

# Top Of Your Lungs

## Al B. Sure!

[VERSE 1]

"Girl, you could careless,  
If we're in public, or we're all, alone,  
Oooo girl, when it's on, it's on,  
Still bein' difficult, as you want,  
Even though, you're dead wrong,  
Girl, I don't wanna jump the gun, & head, out the do-or,  
My eard-rums, can't take no more, & I'm so tired of,  
All, the neighbors, bangin', on the floor."

[Chorus]

"Awake me when you're done,  
Screaming at from the top of your lungs,  
Like I was ten miles, away from the sun,  
You're makin', this love, into a project,  
Your attitude, takes away all the fun, (Oooo, girl wake me-e)  
Awake me when you're done,  
Screaming at from the top of your lungs,  
You make me wanna shout, "That we're done!",  
& Then I look at your face,  
& memories make me wana come,  
Come back home, to you, (Come back home Mmmhmm-mm),  
Come back home, to you, (Come back home).

[Verse 2]

"Mmmhm, Don't want excuses of:  
'I'm sorry, I ain't mean, to fight you.',  
Swingin at my face, like you're Mike, (Tyson!)  
Cuttin' up furniture, like, you buy it,  
You & me both know,  
(I used have, both of us a beach in the sun!),  
Girl when I hear you comin', I just wanna, run,  
Away from the pain, that used, to feel, so good, to me,  
Girl wake me, yea-ah."

[Chorus]

"Awake me when you're done,  
Screaming at from the top of your lungs,  
Like I was ten miles, away from the sun,  
You're makin', this love, into a project, (Girl you've got me workin', girl wake me)  
Your attitude, takes away all the fun,  
Awake me when you're done,

Screaming at from the top of your lungs, (Mmmhm)  
You make me wanna shout, "That we're done!",  
& Then I look at your face,  
& memories make me wana come, (Oooo memories make me wanna come)  
Babygirl, we can't go, go on like this,  
A bunch of worthless arguments,  
When we should be, drinkin', Crys',  
Or maybe in a park, in Crest, a weekend in a spa, for two,  
I'd rather rub your body, down, than constantly, fight with you.  
Fight with you, baby."  
"Awake me when you're done,  
Screaming at from the top of your lungs,  
Like I was ten miles, away from the sun,  
You're makin', this love, into a project, (Girl you got've me workin', girl wake me)  
Your attitude, takes away all the fun,  
Awake me when you're done,  
Screaming at from the top (Mmmhm) of your lungs,  
You make me wanna shout, "That we're done!",  
(Mmm-mmm-mm) & Then I look at your face,  
& memories make me wana come,  
Come back home.  
Awake me when you're done,  
Screaming at from the top of your lungs, (I'm right here)  
Come back home. (Oh naw) -Laughs-  
"Awake me when you're done,  
Screaming at from the top of your lungs,  
(& then you put it on me & I wanna ..  
Come back home .. you know)  
Babygirl, we can't go, go on like this,  
A bunch of worthless arguments,  
When we should be, drinkin', Crys',  
Or maybe in a park, in fest, a weekend in a spa, for two,  
I'd rather rub your body, down, than constantly, fight with you.  
Fight with you, baby."

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