

Make Up

R. City

I give you everything you want
But all you talk about is everything I don't
Why you always talking slick?
It's like I can't do nothing without getting lit
Until I throw you on the bed
Put it down, pull your hair, kiss your neck
You love messing with my head
Sometimes I think that you not even upset

One day, me no even talking to you
Next day, watch me call ya
One minute, you hit me
Then the next you want me put it on ya

I love it when we fight just to make up
Funny how bad words turn to making love
I get under your skin, babe, just because
I love it when we fight just to make up

Well, make it up to me, baby
I make you happy in the bed
But girl, it's so much better any time I get you mad
Why you so wicked and bad?
Attitude makes me want to bend you over my legs
Scream and yelling de house down
Sometimes you love me, sometimes you're coming for my head
We are we with the whole town
Fighting like teenagers all over again

We yelling, screaming
Then I threaten that I'm gonna leave ya
Then we get back, do it again
And baby, here's the reason

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I'll make it up to you, baby
I'll make it up to you, baby
I'll make it up to you, make it up to you
I'll make it up to you, baby
Well, make it up to me, baby
Well, make it up to me, baby
Well, make it up to me, up to me

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