

## **Rochelle Jordan**

### **"You Ain't My Man"**

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How do I explain this thing?  
You, guys, have fucked up ways,  
Always complaining all up in my face  
And we ain't even official, yet.  
What about this girl, what about that?  
What about whatever, 'cause you're missing the fact  
That I rack a single status.

I live on my own, boy, and you leave on your own, boy,  
Ain't no ring involved, I do whatever I want, boy.  
Talking about where I've been, why I watch NYOBE,  
Say, feel me, you got to put it all, boy, share the free.  
And I don't wanna fight, why you gotta be like this  
tonight?  
I'm here talking, know they're crockin, gonna have  
control, boy, I can fly.  
Dance with the birds in the plain blue sky, and I fly high,  
If you can't handle it, bye bye.  
Checking my phone, ask if I'm alone, it's kind of  
creepy, though,  
Makes me sweat, girl, look it out, he be doing that thing  
unofficial yet.  
Unofficial yet, unofficial yet.  
You ain't my man.

Why you gotta be so mad about it?  
Or you act like you already have it.  
This my shit, don't worry about it.  
I don't understand you, I don't understand,  
I don't understand you, tell my why you're mad.  
Why you gotta be so mad about it?  
Boy, you act like you already have it, it's my shit, don't  
worry about it.  
'cause you may need somebody with who you wanna  
stand, yeah.  
No, you ain't my man.

How do I explain this thing? You're in love, ain't  
listening,  
Wanting me alone, does it make it own if you can drive  
it unofficial.

Unofficial yet,  
What I gotta do to get you out?  
You're always creeping out when I'm going out,  
We can take it down or someone else can.

I'm just doing me, boy, why ain't you doing you, yeah  
It's a big old book when acting like stressed me and  
you.

And you be feeling me,  
Why won't you take it to the easy,  
Feel me, you got to put the feel like this is all that you  
need.

I don't wanna fight, why you got to bring this mess in  
my life?  
I just wanna live and if you think that you will miss,  
baby, this ain't right.  
No, this ain't right.  
Boy, I'm about to turn the blind up,  
You be stressing me out about anything, about  
anything,  
Let me tell you something, boy.

We had a time, this time we spent,  
Why you're smothering me is what I don't get.  
'cause you ain't my man.

Why you gotta be so mad about it?  
Or you act like you already have it.  
This my shit, don't worry about it.  
I don't understand you, I don't understand,  
I don't understand you, tell my why you're mad.  
Why you gotta be so mad about it?  
Boy, you act like you already have it, it's my shit, don't  
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