

Whitney Houston

"It's Not Right But It's Okay version 3 from Jus"

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Friday night you and your boys went out to eat,
uh
Then they hung out
But you came home around three, yes you did
If six of ya'll went out, uh
Then four of you were really cheap, yeah
Cause only two of you had dinner
I found your credit card receipt

It's not right, but it's okay
I'm gonna make it anyway
Pack your bags up and leave
And don't you dare come running back to me
It's not right, but it's okay
I'm gonna make it anyway
Close the door behind you, leave your key
I'd rather be alone than unhappy, yeah, uh

I'll pack your bags so you can leave town for a
week, yes I am
The phone rings, and then you look at me
Why'd you turn and look at me
You said it was one of your friends
Down on 54th street, boy
So why did 213 show up on your caller ID, oh

I've been through all this before
Don't think about it, don't think about it
Get gone, get gone
Things have got to change baby
You don't stand a chance boy
Say yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Don't you turn around
There's no more tears left here for you to see

Was it really worth you going out like that, tell
me, oh
See I'm moving on
And I refuse to turn back, back, back, yeah
See all of this time
I thought I had somebody down for Whitney

It turns out, you were making a fool of me, oh

Show'd up okay
Make it anyway
Pack your bags, get up and leave
Don't you dare, back to me boy
It's not right, It's okay
I'm gonna, I'm gonna, uh
Close your door, and leave your key
Rather be alone than unhappy, oh

It's not right, It's okay baby
I can pay my own rent
Pave my life now
Take care of my business, oh, oh, oh, oh
Oh Lord, oh Lord, ooh
Give it up and leave
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Rather be alone, be alone than unhappy

I'm gonna be okay, I'm gonna be alright
I'm gonna be okay, I'm gonna be alright
I'm gonna be okay, I'm gonna be alright
Dooh, dooh, dooh, dooh
I'm gonna be okay, I'm gonna be alright
I'm gonna be okay, I'm gonna be alright
I'm gonna be okay, I'm gonna be alright
dooh, dooh, dooh

It's not right, but it's okay
I'm gonna make it anyway
Pack your bags, up and leave
Don't you dare come running back to me
It's not right, but it's okay
I'm gonna make it anyway
Close the door behind you, leave your key
I'd rather be alone than unhappy, yeah

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