

# 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  
You made me do this

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