

# R. Kelly, When A Woman's Fed Up&nbsp;

I'm standing here looking in the mirror  
Saying "damn" to myself  
I should have known the day would come  
That she would find somebody else  
And all the things I took her through  
Shit, I shouldn't have lasted this long  
Now I'm at this telephone booth calling Tyrone

[1] - Cuz when a woman's fed up  
(No matter how you beg, no)  
It ain't nothing you can do about it  
(Nothing you can do about it)  
It's like running out of love  
(No matter what you say, no)  
And then it's too late to talk about it  
(Too late to talk about it)

Now let's talk about how it all goes down  
I used to make love to you daily  
When the night fell the same  
And anytime that you were hurt  
I could feel your pain  
And if I had a dollar  
It was yours, yeah  
And whenever we would go out  
I would front the bill  
But now the up is down  
And the silence is sound  
I hurt you too too many times  
Now I can't come around

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It ain't nothing you can do about it  
(Nothing you can do about it)  
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And then it's too late to talk about it  
(Too late to talk about it)

La da da da la la da da  
La da da da la la da da  
If you don't want to find out the hard way  
Then listen to this song while the record plays

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You can cry a river  
'Till an ocean starts to form, yeah  
But she will always remember  
Cuz she's a woman scorned  
And if you ever get her back  
It will never be the same  
She's cuttin' the corners of her eyes  
Every time she see your face  
Now your trust is out the door  
She don't want you no more

You used to tell your boys, not me  
And she would always be there for you  
If you had took the time to see  
What that woman meant to you  
Is what the mirror said to me, whoa  
She was raised in Illinois  
Right outside of Chicago  
Some of the best cookin' you ever had  
Yes, it was and I miss her  
Hey woman, if you're listening  
I said I miss you baby