F.u.r.b. (f U Right Back)

Frankee

No, ooh
No, no, no
You know there are two sides
To every story
See, I don't know why your cryin' like a bitch
Talkin' shit like a snitch?
Why'd you write a song 'bout me
If you really didn't care?
You wouldn't wanna share
Tellin' everybody just how you feel
Fuck what I did was your fault somehow
Fuck the presents, I threw all that shit out
Fuck all the cryin, it didn't mean jack
Well guess what yo, fuck you right back
Fuck what I did, was your fault somehow
Fuck the presents, I threw all that shit out
Fuck all the cryin' it didn't mean jack
Well, guess what yo, fuck you right back
You thought you could really make me moan
I had better sex all alone
I had to, to do your friend
Now, you want me to come back
You must be smokin' crack
I'm goin' else where and that's a fact
Fuck all those nights, I moaned real loud
Fuck it, I faked it, aren't you proud?
Fuck all those nights you thought you broke my back
Well, guess what yo, your sex was wack
Fuck all those nights, I moaned real loud
Fuck it, I faked it, aren't you proud?

Fuck all those nights you thought you broke my back
Well, guess what yo, your sex was wack
Oh, oh
Uh, uh, yeah
Oh, oh
Uh, uh, yeah
Oh, oh
Uh, uh, yeah

Oh, oh
Uh, uh, yeah
You questioned, did I care
Maybe I would have if you would've gone down there
Now it's all over
But I do admit I'm glad I didn't catch your crabs
I can't sweat that 'cause I got to go
Fuck what I did was your fault somehow
Fuck the presents, I threw all that shit out
Fuck all the cryin' it didn't mean jack
Well, guess what yo, fuck you right back
Oh, oh
Uh, uh, yeah
Oh, oh
Uh, uh, yeah
Oh, oh
Uh, uh, yeah
Oh, oh
Uh, uh, yeah
You made me do this

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