

## I'll Cover You

Jonathan Larson

All the game that you were spittin, I know that you was trippin  
Never thought to see me dippin but I had to get missin  
I'm tired of you stressin me, why don't you let it be  
Comin around cussin me, fuckin wit me mentally  
Goodbye, you wanna see my face some more  
So long, pack your bags wan't you out the door  
Cause, every time that I play this ruggy  
Time and time again it's gonna rain  
It's gonna rain it's gonna rain it's gonna rain

There you go again flippin on me  
One minute we the shit next minute you shittin on me  
So what's the problem huh?  
No wait, let me guess, gimme some space  
And some place to get a load of your chest  
No better yet you don't get enough attention at home  
And when I'm gone I don't even think to pickup the phone  
I'm dead wrong, now your fed up, packin my stuff, fuckin my head up  
And I see it in your face right now you wish I shut up

I really don't know what you came here for  
Round and around we go!  
Consider your bags outside the door  
Round and around we go!  
I really don't know what you came here for  
Round and around we go!  
Consider your bags outside the door  
Round and around we go!

If you don't understand where I'm comin from  
then my heart is tellin me you're not the one  
All the games you played and now you lied  
You're not the one, for me no more so baby bye bye  
Pack yo' bags and get to steppin  
You got to let it go you need to stop trippin  
I hope you don't think I'll let you back in  
cause youse, a, fool

I really don't know what you came here for  
Round and around we go!  
Consider your bags outs