

En Vogue, Ezalee

You got the game all wrong
Thought I was gone on you
I aint gone front
Yeah, you was gangsta
But somewhere you lost your edge
Thought you was thoroughbred
But you aint what you said
These days you aint the same, so

Chorus:
Ez-a-lee you go
Quick as you came
Im not the one
That you can bring drama too

Ez-a-lee youre free
Bye-bye baby
Go ahead and leave
Cause I dont see no future with you baby

All my love I take it back
When they dont know how to act
When they get cute gift wrap a boot and
Send it Fed-Ex to be mine
And then I was that queen
That made their everything
But things aint what it seem
Case you forgot, I put you on my team now

Chorus

The house, the cars that was all me
The clothes, the jewels, that was all me
But now its me
Please check it in before you leave
You used to be the one I need
Used to believe
But I could see your trifling ass would mess up

Chorus