

# 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, na, na  
If 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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