

R. Kelly

"When A Woman's Fed Up"

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I'm standing here, looking in the mirror
Saying "Damn" to myself
I should have known the day would come
That she would find somebody else
And all the things I took her through
And I shouldn't have lasted this long
Now, I'm at this telephone booth, calling Tyrone

'Cuz when a woman's fed up
(No matter how you beg, no)
It ain't nothing you can do about it
(Nothing you can do about it)
It's like running out of love
(No matter what you say, no)
And then it's too late to talk about it
(Too late to talk about it)

Now let's talk about how it all goes down
I used to make love to you daily
When the night fell the same
And anytime that you were hurt
I could feel your pain

And if I had a dollar
It was yours, yeah
And whenever we would go out
I would front the bill

But now the up is down
And the silence is sound
I hurt you too too many times
Now I can't come around

'Cuz when a woman's fed up
(No matter how you beg, no)
It ain't nothing you can do about it, oh no
(Nothing you can do about it)
It's like running out of love
(No matter what you say, no)
And then it's too late to talk about it, oh yeah oh yeah
(Too late to talk about it)

La da da da da la la da da
La da da da da la la da da
Listen
If you don't want to find out the hard way
Then listen to this song while the record plays

When a woman's fed up
(Mama thought me long time ago)
It ain't nothing you can do about it, oh no
(Nothing you can do about it)
It's like running out of love
(Running out of love, say goodbye)
And then it's too late to talk about it, yeah
(Too late to talk about it)

When a woman's fed up
(You can cry a river)
(Till an ocean starts to form, yeah)
It ain't nothing you can do about it
(But she will always remember)
(Cuz she's a woman scorned)
It's like running out of love
(If you ever get her back)
(It will never be the same)
And then it's too late to talk about it
(She's cuttin' the corners of her eyes)
(Every time she see your face)

When a woman's fed up
(Now your trust is out the door)
(She don't want you no more)
It ain't nothing you can do about it
(You used to tell your boys, not me)
(And she would always be there for you)
It's like running out of love
(If you had took the time to see)
(What that woman meant to you)
And then it's too late to talk about it
(Is what the mirror said to me, whoa)

When a woman's fed up
(She was raised in Illinois)
(Right outside of Chicago)
It ain't nothing you can do about it
(Some of the best cookin' you ever had)
(Yes, it was)
It's like running out of love
(And I miss her)
(Hey woman, if you're listening)
And then it's too late to talk about it
(I said I miss you baby)

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