She Ain't Got... (Dave Audé Club)

LeToya Luckett

Now ain't nobody perfect but I've (given everything)

Even past the fact that you lied (look what you did to me)

And lonely nights at home when I cried

Baby I cried, baby I tried. (But you don't) even care about what we had

(And I won't) deal with it be your punching bag

(So don't) compare me to what I think is trash

So I'm a take out the trash

Soon as I find out who she is

Who is this chick that you think's all that

Tryna steal you away but I ain't havin' that

I'm a put my foot down on home girl's neck

To make her see that

She ain't got shit on me (that whore)

She ain't got, she ain't gotOh so you wanna leave

'Cuz you ain't gone'

You're a puppy on a leash

Time to come back home

I done let 'chu out to play

But 'chu ain't playin' fair

You done meet this little stray

Bringin' fleas 'round here

So swing batta batta batta

Swing mad up at, up at, up at her

Swing batta batta batta

Swing mad up at, up at, up at her

Right at her, batta, batta

Right at her, batta, battaAll I need to know is who she isWho is this chick that you think's all that

Tryna steal you away but I ain't havin' that

I'm a put my foot down on home girl's neck (now tell me who she think she is)

To make her see that

She ain't got shit on me (that whore)

She ain't got, she ain't got (shit on me)Does she kiss like me?

Care for ya kids like me?

Keep a secret like me?
Does she cook? clean?
Do all the things,

Can you take her home to momma?

Deal wit 'cha baby momma?

Does she fight like me?

Stay fly like me?

Down to ride like me?

No, 'cause she ain't me, yeah! Who is this chick that you think's all that

Tryna steal you away but I ain't havin' that

I'm a put my foot down on home girl's neck

To make her see that

She ain't got shit on me (that whore)

She ain't got, she ain't gotSwing batta batta batta

Swing mad up at, up at, up at her

Swing batta batta batta

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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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