

Hit'em Up Style - 1/3

Interprété par Blu Cantrell.

While he was scheming
I was beamin' in the Beamer
Just beamin'
Can't believe that
I caught my man cheatin'
So I found another way
To make him pay for it all
So I went
To Neiman-Marcus
On a shopping spree
And on the way
I grabbed Soley and Mia
And as the cash box rang
I thought everything away

(Oops)
There goes the dreams
We used to say
(Oops)
There goes the time
We spent away
(Oops)
There goes the love I had
But you cheated on me
And that's worth that now
(Oops)
There goes the house
We made a home
(Oops)
There goes you'll never
Leave me alone
For all the lies you told
This is what you owe

Hey Ladies
When your man
Wanna get buckwild
Just go back and
Hit 'em up style
Put your hands on his cash
And spend it to the last dime
For all the hard times
Oh
When you go then
Everything goes
From the crib to the ride
And the clothes

Hit'em Up Style - 2/3

So you better let him know that
If he messed up
You gotta hit 'em up

While he was braggin'
I was coming down the hill
And just draggin'
All his pictures and his
Clothes in the bag and
Sold everything else till
There was just nothin' left

And I paid
All the bills about
A month too late
It's a shame we have
To play these games
The love we had
Just fades away, away
(Oops)
There goes the dreams
We used to say
(Oops)
There goes the time
We spent away
(Oops)
There goes the love I had
But you cheated on me
And that's worth that now
(Oops)
There goes the house
We made a home
(Oops)
There goes you'll never
Leave me alone
For all the lies you told
This is what you owe

Hey Ladies
When your man
Wanna get buckwild
Just go back and
Hit 'em up style
Put your hands on his cash
And spend it to the last dime
For all the hard times
Oh
When you go then
Everything goes

Hit'em Up Style - 3/3

From the crib to the
Ride and the clothes
So you better let him know that
If he messed up
You gotta hit 'em up
(Repeat)

All of the dreams you sold
Left me out in the cold
What happened to the days
When we used to
Trust each other
And all of the things I sold
Will take you until you get old
To get 'em back without me
'Cause it might be better
Than money or sex

Hey Ladies
When your man
Wanna get buckwild
Just go back and
Hit 'em up style
Put your hands
On his cash
And spend it
To the last dime
For all the hard times
Oh
When you go then
Everything goes
From the crib to the
Ride and the clothes
So you better
Let him know that
If he messed up you
Gotta hit 'em up