

# Who the Hell Are You

[Frankee](#)

I can't take your attitude  
Boy, who the hell are you?  
Walking around like you own something  
When the truth is not at all Gave you my credit cards  
So you could hit the mall  
Still you complain saying things  
Tryna make me feel small Who the hell are you to try to make me cry  
I need to know why  
Thinking of you the shit  
You really ain't shit to do me like this And who the hell are you  
To try to bring me down  
Lemme put you down  
I'm not with this, lemme show you how it is So baby, on the real you ain't nobody  
To ever try to make me feel this way  
You are so lame, you better ask somebody  
Looks like I'll have to take my love away Why you wanna curse at me  
Call me all outta my name  
Watch yourself playa  
You don't wanna see it get ugly Why don't you get a job  
Really it ain't that hard  
Instead of doing things to bug me You ain't nobody to me so  
That's why it's easy to leave you  
Pack all your shit, I don't need you  
And that's on the real dude You swear that you a real thug then  
Come around my way, you gets nothing  
Don't even think about lovin'  
You gets nothing

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