Mr. Immature

Stef Lang

Here you go again
Banging on my bedroom door
Your game is wearing thin
Loving you is such a choreYou're overrated, intoxicated
You're just a boy without a clue
Sick of your temper
I don't remember what I ever saw in youGrow up, Mr. Immature
I'm getting tired of your misbehaving
If I wanted a child
Then I would have had a babyGet out, Mr. Insecure
It's clear to me that you're never changing
I need a man
Not a boy that drives me crazyHere you go again
With your broke ass philosophy
Smoking all my cigarettes
While you're running your mouth on me
(Runnin', runnin')You cry for attention, constant affection
Baby, you've got to face the truth
Time to get sober, wake up, it's over
I'm breaking up with youGrow up, Mr. Immature
I'm getting tired of your misbehaving
If I wanted a child
Then I would have had a babyGet out Mr. Insecure
It's clear to me that you're never changing
I need a man
Not a boy that drives me crazySo get up, get out, get off my bed
Own up to all the things you've said
You baby, you always said you had it rough
But I had it worse, I've had enough, you're crazyGet out, Mr. Insecure
It's clear to me that you're never changing
I need a man
Not a boy who needs toGrow up, Mr. Immature
I'm getting tired of your misbehaving
If I wanted a child then
I would have had a babyGet out Mr. Insecure
It's clear to me that you're never changing
I need a man
Not a boy that drives me crazyNa, na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na
Na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na

Na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na, naIf I wanted a child
Then I would have had a baby, yeah
I need a man
Not a boy that drives me crazy

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