

# Here We Go

## Trina

Look, I ain't got nothin' to say to you  
I can't even believe you  
You know what? I'm too fly for this shit  
You playin' yourself  
Here we go, here we go again  
Now you're tellin' me, that she is just a friend  
Then why's she callin' you at three o'clock in the mornin'  
I can't take this no more, no, no, no  
Here we go, here we go again  
Now you're tellin' me, that she is just a friend  
Then why's she callin' you at three o'clock in the mornin'  
I ain't tryin' to hear it, not this time  
Look nigga, what you think this is?  
You treatin' me like a random chick?  
You done forgot, who introduced you to rocks  
And poppin' all that Crist' and shit  
Who let you hit it from the back any way that you liked  
And any debts, I can pay the price  
I thought I was a chick you would make yo' wife, damn  
And now a bitch can't even stay the night? You whack  
I can't even look in your face without wantin' to slap you  
Damn, I thank God, I ain't get that tattoo  
You better thank God, I ain't have the strap boo  
You ain't even worth lettin' Trick get at you  
Matter of fact, Trick get at dude  
I'm convinced, I ain't got shit to ask you  
And tell that triflin' bitch, she can have you  
I ain't lookin' at you no more, I'm lookin' past you  
Here we go, here we go again  
Now you're tellin' me, that she is just a friend  
Then why's she callin' you at three o'clock in the mornin'  
I can't take this no more, no, no, no  
Here we go, here we go again  
Now you're tellin' me, that she is just a friend  
  
Then why's she callin' you at three o'clock in the mornin'  
I ain't tryin' to hear it, not this time  
When my girl came through with the news  
All I did was think about me and you like, "Damn"

What a chick gotta do to get with a real nigga  
That know how to stay true like man, man  
Know one quarter to eight, you better hop on the bus or a cab  
I shed so many tears, can't believe how many years  
'The Baddest Bitch' put up with yo' dusty ass, yeah  
Now you know that I'm the Queen of Miami  
All that loud talkin', lyin', save that shit for your mammy  
Sounds like, "Blah, blah, blah, blah, bla, blah, bla"  
I'm like uh, huh, uh, huh, okay, okay  
Whassup, whassup, shut up  
Here we go, here we go again  
Now you're tellin' me, that she is just a friend  
Then why's she callin' you at three o'clock in the mornin'  
I can't take this no more, no more no more  
Here we go, here we go again  
Now you're tellin' me, that she is just a friend  
Then why's she callin' you at three o'clock in the mornin'  
I ain't tryin' to hear it, not this time  
Now all my ladies say if you feel the same  
If you can't take no more say, ?No, no, no? ?No, no, no?  
No, no, no  
Here we go, here we go again  
Now you're tellin' me, that she is just a friend  
Then why's she callin' you at three o'clock in the mornin'  
I can't take this no more, no, no, no  
That's why I'm grabbin' up my jewels, grabbin' up my purse  
I'll be back for all my shoes and purses, watch me fly  
In the seven forty-five while I'm ridin' out  
'Cause I ain't tryin' to hear it, not this time

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