

By You (Ft. Lil Kim)

Keri Hilson

One for the paper, two for the money
Hot girls get money?
Oh we gonna give it to them now baby You see this what I like to call 'Buy' You music
Cuz you better buy you better buy you a car
You better buy you a phone
And you better buy somewhere to stay
Or I'ma walk right by you I don't know what's going on, baby
What the hell is going wrong, baby
Used to take me to dinner, used to take me shopping
Now you're asking me for my paper
It's my money, Boy my money
I bet you'll never ever get another dime for me
No you can't use the phone, baby
I think you need to get your own Was looking for a man to hold me down
So how did I end up with you, yeah, with you
And as hard as I try
Sometimes it get's hard paying all these bills
The note on the car
So I don't need no broke, broke boy tryin to holla
So baby shut it up til show me the dollas, hey One for the paper, two for the money
Brand new bags, new shoes yet I want it
All my girls, fly girls getting money
All my girls, fly girls getting money
One for the paper, two for the money
Nails did, hair did, yup yup I want it
One for the paper, two for the money
All my girls, fly girls getting money You wanna ride or die chick baby
But you ain't got a whip baby
It ain't gonna happen
If you don't got shit you need to rock with that chck
Yeah, yeah it's funny.
Don't look my way if you ain't got that money
And I'm making nothing to eat baby
I think its time it's your treat Was looking for a man to hold me down
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 Nope I ain't check for ya broke ass niggas
 Kim only checkin for dope boy nigs
 No, no, no, I'm not a gold, gold digger
 I'm jus tryin to say I got my own nigga
 Six deuce hand, ya know grown folks niggas
 Niggas like Scott, they got their own boat niggas
 No middle man, have your own coke nigga
 Entitled to the ghost, no cardinal nigga
 Cant pay my rent your with compliments
 And I don't need a man with no accomplishments
 No whip, no job, no credit
 Me and you is like old timers, forget it
 If you was my sugar, I'd be diabetic
 Ya game like an old book I got already read it
 It's money on my mind boy and you just a headache
 I need a man with a full package like FedEx
 Kim little bitches, Mafia the bella
 Money old like champagne in the cellar
 Boy you need to split like a cigarella
 You ain't treating me like an ATM teller
 So fuck your little cheese, I got my own cheddar
 So when they make it rain, I open up my umbrella
 Dior glass slippers, call me Cinderella
 Ya bank account like these new artist, undeveloped
 One for the paper, two for the money
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 One for the paper, two for the money
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 Get your own, get money
 Need no broke, broke boy tryin to holla
 So get your own, get your own, money
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