Hit On Me

Syleena Johnson

Just because you put a ring on my finger
Just because you put some clothes on my back
Just because you gave me money for December
Doesn't mean that I have to pay you backYou were my husband
You were supposed to do the things you chose to do
I loved you 'til the end
And I'd rather die before I let my kids seeThe way you hit on me, the way you hit on me
Every night I'd cry hopin' that they'd never see
The way you hit on me, the way you hit on me
The way you hit on me, how come you hit on me?I made believe that it really didn't hurt me
Made believe that I only hurt myself
I believed you, every time you said I'm sorry
Was too ashamed to tell someone I needed helpYou don't know how you destroy my life
I thought, I was supposed to be your wife
And I can't even try to understand
What you think it takes to be a manWhy'd you do it? Why, why, why?
Why, why, why? What about my children?
What about the babies? What about the family?
You're supposed to be a husbandYou know nothing good gone come to you
I'm so tired, I'm so tired, I'm so weary, I'm so weary
Can't believe you did this to me
Can't take it no more, can't take it no moreYou don't know how you destroy my life
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