

Ex Factor / Nice For What

Jamie Cullum

It could all be so simple
But you'd rather make it hard
Loving you is like a battle
And we both end up with scars
Tell me, who I have to be
To get some reciprocity
'Cause no one loves you more than me
And no one ever will

No matter how I think we grow
You always seem to let me know
It ain't workin' (it ain't workin')
It ain't workin' (it ain't workin')
And when I try to walk away
You'd hurt yourself to make me stay
This is crazy (this is crazy)
This is crazy (this is crazy)

I keep letting you back in (back in)
How can I explain myself?
As painful as this thing has been
I just can't be with no one else
See I know what we've got to do
You let go, and I'll let go too
Cause no one's hurt me more than you
And no one ever will

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Care for me, care for me
I know you care for me
There for me, there for me
Said you'd be there for me
Cry for me, cry for me
You said you'd die for me
Give to me, give to me
Why won't you live for me?

Care for me, care for me
I know you care for me
There for me, there for me
Said you'd be there for me
Cry for me, cry for me
You said you'd die for me
Give to me

Everybody get your mothafuckin' roll on
I know shorty and she doesn't want no slow song
Had a man last year, life goes on
Haven't let that thing loose, girl, in so long

You've been inside, know you like to lay low
I've been peepin' what you bringin' to the table
Workin' hard, girl, everything paid for
First-last, phone bill, car note, cable
With your phone out, gotta hit them angles
With your phone out, snappin' like you Fabo
And you showin' off, but it's alright
And you showin' off, but it's alright
It's a short life, yeah

Care for me, care for me
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Give to me, give to me
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Yeah that's a real one in your reflection
Without a follow, without a mention
You really pipin' up on me
You gotta be nice for what to me?
I understand

You got a hunnid bands
You got a baby Benz, you got some bad friends
High school pics, you was even bad then
You ain't stressin' off no lover in the past tense
You already had them
Work at 8 A.M., finish 'round five
Hoes talk down, you don't see 'em outside
Yeah, they don't really be the same offline
You know dark days, you know hard times
Doin' overtime for the last month
Saturday, call the girls, get 'em gassed up
Gotta hit the club, gotta make that ass jump
Gotta hit the club like you hit them mothafuckin' angles
With your phone out, snappin' like you Fabo
And you showin' off but it's alright
And you showin' off but it's alright
It's a short life

Where were you when I needed you?
Where were you when I needed you?
Where were you when I needed you?
Where were you when I needed you?