

# fuck you right back

## Eamon Vs Frankee

No, ooh  
No, no, no  
You know there are two sides  
To every storySee, 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 feelFuck 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 backFuck 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 backYou 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 factFuck 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 wackFuck 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 wackOh, oh  
Uh, uh, yeah  
Oh, oh  
Uh, uh, yeahOh, oh  
Uh, uh, yeah  
Oh, oh  
Uh, uh, yeahYou 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 goFuck 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 backOh, oh

Uh, uh, yeah  
Oh, oh  
Uh, uh, yeahOh, oh  
Uh, uh, yeah  
Oh, oh  
Uh, uh, yeahYou made me do this

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