

# You Go Do You

Haystak

Bad business that's what I call it  
My grandmama now she woulda called it Indian givin'  
Either way, you tickle me

You can do better  
Ain't that what you keep telling yourself  
And it was cool 'til you said that to someone else  
It went from person a to person B  
Person B to person C  
Person D and that's who told me  
I'm sure after it came through the grapevine  
It sounded 8 times worse than when you said it at first  
I don't even wanna hear your version  
Go do some soul searching  
Cause obviously we both with the wrong person  
Just know this  
I know I made some mistakes  
It was over when I let us stop communicatin'  
This relationship so full of technicality and complication  
When the last time we had a conversation  
Just the occasional good movie and some grunge for sex  
All we got to look forward to  
Girl whats next?  
We still cool though  
You can call me any day  
Honestly I was looking for a way out anyway (but hey)

You go do your thing, I'ma do mine  
I really hope things work out fine  
I hope you succeed, I hope you achieve  
And have everything you was tryna have with me  
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At this point I feel like taking you back  
But literally be somethin' like sleepin' with the enemy  
You throwin' up the fact that you've forgiven me  
I never once publisized the business of this family  
I be over at buns house  
Watchin' re-runs of Run's house  
Go on and call your lawyer  
Cause I'm thinkin' this is done now  
Somehow, I'll find the strength within me  
To rebuild what we destroyed  
I hope that you enjoy  
Sleepin' in our bed minus me  
You finally free, and hey that's what you wanted right  
A grown woman scared of things that go bump in the night  
Tryn'a replace me with a nightlight, yeah right  
It's like replacing a grizzly bear with a 3 legged cat  
You would think of some old dumb mess like that  
I be over there at night  
To bring you some chrome  
I don't like you bein' there alone  
But that's not my home

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I remember romance  
Buildin' snowman and holdin' hands  
I thought you would be wit me when I was a old man  
I think of better days fireplaces getaways  
When I love you was more than just a habitual phrase  
I gaze in the photo  
Searchin' for feelings that don't live here no more  
You swore to keep it 100  
Nothin' could come between us  
We should'a tried to talk  
Perhaps we could'a reasoned  
Shoulda, woulda, coulda  
I'm thinkin' this is over now  
We're broken down to a [?] compound  
I messed up and I'm not blamin' this all on you  
But there's certain things you don't do  
And you did that  
And I'm like babygirl you can't do that  
Now the last thing on my mind is where you at  
I remember good times and happiness  
But I also remember exactly how it came to this  
Now look here

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Get on, girl, get on, get on  
Get on, girl, get on, get on  
Get on, girl, get on, get on  
Get on, girl, get on, get on, get on