

Regret (Sky High Remix) [feat. Ludacris]

LeToya

You must regret the day that you left me
Uh, uh, he don't deserve you, deserve you
He gonna regret that he hurt you, hurt you You must regret the day you left me
Ah, ah, he don't deserve you, deserve you
He gonna regret that he hurt you, hurt you, LeToya I made you cool, you wasn't that dude
Until I started fuckin' with you
Gave you swag and a duffel bag
You left the best you had, now you gonna act like that I got you right, I changed your life
Suicide doors I cosigned
Gucci rags, Louis travel bags
You left the best you had, baby don't look so mad You must regret the day that you left me
You must regret the day that you left me Still tryin' to get back, get back
Still tryin' to get back, back, back with me, oh
Still tryin' to get back, get back
Still tryin' to get back, back, back with me, oh VIP was all on me
Now you're at the bar with 1 or 2 drinks
Poppin' game, you look so lame
Without me your pimpin' ain't the same First class flights, dipped in ice
I had your neck and wrist, oh so bright
Poppin' tags is a thing of the past
You lost the things you had chasin' them scallywags You must regret the day that you left me
(You must regret the day, baby)
You must regret the day that you left me
(You must regret the day, baby) You still tryin' to get back, get back
Still tryin' to get back, back, back with me, oh
Still tryin' to get back, get back
Still tryin' to get back, back, back with me, oh Listen, hey sexy, tell 'em that it's over
Tell 'em you my baby and my coupe is your stroller
Tell 'em this Louis Vuitton scarf is your bib
Or that you call me daddy and my house is your crib And if he cries, I know how to control that
Give him some bottles of this Conjure cognac
Just to shut him up, she said you wasn't half the man I am
So I guess he had to double up He still tryin' to get back like the soldiers
Dreamin' and it's time to wake him up like Folgers
I just told her you used to put a load of
Shit up on her brain but you lame, now it's over I keep her by my side like a holster
I plan to make a full house and I ain't talkin' 'bout poker
But I might poke her and just stroke her
'Cause I'm about to treat her like a real man supposed to, Luda You must regret the day that you left me

(I know you regret it, homie)
(See, I gave you too many years of my life)
You must regret the day that you left me
(You dropped her down and I picked it up, she's mine)
(All your dis' was dragging me down) You still tryin' to get back, get back
(You can't have her back)
Still tryin' to get back, back, back with me, oh
(I'm gonna treat her like the queen that she is, man)
Still tryin' to get back, get back
(Teach you a lesson)
Still tryin' to get back, back, back with me, oh You must regret the day you left me
(Now you realize that you were wrong)
You must regret the day you left me
(But it's too late 'cause I moved on) You still tryin' to get back, get back
(It feels so good)
Still tryin' to get back, back, back with me, oh
(Feels so good)
Still tryin' to get back, get back
Still tryin' to get back, back, back with me, oh

Songwriters

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