Ex Factor / Nice For What

Jamie Cullum

It could all be so simple But you'd rather make it hard Loving you is like a battle And we both end up with scars Tell me, who I have to be To get some reciprocity 'Cause no one loves you more than me And no one ever will

No matter how I think we grow You always seem to let me know It ain't workin' (it ain't workin') It ain't workin' (it ain't workin') And when I try to walk away You'd hurt yourself to make me stay This is crazy (this is crazy) This is crazy (this is crazy)

I keep letting you back in (back in) How can I explain myself? As painful as this thing has been I just can't be with no one else See I know what we've got to do You let go, and I'll let go too Cause no one's hurt me more than you And no one ever will

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Care for me, care for me I know you care for me There for me, there for me Said you'd be there for me Cry for me, cry for me You said you'd die for me Give to me, give to me Why won't you live for me?

Care for me, care for me I know you care for me There for me, there for me Said you'd be there for me Cry for me, cry for me You said you'd die for me Give to me

Everybody get your mothafuckin' roll on I know shorty and she doesn't want no slow song Had a man last year, life goes on Haven't let that thing loose, girl, in so long You've been inside, know you like to lay low I've been peepin' what you bringin' to the table Workin' hard, girl, everything paid for First-last, phone bill, car note, cable With your phone out, gotta hit them angles With your phone out, snappin' like you Fabo And you showin' off, but it's alright And you showin' off, but it's alright It's a short life, yeah

Care for me, care for me I know you care for me There for me, there for me Said you'd be there for me Cry for me, cry for me You said you'd die for me Give to me, give to me Why won't you live for me?

Yeah that's a real one in your reflection Without a follow, without a mention You really pipin' up on me You gotta be nice for what to me? I understand

You got a hunnid bands You got a baby Benz, you got some bad friends High school pics, you was even bad then You ain't stressin' off no lover in the past tense You already had them Work at 8 A.M., finish 'round five Hoes talk down, you don't see 'em outside Yeah, they don't really be the same offline You know dark days, you know hard times Doin' overtime for the last month Saturday, call the girls, get 'em gassed up Gotta hit the club, gotta make that ass jump Gotta hit the club like you hit them mothafuckin' angles With your phone out, snappin' like you Fabo And you showin' off but it's alright And you showin' off but it's alright It's a short life

Where were you when I needed you? Where were you when I needed you? Where were you when I needed you? Where were you when I needed you?