

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'mma 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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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 have self-esteem

Sometimes I wonder if I'm just chasing a fantasy

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Just leave your name and number
And I'm gon' holla at cha
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Just leave your name and number
And I'm gon' holla at cha
Ronnie 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 played
Now here I go again blowing you up
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