

# Can't Stand Your Mother

Lucy Pearl

I can't, can't stand your mother  
She's just so much in our business  
And I can't really deal with it  
I can't, can't stand your mother  
Try to have you as a friend  
But you've got to understand

I used to love when  
Christmas time came around  
But now all I do is frown (frown, frown, frown)  
I can't even talk to you on my own  
Believe it or not (whisper)  
And I can't even use my own damn phone  
That why I can't stand your mama babe

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I didn't really want to to go there (go there)  
But your mama's in my head  
In the closet  
In the bedroom  
Saying things that I can't bear  
Telling me how I should live  
Tell me how to raise my kid  
Always want to borrow money  
Got the nerve to act so funny  
You better deal with her  
Or you'll be living with her  
'Cause I, cause I

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Girl, your mama's wrong  
Living with her daughter  
When her ass is grown  
Thought we were supposed  
To be alone  
All I want to do is wear  
My own cologne  
Well, well

Your mama's just as bad  
Needs to mind her business  
With her nosy ass  
Showing up uninvited  
She ain't go no class  
Complaining, always hating

About the things we have  
Can't deal with that

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I'm through with you  
And your mama too  
Get your walking shoes  
Get to stepping fool  
'Cause I'm through with you  
So, through with you  
And your mama too  
Get your walking shoes  
Get to stepping fool  
'Cause I'm through with you

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