

It Makes Me Ill

N'sync

I was hanging with the fellas
Saw you with your new boyfriend, it made me jealous
I was hoping that I'd never see you with him
But it's all good, 'cause I'm glad that I met him
Heh
'Cause now I know the competition's very slim to none
And I can tell by looking that he's not the one
He's not the type you said you liked
His style is wack, clothes are bad
Come on, girl, let him go
I want you back

Call me a hater, if you want to
But I only hate on him 'cause I want you
Say I'm trippin' if you feel like
But you without me ain't right (ain't right)
You can say I'm crazy, if you want to
That's true-- I'm crazy 'bout you
You could say I'm breakin' down inside (inside)
'Cause I can't see you with another guy

It makes me ill
To see you give
Love and attention at his will
And you can't imagine how it makes me feel
To see you with him
Oh, it makes me ill
To see you give
Love and attention at his will
And you can't imagine how it makes me feel
To see you with him

Girl I know that we broke up
But that doesn't mean you should give the cold shoulder
'Cause you know that I truly do adore ya
And that other guy can't do nothin' for ya
Uh, see
I can tell that you don't really love that guy
But there's no need for you to go and waste your time
I think you know I love ya more
Girl you gotta let him go
I want you so just give him the boot

Call me a hater, if you want to
But I only hate on him 'cause I want you
You can say I'm trippin' if you feel like
But you without me ain't right (ain't right)
You can say I'm crazy, if you want to
That's true-- I'm crazy 'bout you
You could say I'm breakin' down inside (inside)
'Cause I can't see you with another guy

It makes me ill
To see you give
Love and attention at his will
And you can't imagine how it makes me feel
To see you with him

Oh, it makes me ill
To see you give
Love and attention at his will
And you can't imagine how it makes me feel
To see you with him

Ohh...

It makes me ill cause you used to be my girl
Used to be (my girl) used to be my girl yeahhh
It makes me ill (ooh) cause you used to be my girl (c'mon)
My girl
So baby come back to me (baby...)

It makes me ill
To see you give
Love and attention at his will (at his will..)
And you can't imagine how it makes me feel
To see you with him (when I see you with him)
Oh, it makes me ill
To see you give
Love and attention at his will (at his will)
And you can't imagine how it makes me feel
To see you with him (baby I'm jealous)

Oh it makes me ill
To see you give
Love and attention at his will
And you can't imagine how it makes me feel
To see you with him (you can't imagine how it makes me feel)

Oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh..
Oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh...
Oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh..
Oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh..

What?! We done and done it again!
Messaaaaage ohhhh!
It's gravy baby.. aha..