

## Usher f/ T.I. "Guilty"

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[Intro - Usher - talking] He said "you swear to tell the truth The whole truth and nothin but the truth?" I said "yeah man (yeah man ...), yeah Right hand high (high), never tell a lie" (lie ...) [Verse 1 - Usher] Y-Y-Your Honor, I didn't know that I hurt her I didn't know she was cryin I didn't know that it was killin me slow And- And your honor, she can't say I ain't love her Can't say I ain't try But I guess my love wasn't good enough [Chorus - Usher] I guess I'm guilty for wantin to be up in the club (hey!) I guess I'm guilty 'cause girls always wanna show me love (hey!) I guess I'm guilty for livin and havin a little fun Well I'm guilty, for that girl I'm guilty [Break - Usher] Don't take me to jail Don't take me to jail (ohhh) Don't take me to jail (I ain't did nothin to her, gave everything to her) (For that), don't take me to jail Ohhh, don't take me to jail (take me) Don't take me to jail (I ain't done a crime, why you make me do the time?) Oh! (oh yeah) [Verse 2 - Usher] Your Honor, she accused me of cheatin It was all in her thinkin She gon' believe what she want to (want to) So what the hell am I gon' do? (gon' do) Turn my life around, it ain't goin down She knew about the life that I live, why she cryin now? This shit is so silly to me but I won't plead that [Chorus] [Break - Usher] Don't take me to jail (ohhh) Don't take me to jail (take me) Don't take me to jail (How I'm supposed to get along with her goin through my phone? In her mind she decided I did it) Don't take me to jail (don't take me) Don't take me to jail (don't take me) Don't take me to jail (Don't wanna cop a plea I swear it wasn't me, it don't matter 'cause to her I'm guilty) Oh yeah (oh, oh!) [T.I. - talking over the Chorus] Yeah, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, let's go [Verse 3 - T.I.] Right hand to the sky, strike me down if I lie If she sayin she the victim in this case, well what am I? If I hurt her I ain't try to, the club I may decide to Ride through, she got proof? Well I got alibis too A couple million dollar worth of bags and full of shoes Seven carrot solitaire, Caribbean, water blue Range Rover, Porsche Panamera and the Bentley Coupe All the shit I did for her and this who you gon' listen to? And her life I submit to you as evidence, I

never been on bullshit (nah) She ain't caught me on no  
Tiger Woods shit Knew what I expected when she met  
me, should have left me then Ballin against the law?  
Shorty go on and arrest me then [Chorus] [Break -  
Usher] Don't take me to jail (ohhh) Don't take me to jail  
(take me) Don't take me to jail If you gon' treat me like  
a crook, puttin money on my books Never mind, forget  
it) Don't take me to jail (ooh) Don't take me to jail (take  
me) Don't take me to jail (Tired of your little games,  
fuck it I'll take the blame I did it, guilty) (Woo, ye-yeah,  
yeah)

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