# Point the Finger

**Gerald Levert**

Sit down little brother, let's talk awhile
I know you're going through the same thing I'm going through
But that's the changes that love put you through
Put you through, put you through

Said it ain't the same, she's calling you out your name
Looking through your clothes and things
Don't trust you like she used to
Everything going wrong, she's pointing the finger at you

I've been lying and I'm cheating
Sleeping 'round with everyone
There's no future, I'm gonna lose her
I'm only out to have some fun

I'm gonna choke her and don't smoke her
I need to get my head right
But it's funny when you need money
Then I'm the kind of man you like

Remember when you point the finger
Three is pointing back at you
And all the accusations you've been makin'
Is probably something you would do

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Say I ain't working, I'm just jerking
Can't miss the Jerry Springer show
No home training, just complaining
About songs that's on the radio

Always dreaming about singing
And how I'm gonna be a super star
I'm going places, I'm gonna make it
And I ain't even got no car

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Da da da, da da da
Da da da da, da da da
Might be your lady, yeah
Your best friend's lady yeah, yeah
Can I get my brother to sing

Da da da, da da da

Da da da da, da da da
Might be your lady, lady
Or somebody else's lady
Your best friend neighbor yeah

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