

# Buyou (Ft. Lil Kim)

Keri Hilson

One for the paper, two for the money  
My girls get money?  
(Oh we gon' give it to 'em now baby, hey) You see this what I like about?  
Buy you music, cause you better buy you a car,  
You better buy you a phone  
You better buy somewhere to stay or I'ma 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're asking me for my paper  
It's my money, boy my money,  
Bet'chya never ever get another dime from me  
No you can't use the phone baby  
I think you need, get your own Was looking for a man to hold me down  
But how'd did I end up with you? Yeah, with you  
And as hard as I try,  
Sometimes it gets hard,  
Paying all these bills  
The note on my car,  
So I don't need no broke broke boy trying to holla  
So baby shut it up please show me dollars hey! One for the paper, two for the money  
Brand new bags, new shoes yea 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, yup yup I want it  
One for the paper, two for the money  
All my girls fly girls getting money You wanna ride or die chick baby?  
But you ain't got a whip baby  
Yeah, it ain't gotta happen  
Don't got shit you need a walk or die chick baby yeah  
Yeah, yeah, thats funny  
Don't look my way if you ain't got that money  
And I'm making nothin' to eat baby  
I think its time you treat baby Was looking for a man to hold me down  
But how'd did I end up with you? Yeah, with you  
And as hard as I try,  
Sometimes it gets hard,  
Paying all these bills

The note on my car,  
So I don't need no broke broke boy trying to holla  
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All my girls fly girls getting money  
One for the paper, two for the money  
Nails did hair did, yup yup I want it  
One for the paper, two for the money  
All my girls fly girls getting money Yeah  
Col' world!

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 (good God)  
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 lets be for real  
Buyou, buyou, shit that I can buy you  
These niggas all 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 One for the paper, two for the money  
Brand new bags, new shoes yea 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, yup yup 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, holla, holla

Songwriters

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