Buyou

Keri Hilson

One for the paper, two for the money
My girls get money
You see this is what I like to call buyou music
'Cause you better buy you a car
You better buy you a phone
And you better buy you some where to stay
Or I'mma 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 asking me for my paper
It's my money, boy, my money
Bet you never get ever another dime from me
No, you can't use the phone, baby
Think you need to get your own
Was looking for a man to hold me down
But how'd I end up with you?
Yeah, baby, you
And as hard as I try
Sometimes it gets hard paying all these bills
The note on the car
So I don't need no broke, broke boy tryna holla
So baby, shut it up 'til you show me dollars, aye
One for the paper, two for the money
Brand new bags, new shoes, yeah, 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, gap, yeah, I want it
One for the paper, two for the money
All my girls, fly girls getting money
You want a ride or die chick baby
But you ain't got a whip baby
It ain't gon' happen, you ain't got shit
You need a walk or die chick, baby, yeah
Yeah, yeah, that's funny
Don't look my way if you ain't got that money
And I ain't making nothing to eat baby

I think it's time you treat, baby
Was looking for a man to hold me down
But how'd I end up with you? Yeah, baby, you
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I see ya, it's hard not to see ya
Face like Aaliyah and plus a college degree-ah
Climbing up the ladder at that full time job
Tell me how the hell you end up with a full time slob?
I mean you been a ride a die for him
Paid for the dinner and the movie and the popcorn
How you figure it's gon' last, he just sit up on his ass
And play that damn X-box that you cop for him
Buyou, buyou, how much to try you?
Ain't saying you for sale but, baby, let's be for real
Buyou, buyou, shit that I can buy you
These two are the same, either they can't ari you
Stringing you along, allow me to untie you
Vitamin D supply you, let them little boys walk by you
They fronting 'cause they broke but the numbers don't lie
If they swear they so fly tell me why they never fly you
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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, gap, yeah, I want it
One for the paper, two for the money
All my girls, fly girls getting money
Get ya own, getting money
Get ya own, getting money
Get ya own, getting money
I don't need no broke, broke boy tryna holla
Get ya own, getting money

Get ya own, getting money
Get ya own, getting money
I don't need no broke, broke boy tryna holla

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