

Frankie "F U R B"

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There are two sides to every story

See I don't know why your cryin like a bitch
Talkin shit like a snitch
You had to write a song bout me
If you really didn't care you wouldn't want to share
Tellin everybody just how you feel

Fuck what I did, it 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 back

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Fuck the presents, I threw all that shit out
Fuck all the cryin' it didn't mean jack
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See you thought you could really make me moan
I had better sex all alone
I had to to fool your friends
Now you want me to come back
You must be smokin crack
I'm going elsewhere and that's a fact
Fuck all the nights, I moaned real loud
Fuck it I faked it, I'll rid you out
Fuck all the nights you thought you broke my back
Well guess what yo, your sex was whack

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You question did I care
Maybe I would have
If you wouldv'e gone away
But now it's over
But I do admit I'm glad
I didn't catch your crabs
I can't swear back
'cause I got to go

Fuck what I did, it was your fault somehow
Fuck the presents, I threw all that shit out
Fuck the cryin, it didn't mean jack
Well guess what yo, fuck you right back

You made me do this

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