I'm in love with my man but it seems like everyone always asks me

How is it that we can work out

We got the type of ghetto love

We fuss and fight then we make up

I guess that's what it's all about

CUz time and time I tried to leave but

For him I get weak, I just can't let him go

And even though he gets to me

Seven days a week

We just can't get enough

And that's why

On Monday we'll be breaking up
On Tuesday we'll be making up
Wednesday we'll be making love
On Thursday it just sleep all day
On Friday I give you room to play
Saturday, Sunday I just can't stay away

I just can't spend a day without him, sometimes my girls trip a bout it

But I don't care what they have to say See, he don't have to buy me roses He loves me and knows how to show it He turns me on in every way

Day by day it seems to be that for him I get weak I just can't let him go
And it's not that hard to see that
Seven days a week
We just can't get enough
And that's why

It's so hard for everyone to see I love him and he loves me
Seven days a week
I'm so down for him and
He's so down for me and
That's how we're gonna be

(On Sunday - Monday - Tuesday - Wednesday - Thurdsay - Friday - Saturday)

It's gonna be; yeah