

Leave U (Dance Mix)

Kandi

Ladies, if your man ain't putting
In work no more, more, more
Well, I think you better listen
Girl, turn up your radio, oh, oh, ooh Date night (we used to do it)
Long walks (we used to do it)
Take me to the club when you're with your friends
Oh, yeah, you know that (you used to do it)
Compliments, affection and passion (you used to do it)
Every single night in the bedroom
Oh, yeah, hell yeah, you know (we used to do it) Whatever it took to get me, boy
Oh, you gotta keep it up to keep me around
Whatever it took to get me, boy
Well, you know, you gotta double up now Because I'm 'bout to leave (leave) u (u)
For a man that's doing all the things you used to do
Yeah, I'm 'bout to leave (leave) u (u)
For somebody that'll do a whole lot better than you I'm 'bout to leave, leave, leave u
Boy, I'm 'bout to leave, leave, leave u Long talks (we used to do it)
Compromising (we used to do it)
Cry together (we used to do it)
Laugh together, share the same dreams (we used to do it)
Hold me, protect me, respect me (you used to do it)
Pick my mama up from Sunday School, you used to do it Whatever it took to get me, boy
Oh, you gotta keep it up to keep me around
Whatever it took to get me, boy
Well, you know, you gotta double up now Because I'm 'bout to leave (leave) u (u)
For a man that's doing all the things you used to do
Yeah, I'm 'bout to leave (leave) u (u)
For somebody that'll do a whole lot better than you I'm 'bout to leave, leave, leave u
Boy, I'm 'bout to leave, leave, leave u You used to write me sweet poems
Leave 'em right at my front door
Giving me back rubs even when I didn't ask for 'em
You bathed me, sing to me
All the little things for me
And that's what made me fall in love with you Because I'm 'bout to leave (leave) u (u)
For a man that's doing all the things you used to do
Yeah, I'm 'bout to leave (leave) u (u)
For somebody that'll do a whole lot better than you I'm 'bout to leave, leave, leave u
Boy, I'm 'bout to leave, leave, leave u I put this on my mama, you keep doing the same thing, huh
Silence gonna be your best friend

'Cause I won't be here
And this house gonna be so cold without me here, oh
You ain't gotta worry no more
I'm packing up my bags and I'm out the front door
Bye, bye, bye, bye
Bye, bye, bye, bye-de-eye

Songwriters

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