

Gotta Leave

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You got me pulling my hair,
From all your fussin' and fighting.
And you came into my heart,
And you was not invited.
Boy who you think you are,
With no invitation.
I heard about boys like you,
I just didn't know what I was facing,
What's your occupation?

Why you ruining me?
Why you do, why you do,
These things to me,
Who are you, who are you,
Being mean to me?
I gotta go, gotta leave,
Why you do it to me?
Why, why, why you do it to me?

Now I'm too young to be stressed out,
But you don't know what I'm feeling.
Boy I done had it with you,
I've had it up to the ceiling.
I tried to work it out,
But I can't deal with the heartache.
I know 'bout boys like you,
But you learn from your mistakes,
And you was a mistake.

You must get out,
Hold up wait a minute,
You could prevent it.
I know what you are all about,
I knew from the beginning,
So I guess now you're finished.