

# Frankie, F.U.R.B (F U Right Back)

Ooooh  
No no no  
You know there are two sides to every story...

See I don't know why you're cryin like a bitch  
Talkin shit like a snitch  
Who are you to write a song about me  
If you really didn't care you wouldn't want to share  
Tellin everybody just how you feel

Fuck what I did, it 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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See you thought you could really make me moan  
I had better sex all alone  
I had to to fool your friends  
Now you want me to come back  
You must be smokin crack  
I'm going elsewhere and that's a fact

Fuck all the nights, I moaned real loud  
Fuck it I faked it, aren't you proud  
Fuck all the nights you thought you broke my back  
Well guess what yo, your sex was whack

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You question did I care  
Maybe I would have  
If you wouldv'e gone away  
But now it's over  
But I do admit I'm glad  
I didn't catch your crabs  
I can't swear back  
'cause I got to go

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Fuck the presents, I threw all that shit out  
Fuck all the the cryin, it didn't mean jack  
Well guess what yo, fuck you right back

You made me do this