

Doing Too Much

Paula DeAnda

I'm leaving messages and voicemails, telling you I miss you
Baby, am I doing too much?
Why you tryna diss me when I just wanna kiss you
Baby, am I doing too much? Tell me what's the issue, who I give these lips to
Baby, am I doing too much?
This is turning into something I ain't hip to
Baby, am I doing too much? See you got me all alone, waitin' right here by the phone
For you to call me, just to here your voice tone
I keep on wondering if you was even, feeling me
I keep on wondering if this was even meant to be Tell me I'm a waste of time, boy, you showing me no sign
Is it 'cuz you on ya grid, 'cuz you're always on my mind
I keep on wondering if everything you said was true
I keep on wondering if you were really coming through Now here I go again blowing you up
And my girlfriends keep telling me, I'm doing too much
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And my girlfriends keep telling me, I'm doing too much I'm leaving messages and voicemails, telling you I miss
you
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Baby, am I doing too much? I'm out with my girls tryna have a good time
And you know I'm looking fly tryna meet sum other guys
But it gets hard sometimes 'cuz there ain't no one just like you
I try my best but I can't shake this thing you got me through All I can picture is the color of your eyes
And the way you make me smile, I ain't felt this in a while
But I came to a conclusion that this is pure illusion
Chaos and confusion but I'm not gonna let it ruin The way I feel about myself 'cuz I got self-esteem
Sometimes I wonder if I'm just chasing a fantasy
The way I feel about myself 'cuz I got self-esteem
Sometimes I wonder if I'm just chasing a fantasy I'm leaving messages and voicemails, telling you I miss you
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Baby, am I doing too much? Just leave your name and number
And I'm gon' holla at cha

Just leave your name and number
And I'm gon' holla at chaJust leave your name and number
And I'm gon' holla at cha
Just leave your name and number
And I'm gon' holla at chaRonnie Ray all day, women in the hall way
Ev day losing track of the people tryna call me
Don't take this the wrong way, I been havin' long days, doing it
Moving 'round the town wherever I'm getting my song playedNow here I go again blowing you up
And my girlfriends keep telling me, I'm doing too much
Now here I go again blowing you up
And my girlfriends keep telling me, I'm doing too muchI'm leaving messages and voicemails, telling you I miss
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