

## Sync N

### "It Makes Me Ill"

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Justin:

I was hanging with the fellas

Saw you with your new boy, 'fraid it made me jealous

I was hoping that I'd never see you with him

But it's all good, 'cause I'm glad that I met him

Heh

'Cause now I know the competition's very slim to none

And I can tell by looking that he's not the one

He's not the type you said you liked

His style is wack, clothes are bad

Come on, girl, let him go

I want you back

JC:

Call me a hater, if you want to

But I only hate on him 'cause I want you

Say I'm trippin' if you feel like

But you without me ain't right

You can say I'm crazy, if you want to

That's true-- I'm crazy 'bout you

You could say I'm breakin' down inside

'Cause I can't see you with another guy

Chorus:

It makes me ill

To see you give

Love and attention at his will

And you can't imagine how it makes me feel

To see you with him

Oh, it makes me ill

To see you give

Love and attention at his will

And you can't imagine how it makes me feel

To see you with him

JC:

Girl I know that we broke up

But that doesn't mean you should give the cold  
shoulder

'Cause you know that I truly do adore ya

And that other guy can't do nothin' for ya

Uh

See

I can tell that you don't really love that guy

But there's no need for you to go and waste your time

I think you know I love ya more

Girl you gotta let him go

I want you so just give him the door

Justin:

Call me a hater, if you want to

But I only hate on him 'cause I want you

You can say I'm trippin' if you feel like

But you without me ain't right

You can say I'm crazy, if you want to

That's true-- I'm crazy 'bout you

You could say I'm breakin' down inside

'Cause I can't see you with another guy

It makes me ill

To see you give

Love and attention at his will

And you can't imagine how it makes me feel

To see you with him

Oh, it makes me ill

To see you give

Love and attention at his will

And you can't imagine how it makes me feel

To see you with him

Ohhhhhhhh

It makes me ill cause you used to be my girl

Used to be (my girl) Used to be my girl yeahhh

It makes me ill (oooo) cause you used to be my girl  
(c'mon)

My girl

So baby come back to me (baaaaaby)

It makes me ill

To see you give

Love and attention at his will (at his willlll)

And you can't imagine how it makes me feel

To see you with him (when I see you with him)

Oh, it makes me ill (baby I'm jealous)

To see you give

Love and attention at his will (at his will)

And you can't imagine how it makes me feel

To see you with him

Oh it makes me ill

To see you give

Love and attention at his will

And you can't imagine how it makes me feel

To see you with him (you can't imagine how it makes  
me feel)

Oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh

Oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh

Oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh

Oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh

Justin (screaming): What? We done and done it again!  
Messaaaaage ohhhh!

(laughter of the guys) aha oh

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