

Stef Lang

"Mr. Immature"

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Here you go again
Banging on my bedroom door
Your game is wearing thin
Loving you is such a chore

You're overrated, intoxicated
You're just a boy without a clue
Sick of your temper
I don't remember what I ever saw in you

Grow up, Mr. Immature
I'm getting tired of your misbehaving
If I wanted a child
Then I would have had a baby

Get out, Mr. Insecure
It's clear to me that you're never changing
I need a man
Not a boy that drives me crazy

Here you go again
With your broke ass philosophy
Smoking all my cigarettes
While you're running your mouth on me
(Runnin', runnin')

You cry for attention, constant affection
Baby, you've got to face the truth
Time to get sober, wake up, it's over
I'm breaking up with you

Grow up, Mr. Immature
I'm getting tired of your misbehaving
If I wanted a child
Then I would have had a baby

Get out Mr. Insecure
It's clear to me that you're never changing
I need a man
Not a boy that drives me crazy

So get up, get out, get off my bed

Own up to all the things you've said
You baby, you always said you had it rough
But I had it worse, I've had enough, you're crazy

Get out, Mr. Insecure
It's clear to me that you're never changing
I need a man
Not a boy who needs to

Grow up, Mr. Immature
I'm getting tired of your misbehaving
If I wanted a child then
I would have had a baby

Get out Mr. Insecure
It's clear to me that you're never changing
I need a man
Not a boy that drives me crazy

Na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na
Na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na
Na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na

If I wanted a child
Then I would have had a baby, yeah
I need a man
Not a boy that drives me crazy

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