Gotta Leave

Back Door Slam

You got me pullin' my hair

>From all your fussin' & fightin'

& you came into my heart

& you was not invited (ooohhh oh)

Boy who you think you are

With no invitation

I heard about boys like you

I just didn't know what I was facin'

What's your occupation

Why you ruinin' me

Why you do, why you do

These things to me

Who are you, who are you

You're bein' mean to me

I gotta go

Gotta leave

Why you do it to me

(Why, why, why you do it to me)

Now I'm too young to be stressed out (stressed out, stressed out)

But you don't know what I'm feelin'

Boy I done had it with you (you, you)

I had it up to the ceilin' (ceilin')

Had it up, had it up, had it up

I tried to work it out (out)

But I can't deal with a heartache

I know 'bout boys like you

& you learn from your mistake

& you was a mistake

Why you ruinin' me

Why you do, why you do

These things to me

Who are you, who are you

You're bein' mean to me

I gotta go

Gotta leave

Why you do it to me

(Why, why, why you do it to me)

You must get out

Hold up

Wait a minute

You could prevent it

I know what you are all about

I knew from the beginnin'

So I guess now you're finished

You must get out

Hold up

Wait a minute

You could prevent it

I know what you are all about

I knew from the beginnin'

So I guess now you're finished

Why you ruinin' me

Why you do, why you do

These things to me

Who are you, who are you

You're bein' mean to me

I gotta go

Gotta leave

Why you do it to me

(Why, why, why you do it to me)

(Repeat till end)

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com

written by SEATS, ERIC L. / STEWART, RAPTURE D. / ELLIOTT, MISSY
Lyrics Â© Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., EMI Music Publishing, Universal Music Publishing Group

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/