

Frankie, F.U.R.B

Oh oh
oooh
no no no

(You know there are two sides to every story)

See I don't know why you cryin' like a bitch
talkin' shit like a snitch
who asked you, to write a song 'bout me
if you really didn't care
you wouldn't wanna share
tellin' everybody just how you feel

Fuck what I did was your fault somehow
Fuck the presents, I threw all that shit out
Fuck all the cryin' it didn't mean jack
well guess what yo, fuck you right back

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You thought you could really make me moan
I had better sex all alone (ha ha ha ha)
I had to, turn to your friend
now you want me to come back
you must be smokin' crack
Im goin' else where and thats a fact

Fuck all those nights I moaned real loud
fuck it, I faked it, aren't you proud
fuck all those nights you thought you broke my back
well guess what yo your sex was wack

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ooo ooo
uh uh yea

ooo ooo
uh uh yea

ooo ooo
uh uh yea

ooo oo
uh uh yea

You questioned did I care
maybe I would have if you would have gone down there
now it's over
but I do admit i'm glad I didn't catch your crabs
I can't sweat that cause I got to go

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well guess what yo, fuck you right back.

ooo ooo

uh uh yea

ooo ooo
uh uh yea

ooo ooo
uh uh yea

ooo oo
uh uh yea

(You made me do this)