

Mr. Immature

Stef Lang

Here you go again
Banging on my bedroom door
Your game is wearing thin
Loving you is such a chore You're overrated, intoxicated
You're just a boy without a clue
Sick of your temper
I don't remember what I ever saw in you Grow up, Mr. Immature
I'm getting tired of your misbehaving
If I wanted a child
Then I would have had a baby Get out, Mr. Insecure
It's clear to me that you're never changing
I need a man
Not a boy that drives me crazy Here 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 you Grow up, Mr. Immature
I'm getting tired of your misbehaving
If I wanted a child
Then I would have had a baby Get out Mr. Insecure
It's clear to me that you're never changing
I need a man
Not a boy that drives me crazy So 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 crazy Get out, Mr. Insecure
It's clear to me that you're never changing
I need a man
Not a boy who needs to Grow up, Mr. Immature
I'm getting tired of your misbehaving
If I wanted a child then
I would have had a baby Get out Mr. Insecure
It's clear to me that you're never changing
I need a man
Not a boy that drives me crazy 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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