

# It Makes Me Ill

N'sync

I was hanging with the fellas  
Saw you with your new boyfriend, it made me jealous  
I was hoping that I'd never see you with him  
But it's all good, 'cause I'm glad that I met him  
Heh  
'Cause now I know the competition's very slim to none  
And I can tell by looking that he's not the one  
He's not the type you said you liked  
His style is wack, clothes are bad  
Come on, girl, let him go  
I want you back

Call me a hater, if you want to  
But I only hate on him 'cause I want you  
Say I'm trippin' if you feel like  
But you without me ain't right (ain't right)  
You can say I'm crazy, if you want to  
That's true-- I'm crazy 'bout you  
You could say I'm breakin' down inside (inside)  
'Cause I can't see you with another guy

It makes me ill  
To see you give  
Love and attention at his will  
And you can't imagine how it makes me feel  
To see you with him  
Oh, it makes me ill  
To see you give  
Love and attention at his will  
And you can't imagine how it makes me feel  
To see you with him

Girl I know that we broke up  
But that doesn't mean you should give the cold shoulder  
'Cause you know that I truly do adore ya  
And that other guy can't do nothin' for ya  
Uh, see  
I can tell that you don't really love that guy  
But there's no need for you to go and waste your time  
I think you know I love ya more  
Girl you gotta let him go  
I want you so just give him the boot

Call me a hater, if you want to  
But I only hate on him 'cause I want you  
You can say I'm trippin' if you feel like  
But you without me ain't right (ain't right)  
You can say I'm crazy, if you want to  
That's true-- I'm crazy 'bout you  
You could say I'm breakin' down inside (inside)  
'Cause I can't see you with another guy

It makes me ill  
To see you give  
Love and attention at his will  
And you can't imagine how it makes me feel  
To see you with him

Oh, it makes me ill  
To see you give  
Love and attention at his will  
And you can't imagine how it makes me feel  
To see you with him

Ohh...

It makes me ill cause you used to be my girl  
Used to be (my girl) used to be my girl yeahhh  
It makes me ill (ooh) cause you used to be my girl (c'mon)  
My girl  
So baby come back to me (baby...)

It makes me ill  
To see you give  
Love and attention at his will (at his will..)  
And you can't imagine how it makes me feel  
To see you with him (when I see you with him)  
Oh, it makes me ill  
To see you give  
Love and attention at his will (at his will)  
And you can't imagine how it makes me feel  
To see you with him (baby I'm jealous)

Oh it makes me ill  
To see you give  
Love and attention at his will  
And you can't imagine how it makes me feel  
To see you with him (you can't imagine how it makes me feel)

Oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh..  
Oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh...  
Oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh..  
Oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh..

What?! We done and done it again!  
Messaaaaage ohhhh!  
It's gravy baby.. aha..