

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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