

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