

Guilty (Prod. by Prettyboifresh)

Usher

He said,
You swear to tell the truth,
The whole truth,
And nothing but the truth?
I said, yeah man
Right hand high,
Never tell a lie Your honor I didn't know that I hurt her
I didn't know she was cryin'
I didn't know that it was killin' her slow
And, and, your honor she can't say I ain't love her
Can't say I ain't tried
But I guess my love wasn't good enough I guess I'm guilty for wantin' to be up in the club
I guess in guilty cause girls always tryin' to show me love
I guess I'm guilty for leavin' 'n havin' a little fun
Girl I'm guilty
For that, girl I'm guilty
Don't take me to jail
Don't take me to jail
Don't take me to jail
(I ain't did nothin' to her,
Gave everything to her, for that)
Don't take me to jail
Don't take me to jail
Don't take me to jail
(I ain't gon' cry
While you make me do the time, oh yeah) Your honor, she accused me of cheating
It was all in her thinkin'
She gon' believe what she want to
So what the hell am I gon' do
Turn my life around, it ain't going down
She know bout the life I live why she crying now
This shit is so silly to me but won't I plead that I guess I'm guilty for wantin' to be up in the club
I guess in guilty cause girls always tryin' to show me love (hey)
I guess I'm guilty for leavin' 'n havin' a little fun
Girl I'm guilty
For that, girl I'm guilty
Don't take me to jail
Don't take me to jail (take me)
Don't take me to jail

(How we supposed to get along,
With her going through my phone
In her mind she decided to get it)
Don't take me to jail
Don't take me to jail
Don't take me to jail
(Don't want to cop a plea,
I swear it wasn't me,
Don't matter cause to her I'm guilty)Lets go,
Right hand to the sky
Strike me down if I lie
If she saying she the victim in this case then
What am I?
If I hurt her I ain't try to,
In the club I may decide to
Ride through
She got proof
Well I got alibi's to
Couple million dollar worth of bags and full of shoes
Seven carrot solitaire, Caribbean water blue
Range Rover, Porsche Panamera and the Bentley coupe
All the shit I did for her and this who you gon' listen to
Her life I submit to you is evidence
I never been on bullshit
She ain't caught me on no Tiger Woods shit
Knew what I expected when she met me
Should have left me then
Balling against the law shorty go on arrest me then I guess I'm guilty for wantin' to be up in the club
I guess in guilty cause girls always tryin' to show me love (hey)
I guess I'm guilty for leavin' 'n' havin' a little fun
Girl I'm guilty
For that, girl I'm guilty
Don't take me to jail
Don't take me to jail (take me)
Don't take me to jail
(If your gon' treat me like a crook
Put money on my books
Never mind forget it)
Don't take me to jail
Don't take me to jail
Don't take me to jail
(Tired of your little games
Fuck it I'll take the blame)
Guilty, yeah

Songwriters

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