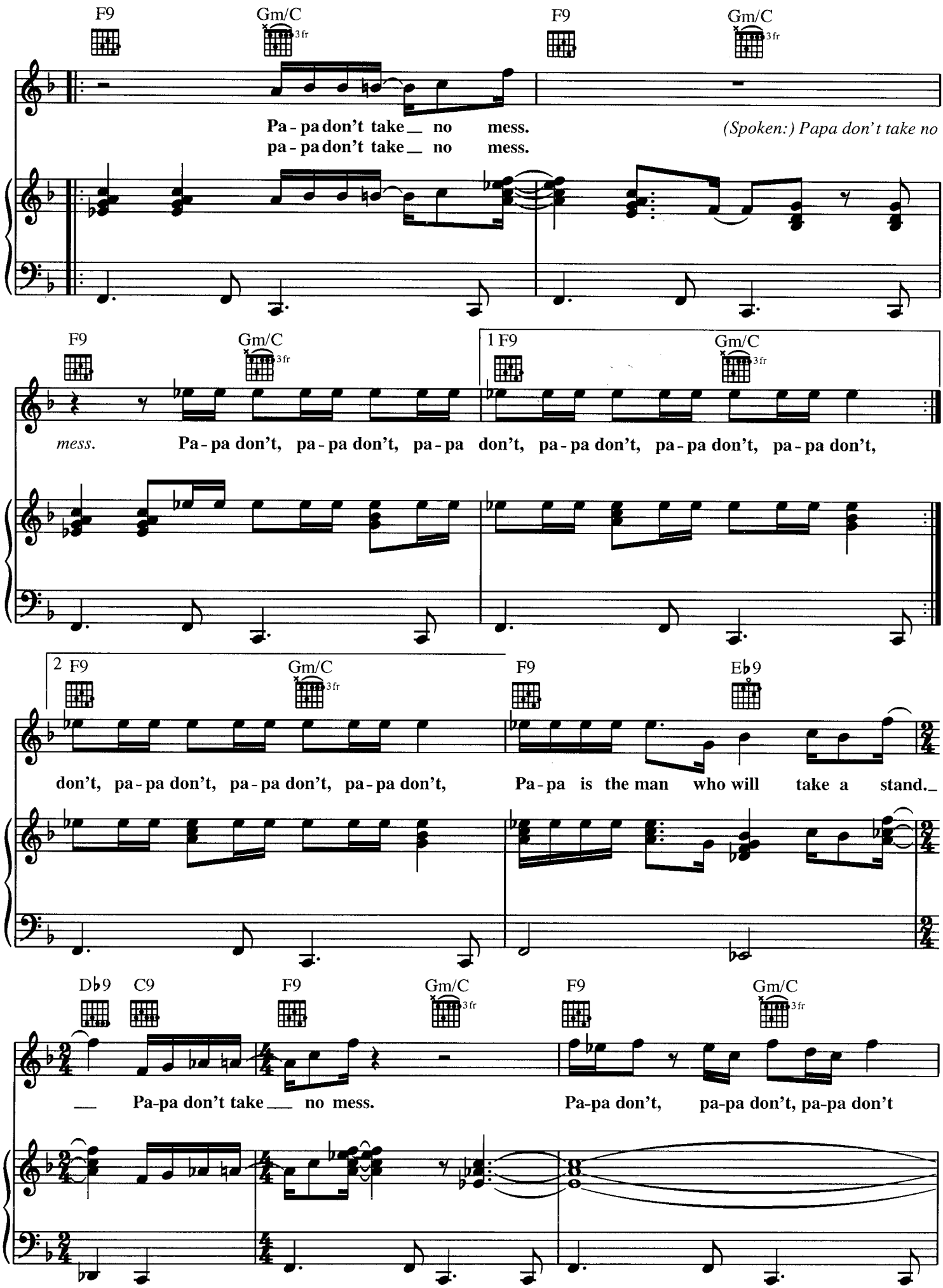
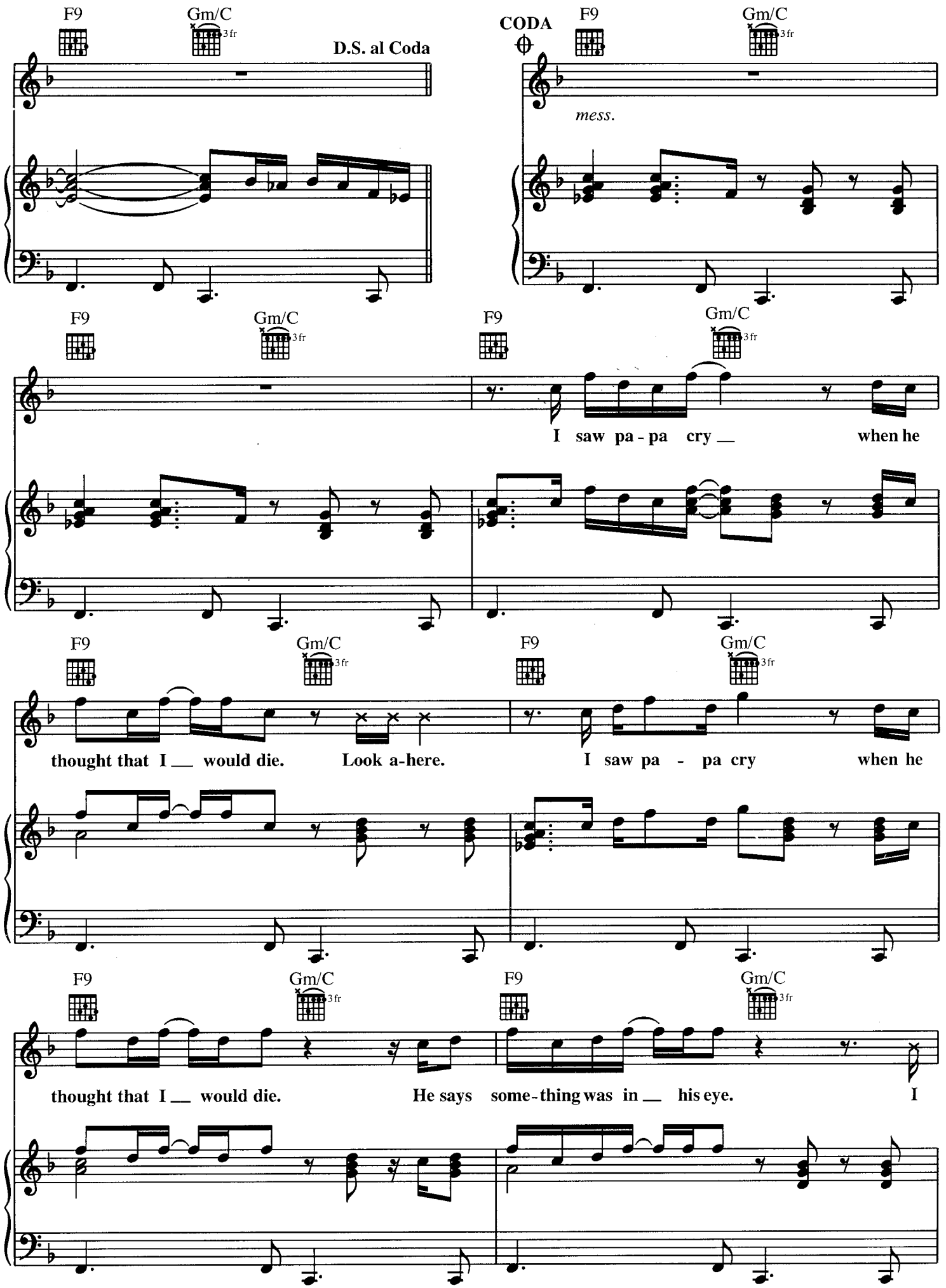
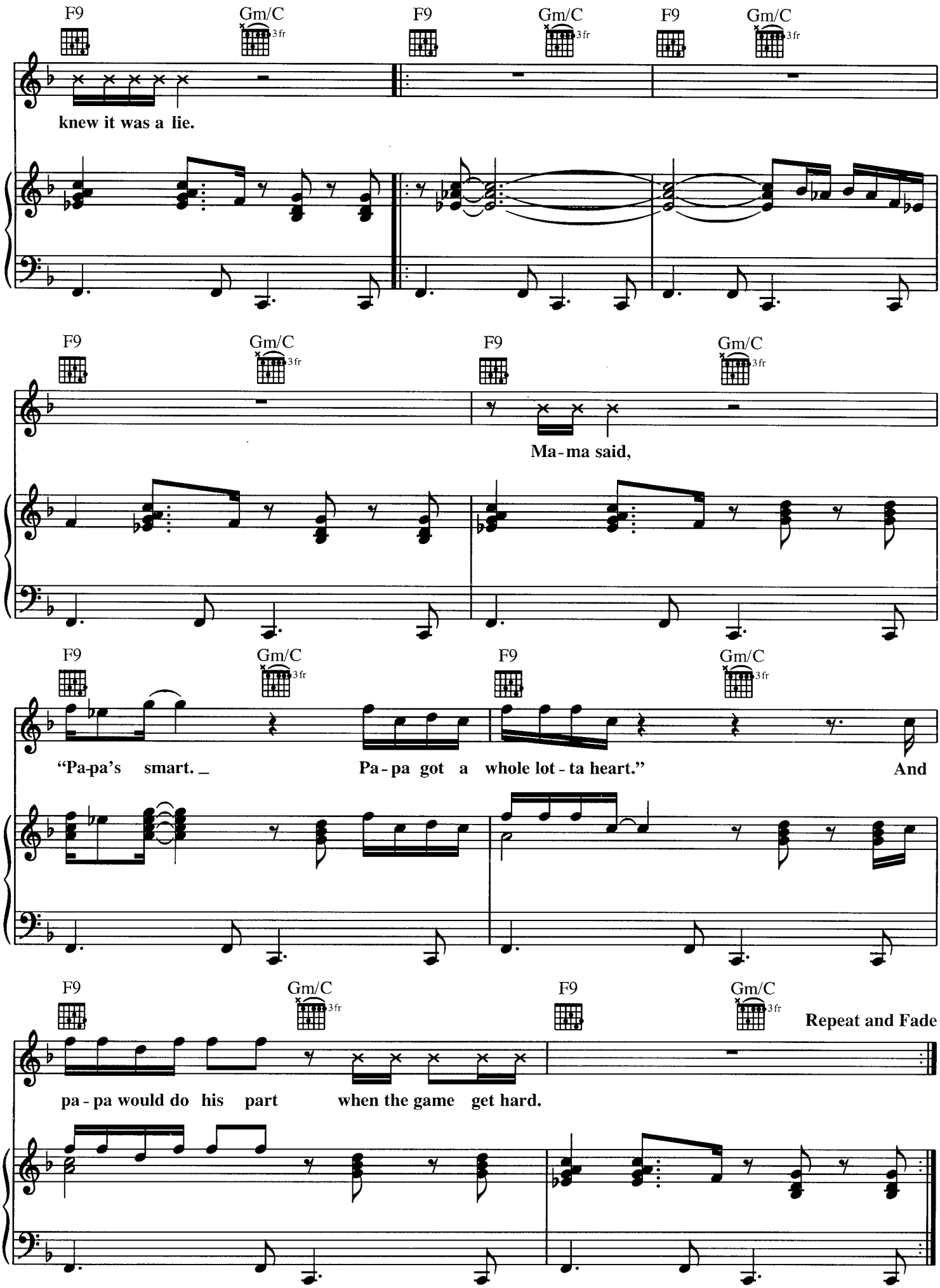

F9
Gm/C
3fr
what-ev - er he can._ Hit me.
Pa-pa don't, pa-pa don't, pa-pa don't, pa-pa don't take_ no mess, no.
Instrumental on D.S.
Pa-pa don't take_ no mess.
Now, pa - pa might grin,
Pa - pa_ digs the chick
Pa - pa_ did-n't cuss, he
drank a lit - tle taste of gin.
if she look real slick.
did-n't raise a whole lot - ta fuss,
Bet his last_ ten
Pa - pa rap_ is ver - y quick.
but when we_ did wrong,


F9
Gm/C 3fr
on a lit - tle game of skin.
You dev - il, it ain't _ no trick.
pa-pa beat the hell out of us,
uh.
Hit me.
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
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 take no mess.
don't, pa -pa don't, pa - pa don't,
pa - pa don't take no mess.
To Coda
1
2
Pa-pa don't take _ no mess.
(Spoken:) Papa don't take no


F9
Gm/C
3fr
Wait, wait a min-ute. (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.

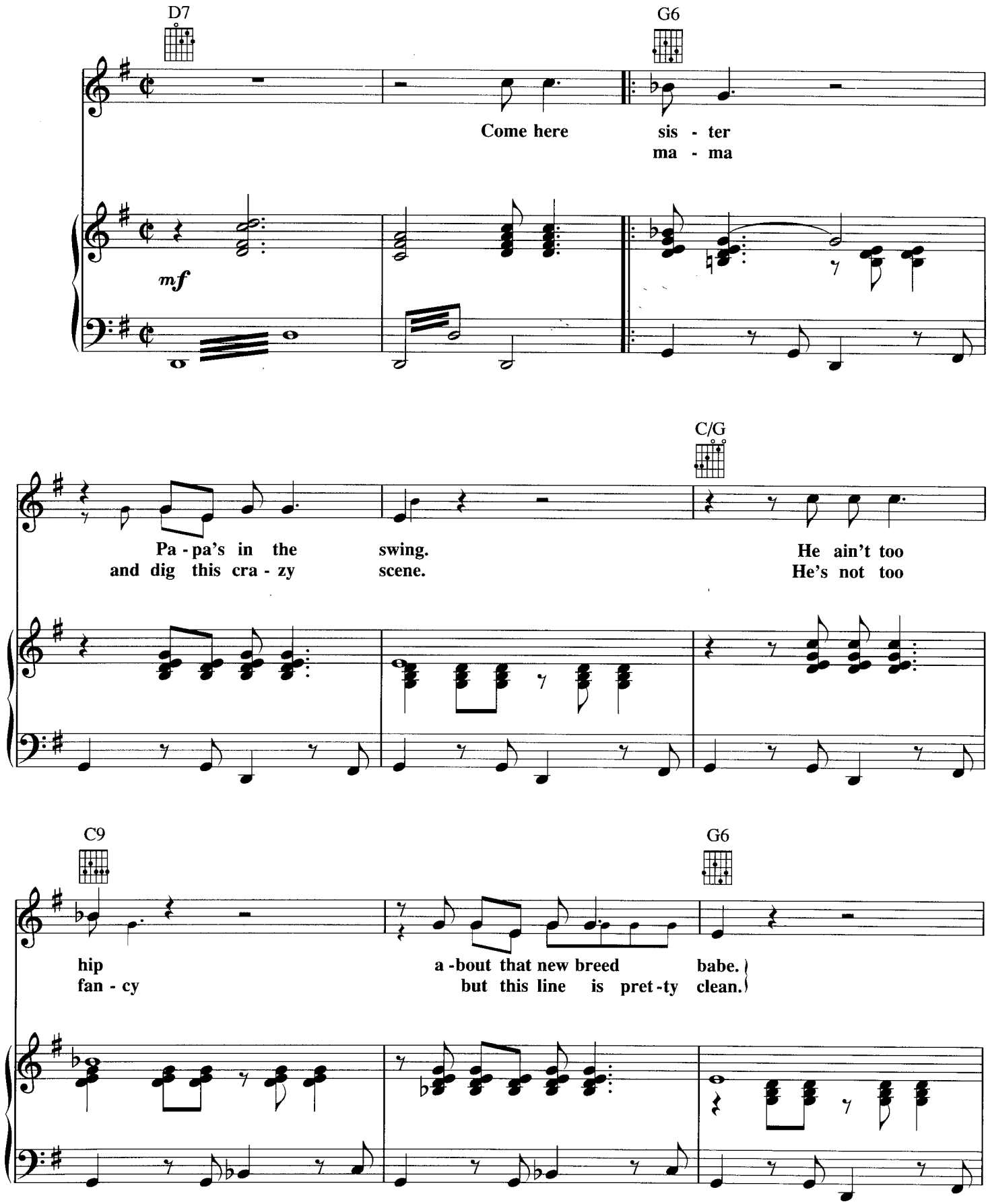

F9
Gm/C 3fr
F9
Gm/C 3fr
Pa - pa don't take__ no mess.
pa - pa don't take__ no mess.
(Spoken:) Papa don't take no
F9
Gm/C 3fr
1 F9
Gm/C 3fr
mess.
Pa - pa don't, pa - pa don't, pa - pa don't, pa - pa don't, pa - pa don't, pa - pa don't,
2 F9
Gm/C 3fr
F9
Eb9
don't, pa - pa don't, pa - pa don't, pa - pa don't,
Pa - pa is the man who will take a stand._
Db9
C9
F9
Gm/C 3fr
F9
Gm/C 3fr
__ Pa-pa don't take__ no mess.
Pa-pa don't, pa-pa don't, pa-pa don't


F9
Gm/C
3fr
D.S. al Coda
CODA
mess.
I saw pa - pa cry when he
thought that I would die. Look a-here.
I saw pa - pa cry when he
thought that I would die.
He says some-thing was in his eye.
I


F9
Gm/C
3fr
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.
Repeat and Fade

PAPA'S GOT A BRAND NEW BAG

Words and Music by
JAMES BROWN



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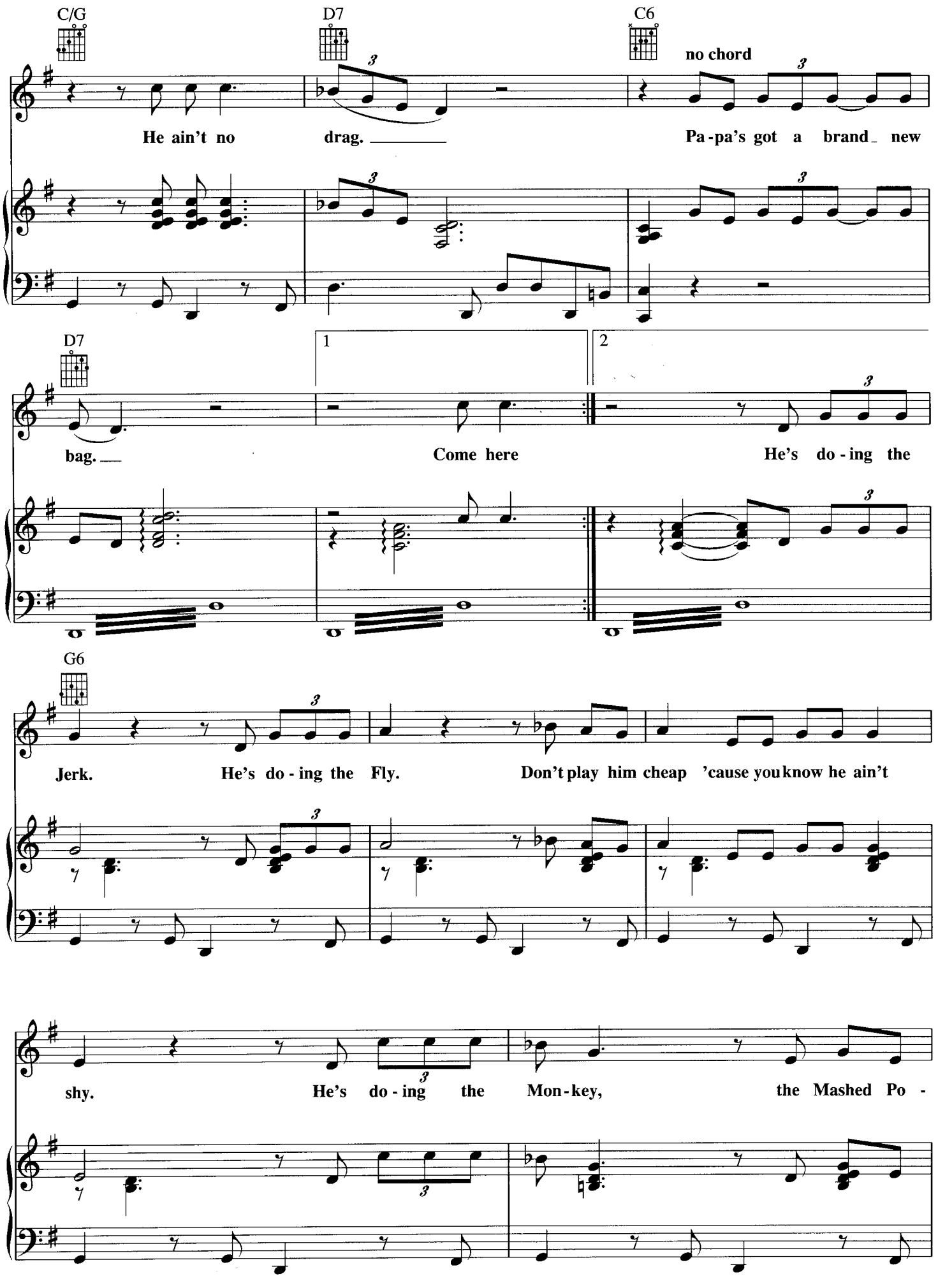
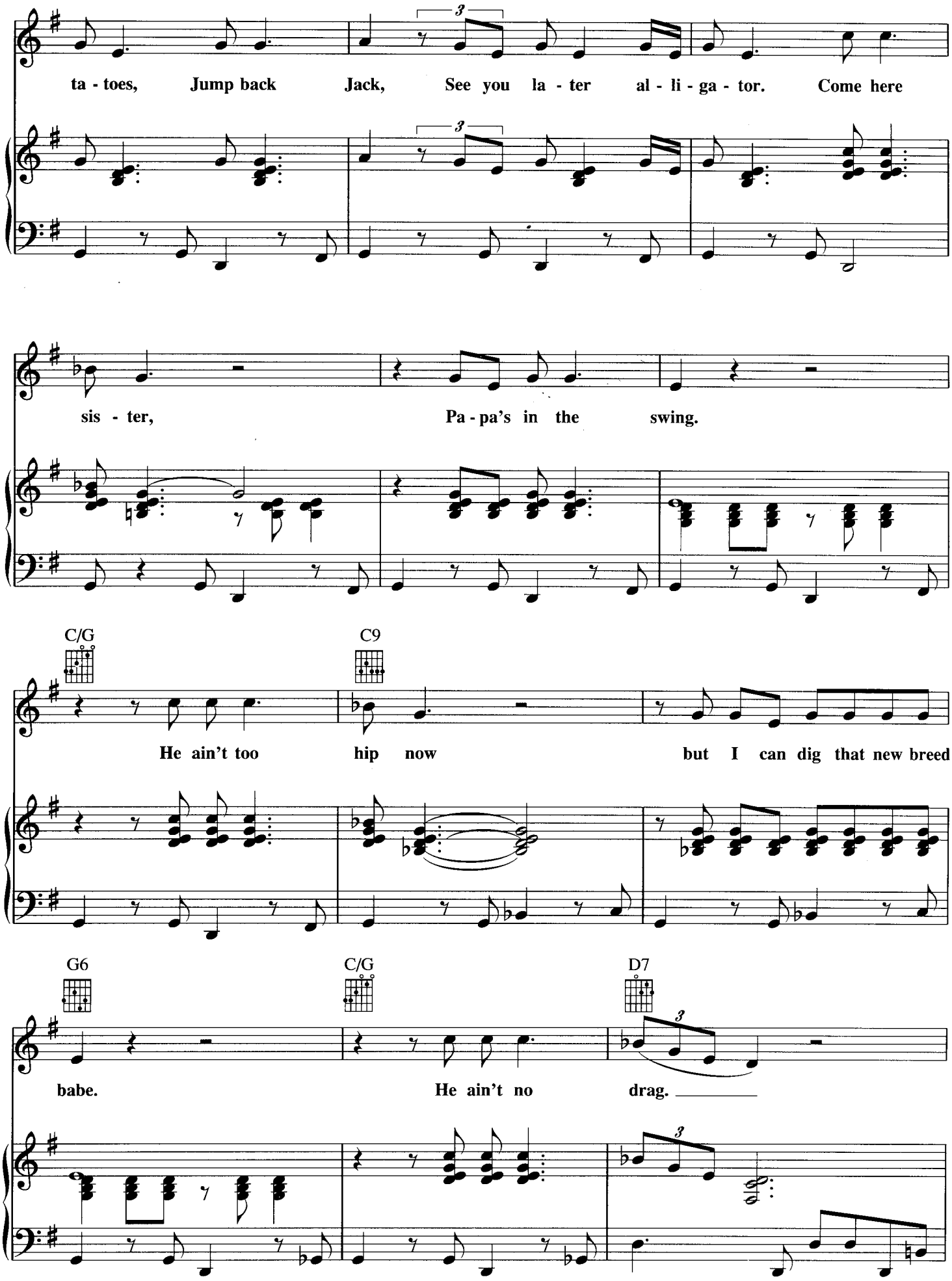
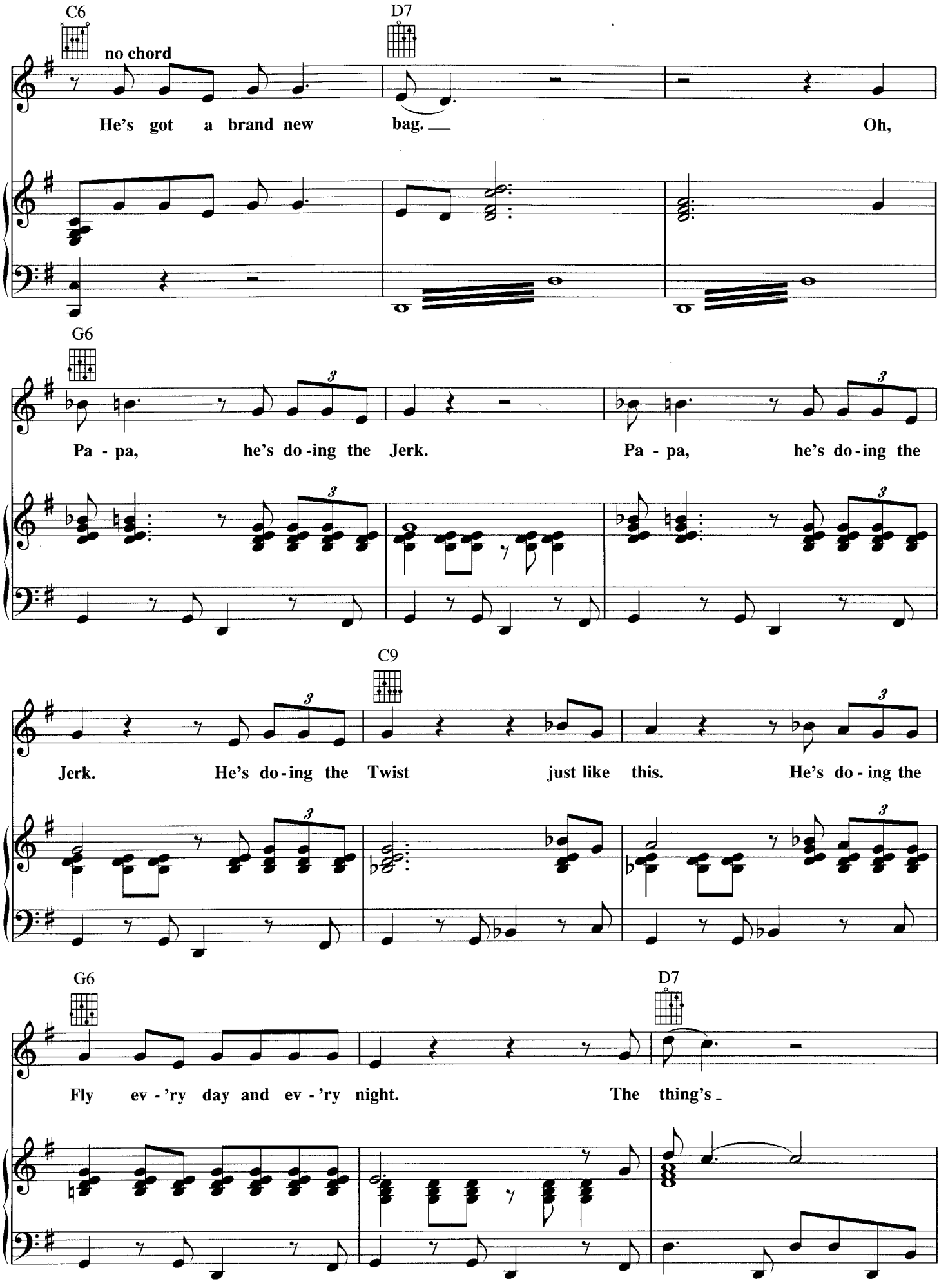
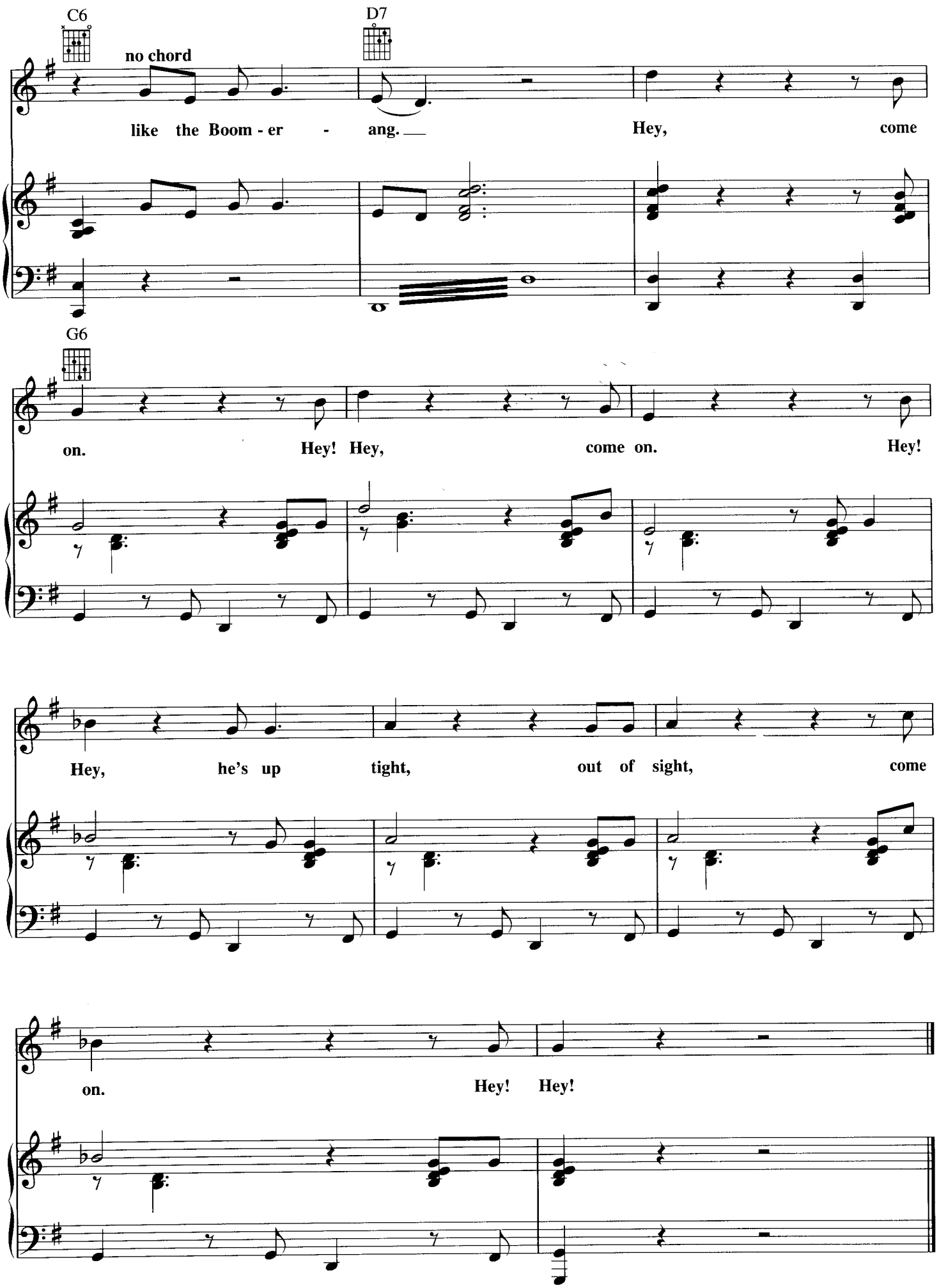

C/G
D7
C6
no chord
He ain't no drag.
Pa-pa's got a brand new bag.
D7
1
2
Come here
He's do-ing the
G6
Jerk.
He's do-ing the Fly.
Don't play him cheap 'cause you know he ain't
shy.
He's do-ing the Mon-key,
the Mashed Po-


ta - toes, Jump back Jack, See you la - ter al - li - ga - tor. Come here
sis - ter, Pa - pa's in the swing.
C/G
C9
He ain't too hip now but I can dig that new breed
G6
C/G
D7
babe. He ain't no drag.

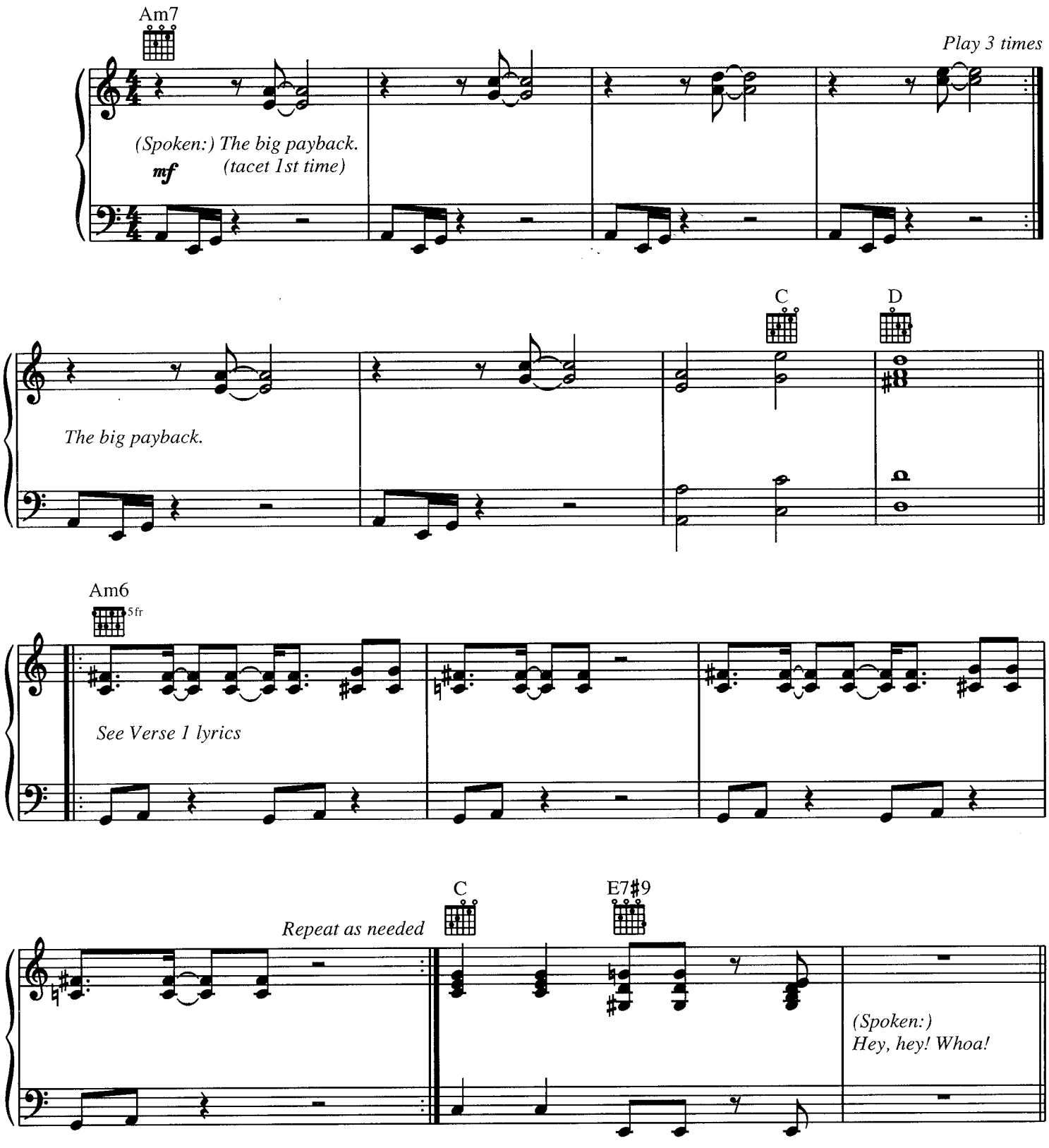

C6
no chord
D7
He's got a brand new bag.
Oh,
G6
Pa - pa, he's do-ing the Jerk.
Pa - pa, he's do-ing the
C9
Jerk. He's do-ing the Twist
just like this.
He's do - ing the
G6
Fly ev - 'ry day and ev - 'ry night.
D7
The thing's


C6
no chord
D7
like the Boom - er - ang. Hey, come
G6
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



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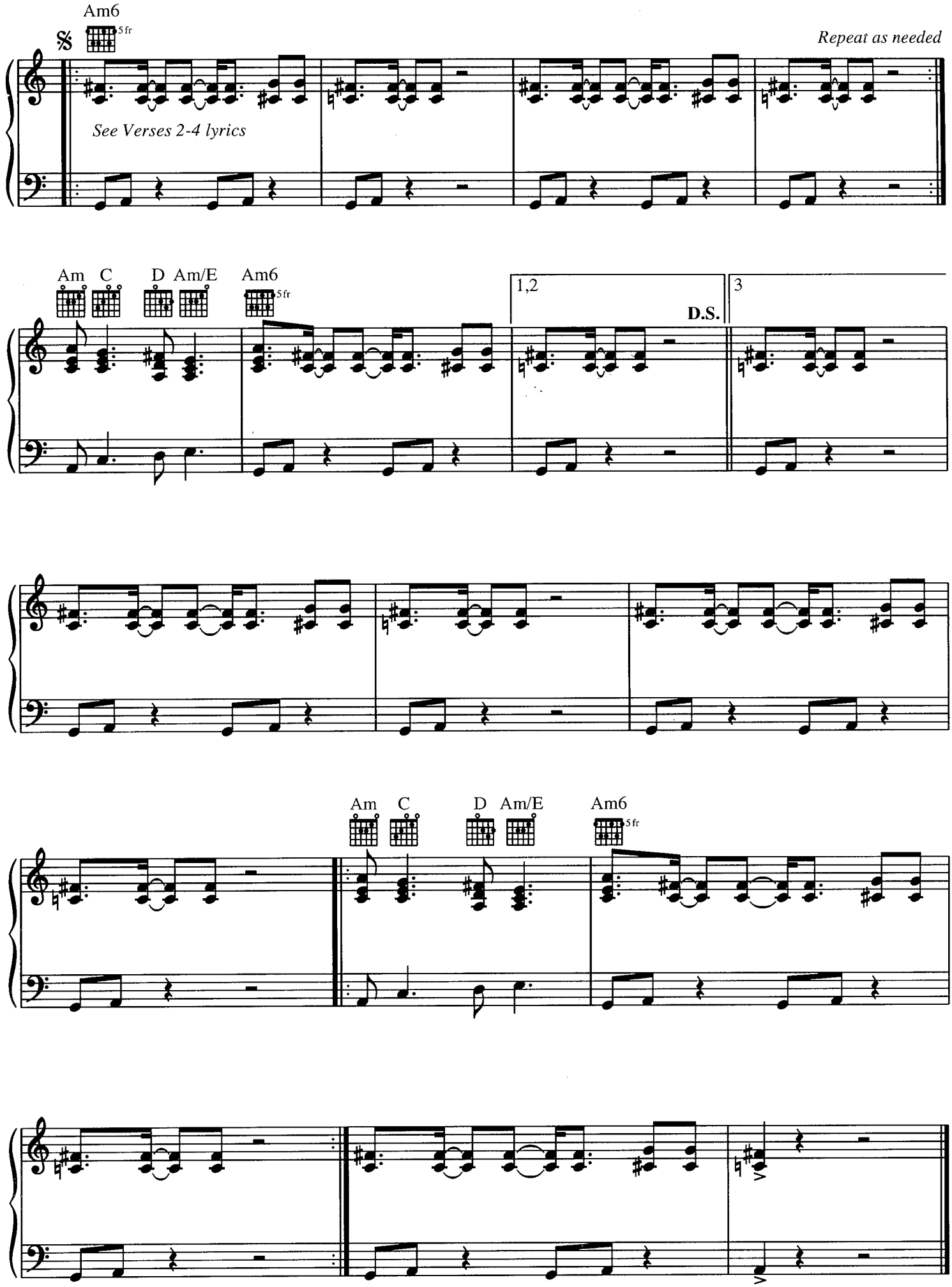

Am6
5fr
Repeat as needed
See Verses 2-4 lyrics
Am C D Am/E Am6
5fr
1,2
D.S.
3
Am C D Am/E Am6
5fr

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.

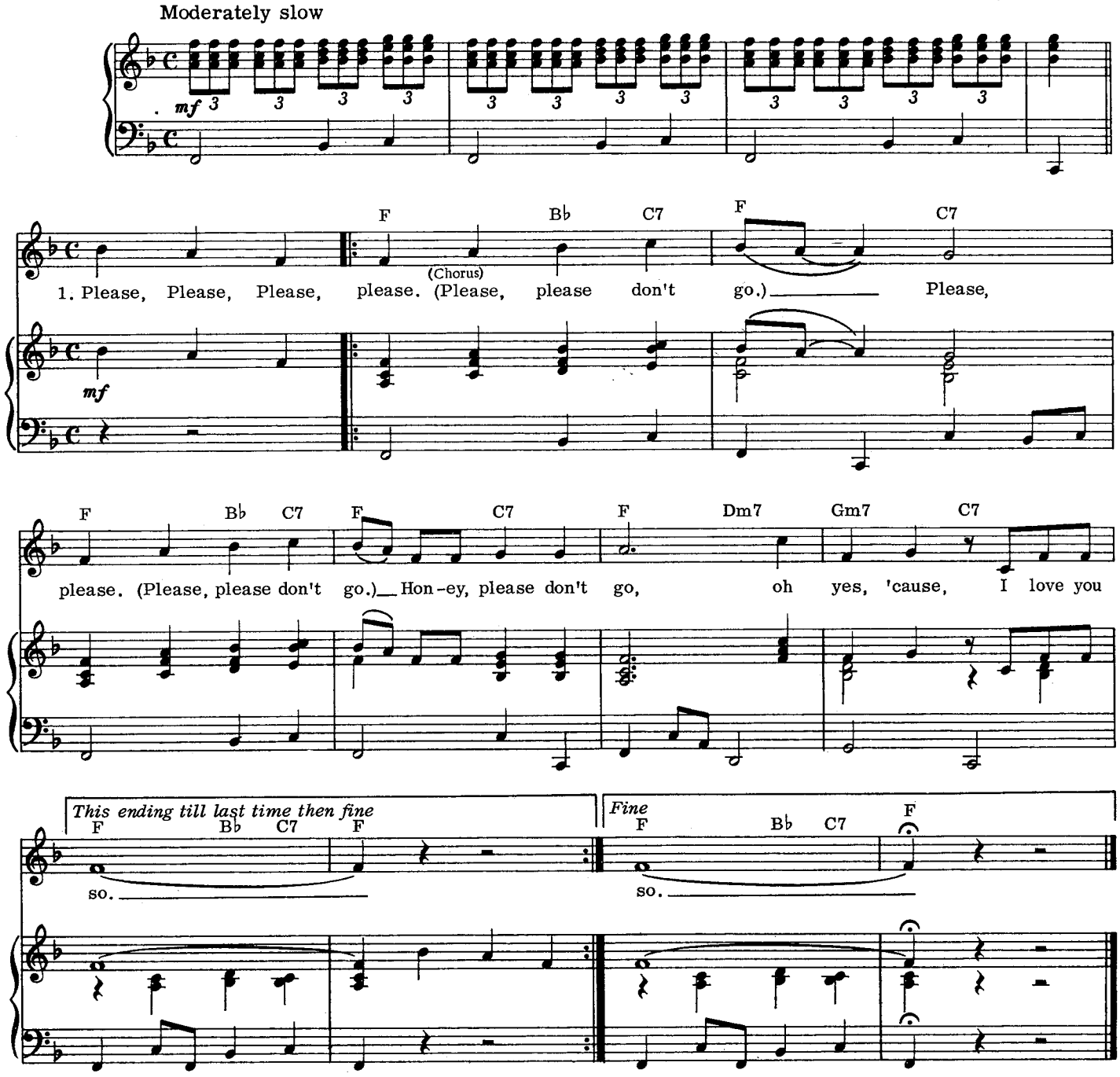
Verse 4:
You sold me out for check and change.
You said my woman had it all arranged.
She tried to make a deal; she wanted to squeal
But I had my boys on her heals.

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 outa 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

Words and Music by JAMES BROWN
and JOHN TERRY



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.

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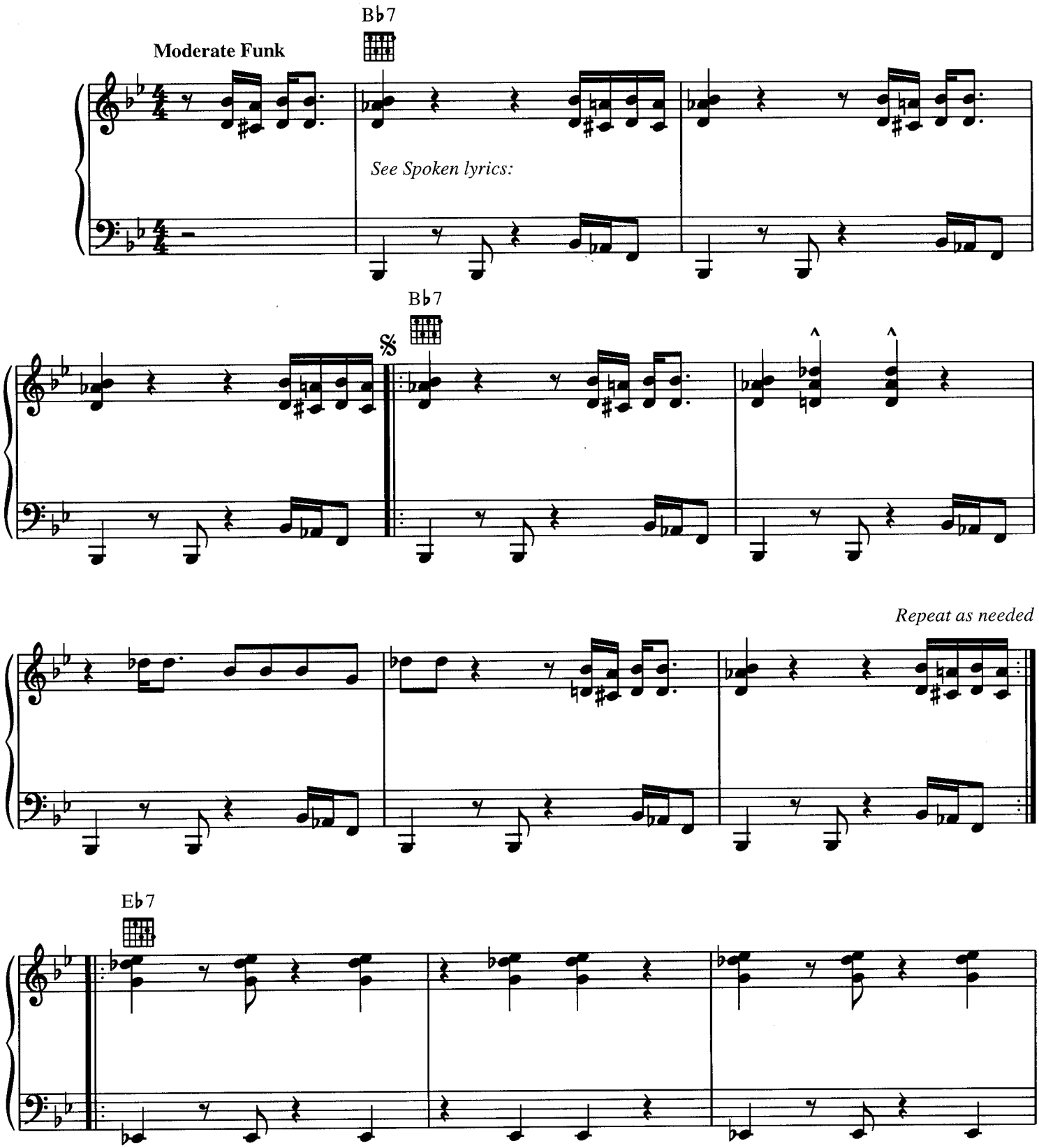
SAY IT LOUD (I'M BLACK AND I'M PROUD)

Words and Music by JAMES BROWN
and ALFRED JAMES ELLIS



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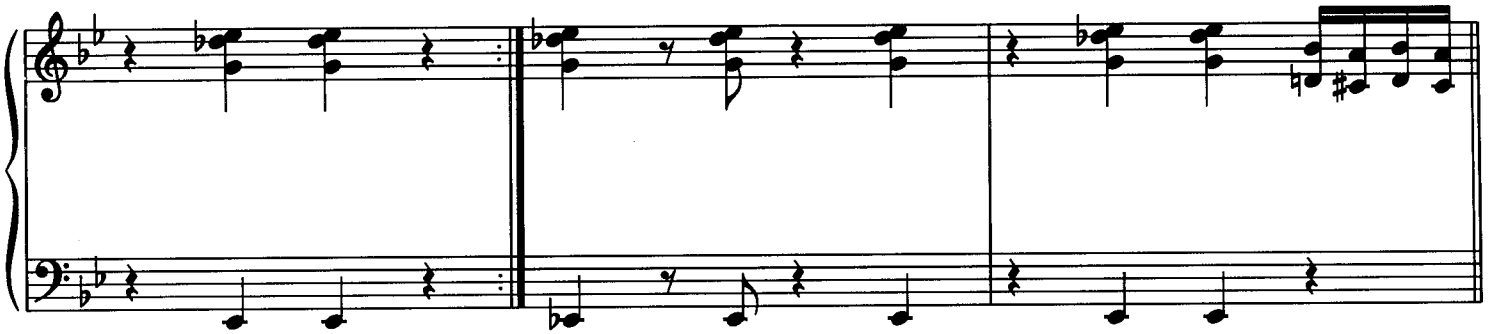
D.S. and Fade (with repeats)



Rap Lyrics

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 'buked 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)

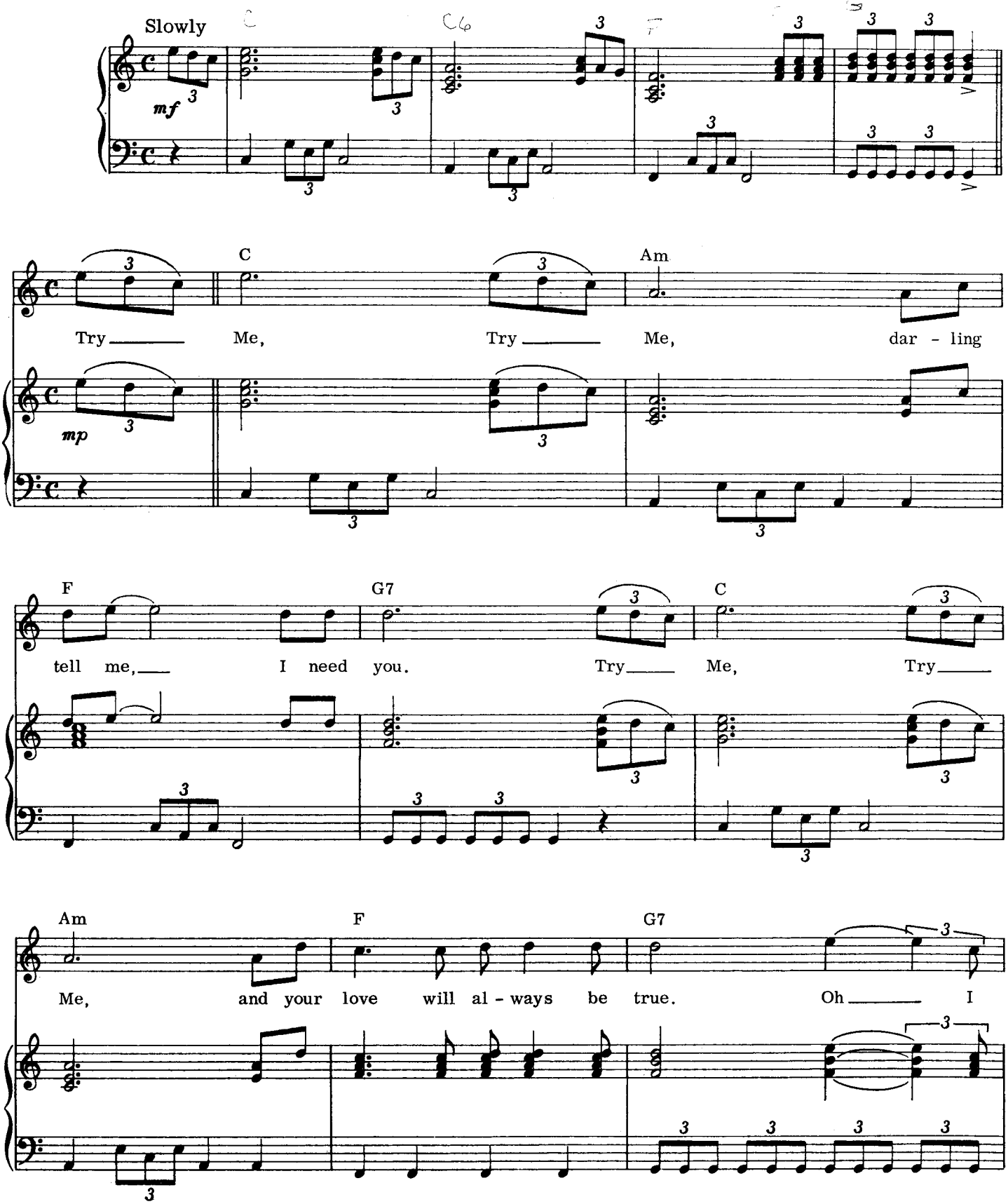
Bridge:
Ooh-ee, you're killing me.
Alright, you're outa sight.
Alright, so tough, you're tough enough.
Ooh-ee, you're killing me.

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

TRY ME

Words and Music by
JAMES BROWN



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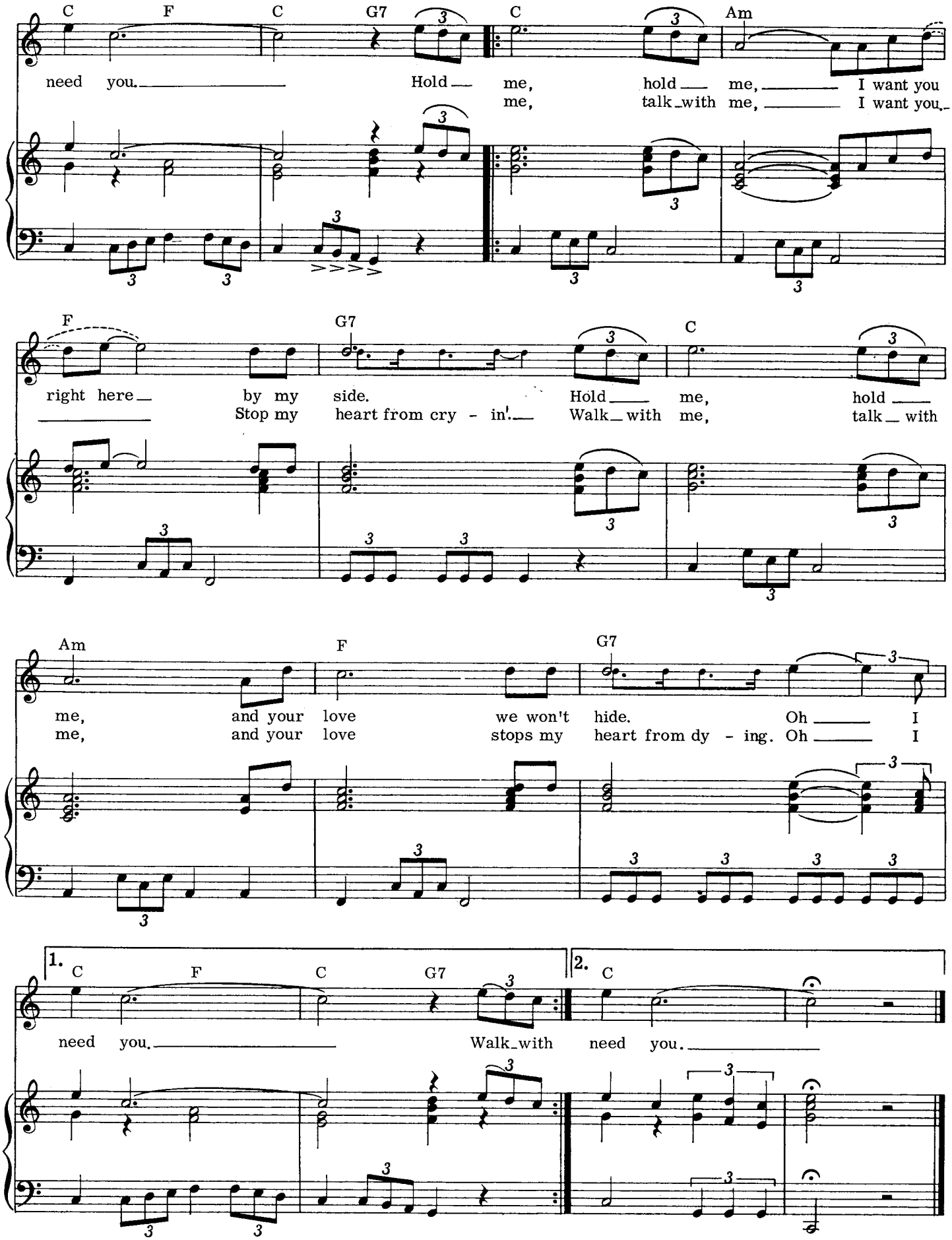
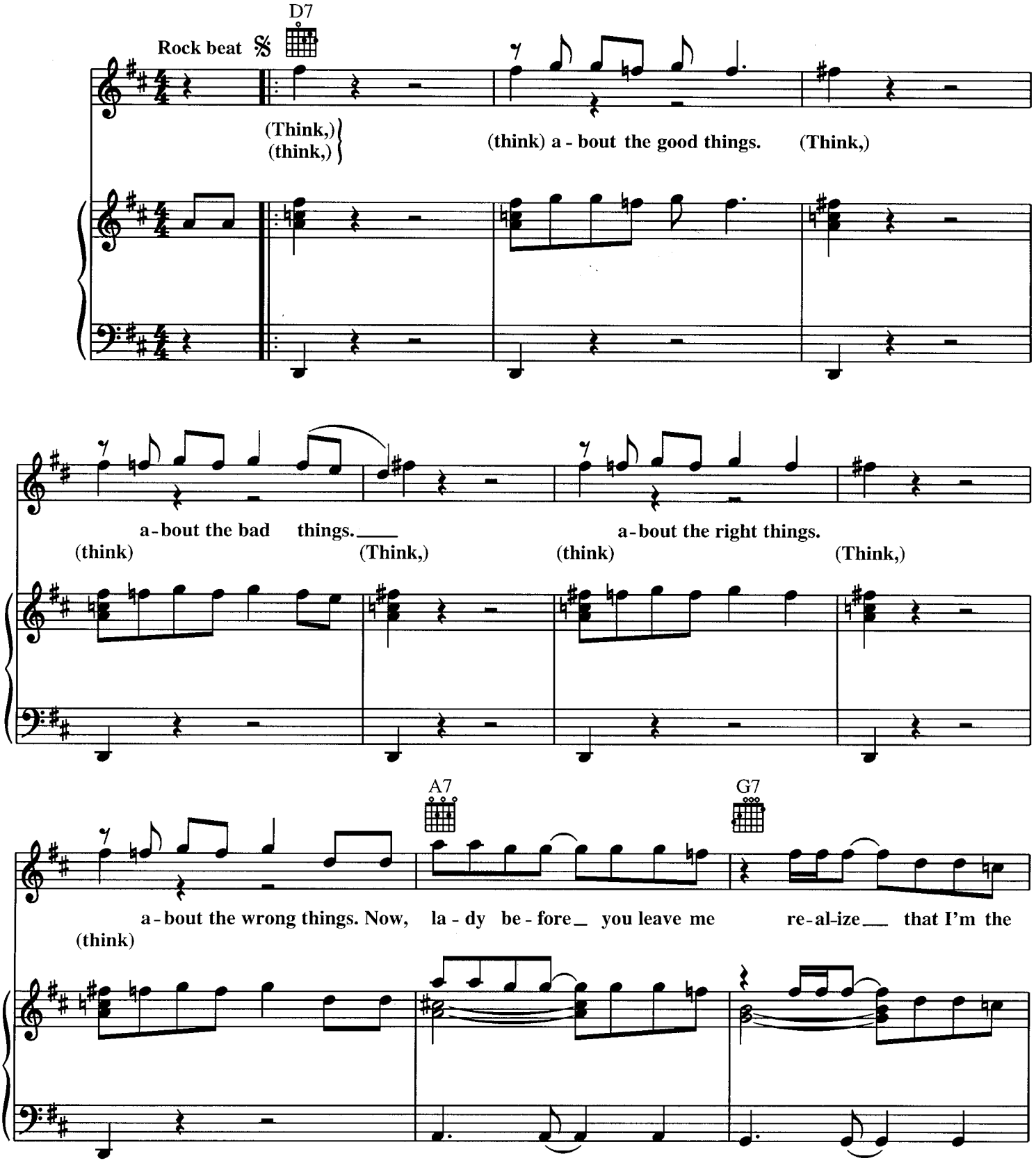

C F C G7 C Am
need you. Hold me, hold me, I want you
me, talk with me, I want you.
F G7 C
right here by my side. Hold me, hold
Stop my heart from cry - in'. Walk with me, talk with
Am F G7
me, and your love we won't hide. Oh I
me, and your love stops my heart from dy - ing. Oh I
1. C F C G7
need you. Walk with
2. C
need you.

THINK

Words and Music by
LOWMAN PAULING



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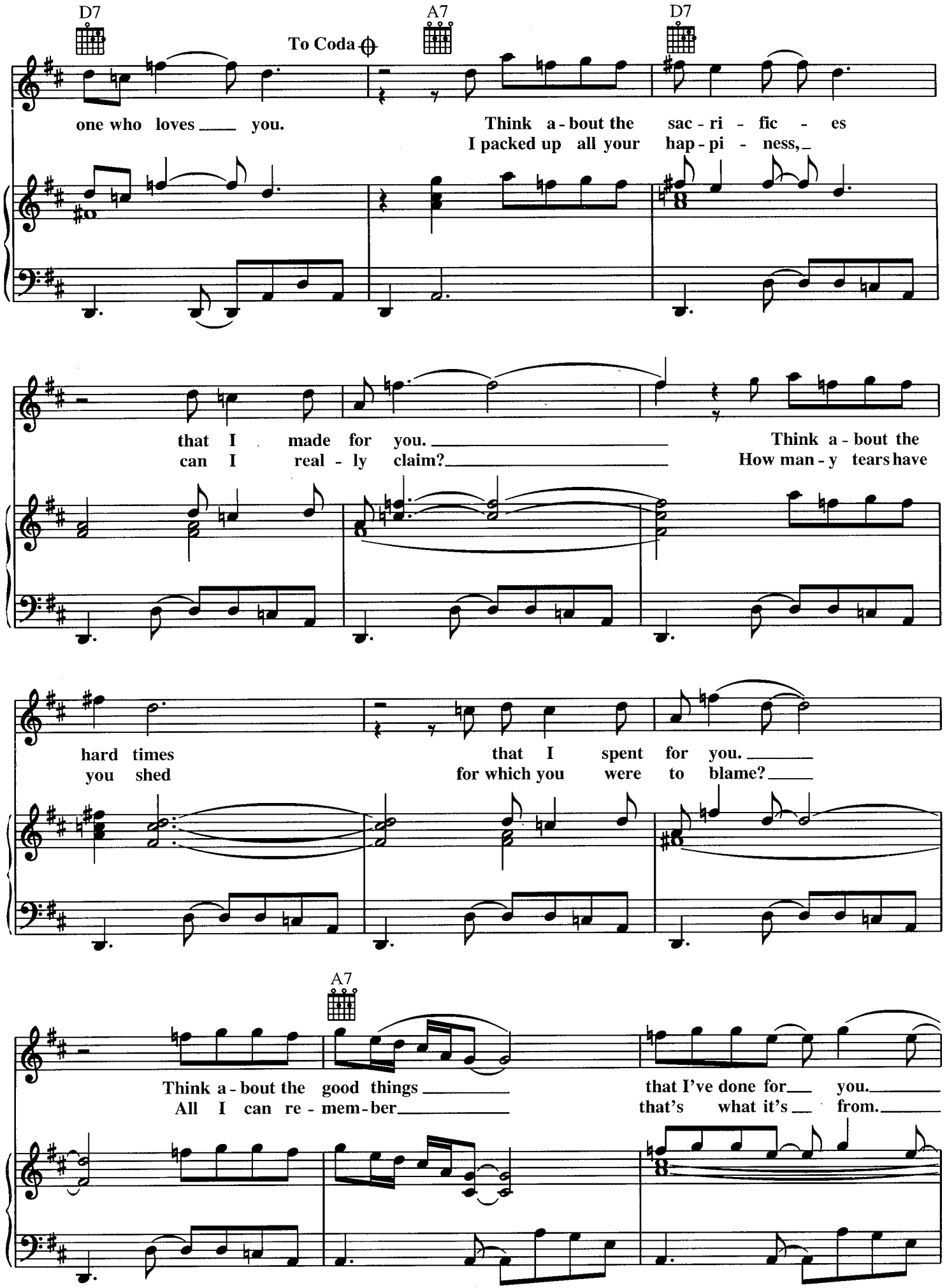
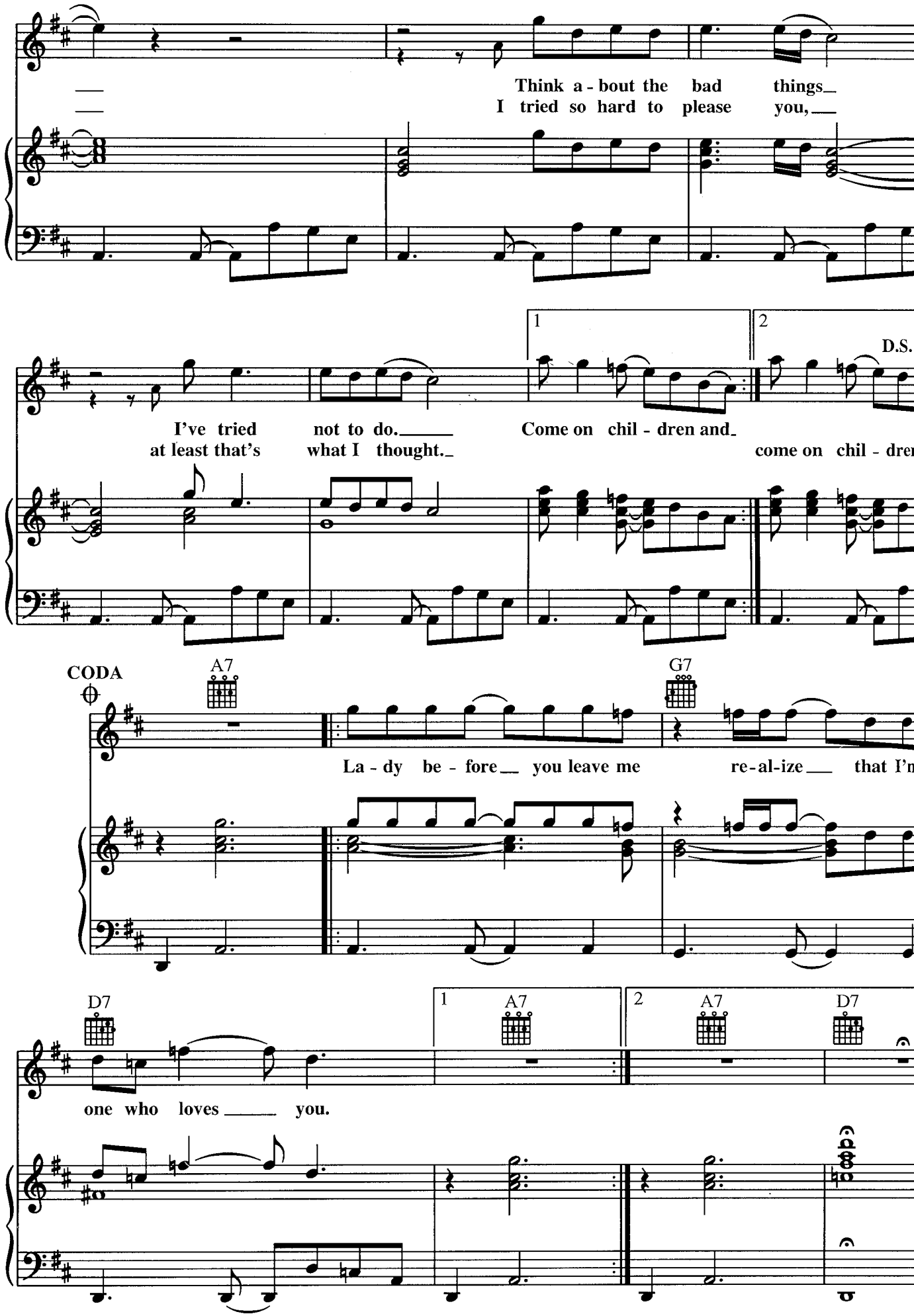

D7
To Coda
A7
D7
one who loves you.
Think a - bout the sac - ri - fic - es
I packed up all your hap - pi - ness,
that I made for you.
can I real - ly claim?
Think a - bout the
How man - y tears have
hard times
you shed
that I spent for you.
for which you were to blame?
A7
Think a - bout the good things
All I can re - mem - ber
that I've done for you.
that's what it's from.


Think a - bout the bad things_
I tried so hard to please you,___
1
2
D.S.
I've tried not to do.____ Come on chil - dren and_
at least that's what I thought._ come on chil - dre
CODA
A7
G7
La - dy be - fore__ you leave me re-al-ize__ that I'm
D7
1
A7
2
A7
D7
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

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