

Lucy Pearl, Can't Stand Your Mother

I can't, can't stand your mother
She's just so much in our business
And I can't really deal with it
I can't, can't stand your mother
Try to have you as a friend
But you've got to understand

(Raphael)
I used to love when
Christmas time came around
But now all I do is frown (frown, frown, frown)
I can't even talk to you on my own
Believe it or not (whisper)
And I can't even use my own damn phone
That why I can't stand your mama babe

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(Dawne)
I didn't really wanna to go there (go there)
But your mama's in my head
In the closet
In the bedroom
Saying things that I can't bear
Telling me how I should live
Tell me how to raise my kid
Always wanna borrow money
Got the nerve to act so funny
You better deal with her
Or you'll be living with her
Cause I, cause I

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(Raphael)
Girl, your mama's wrong
Living with her daughter
When her ass is grown
Thought we were supposed

To be alone
All I wanna do is wear
My own cologne
Well, well

(Dawne)
Your mama's just as bad
Needs to mind her business
With her nosy ass
Showing up uninvited
She ain't go no class
Complaining, always hating
About the things we have

Can't deal with that

Repeat

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(Dawne)
I'm through with you
And your mama too
Get your walking shoes
Get to stepping fool
Cause I'm through with you
So, through with you
And your mama too
Get your walking shoes
Get to stepping fool
Cause I'm through with you

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