

# R. City, Make Up (ft. Chloe Angelides)

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

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

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

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  
I love it when we fight just to make up  
And it's 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