

Not Your Man

Professor Green

I gave you my everything, guess that didn't mean anything
To you, cause I'm not your man
All the nights I spent with you not making love, just making do
Ooh, I'm not your man

I'm swimming way out of my depth
I'm in way over my head
I wish she never showed me her bed, bed, bed
I wish I could forget

What you take me for? What you take me for? Gave you everything
Yet you're still looking at me like I could've gave you more, gave you more?
I ain't got anything left to give, somebody better notify my next of kin
Cause the stress is killing me, either you're feeling me or not
Either way I ain't gonna be spending any more money on Tiffany
I'm done with that, what do you think I rap for?
To buy you a bag? Are you mad? I'm a catch
The type of man women normally go mad for
Sick of love, sick of you, wish I was but I ain't though
Changed like a boy in trance, anything you ask for
I can't say no, don't give but you take loads
The dinners and taxis, I ain't ever been attracted to anybody as much
I am in love with you so madly, ain't ever treated you badly
But no matter what I do, you're unhappy
Is it cause my dick isn't as big as Dappy's?

Young nigga flexing, I never learn my lesson
No texting, just sexing, but it's headed the wrong direction
She's telling me she needs me more and more
Babe I'm not your man, why you getting feelings for me for?
I told her "ain't no you and me, ain't no me and you"
I ain't with you, I ain't seeing you
I just give you a seeing to
Oh, I never took you out for dinner, still I
Had you on your knees looking like a sinner
Don't pray for me, love, just praise the lord
That your boyfriend's got the money to pay for these jugs
Titties ain't real but they're real big
Real shit, make a broke nigga feel rich
Still it's clear that I am

She's rich and I'm common
We ain't got much in common
She keeps giving me the "come on"
She tells her friends I'm a wrong-un
We don't speak the same language
I might as well be foreign
She thinks that she looks like
Something hanging in the Tate Modern
I can't help but look solemn
She got me burning plants that come from Holland
Stressin' on rumours that I've read in the gossip column
Tryna be tolerant, chasing her round
Like she's got a warrant
It's one way it's becoming apparent
Or maybe I'm just paro'
Told me her dad was a surgeon

And she don't need eggs
Unless they come from a sturgeon
No slag, but she's no virgin
She been gassing me up but
Her Jew character's emerging
And who needs one love?
So I'll just keep searching

I wish I could forget
Wish I could forget
I remember
Everything
I gave you my everything, guess that didn't mean anything
To you