

Frankie

"F.U.R.B (F U Right Back)"

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Ooooh

No no no

You know there are two sides to every story...

See I don't know why you're cryin like a bitch

Talkin shit like a snitch

Why'd you write a song about me

If you really didn't care you wouldn't wanna share

Tellin everybody just how you feel

Fuck 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 back

Fuck 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 back

You thought you could really make me moan

I had better sex all alone

I had to turn to your friend

Now you want me to come back

You must be smokin crack

I'm going elsewhere and that's a fact

Fuck 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 whack

Fuck 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 whack

You questioned did I care

Maybe I would have

If you would've gone down there

But now it's over

But I do admit I'm glad

I didn't catch your crabs

I can't sweat dat
'cause I've got to go

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

You made me do this

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