

# F.u.r..b.

Frankee

F.U.R.B.

(F\* U RIGHT BACK)

Oh oh  
Oooh  
No no no

(You know there is two sides to every story)

See I don't know why you cryin' like a bitch  
Talkin' shit like a snitch  
Why you write a song 'bout me  
If you really didn't care  
You wouldn't wanna share  
Tellin' everybody just how you feel

Fuck what I did was your fault somehow  
Fuck the presents, I threw all that shit out  
Fuck all the cryin' it didn't mean jack  
Well guess what yo, fuck you right back

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You thought you could really make me moan  
I had better sex all alone (ha ha ha ha)  
I had to turn to your friend  
Now you want me to come back  
You must be smokin' crack  
Im goin' else where and thats a fact

Fuck all those nights I moaned real loud  
Fuck it, I faked it, aren't you proud  
Fuck all those nights you thought you broke my back  
Well guess what yo, your sex was wack

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Whoa whoa  
Uh uh yea

Whoa whoa  
Uh uh yea

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Uh uh yea

Whoa whoa  
Uh uh yea

You questioned did I care

Maybe I would have if you woulda gone down there  
Now it's over  
But I do admit i'm glad I didn't catch your crabs  
I can't sweat that cause I got to go

Fuck what I did was your fault somehow  
Fuck the presents, I threw all that shit out  
Fuck all the cryin' it didn't mean jack  
Well guess what yo, fuck you right back.

oh oh  
uh uh yea  
oh oh  
uh uh yea  
oh oh  
uh uh yea  
oh oh  
uh uh yea

You made me do this