What about the way you love me? Is it enough, cause ain't no tr ust?

What about the things you did to me? Snoopin' around, checkin' if I'm steppin' out?

It's the deeds not the words..baby can't you see, I'm the real thing.

Now you're sayin' how you need me, & that you're gonna change, But baby it's too lil' too late.

I just cannot go on......

Just don't understand what you want....

So I'm walkin' out, the door...the door..

Too through doin' this back & forth...& forth...

I hate it when you try and talk to me...

When you're on that narcotic, getting' home from your midnite f rolic.

Everybody sees how you do me, they come to me...they say you're a lways actin' like you're free...

But you know you ain't free, free...

Girl this ain't how no love should be..

So why you publicly put pee pee on me..

This thing we got is up and down,

So it's time for me to check on out, too many bouts, too many d oubts, girl you're up to no good..

No more hesitation... On the confirmation... Of the cancellation...

Of our relations...