

Keri Hilson**"Buy You"**

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One for the paper, two for the money
Girls get money?...
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 on, baby?
Used to take me to dinner, used to take me shopping
Now you're asking me for my paper
It's my money,... my money, I bet you'll never ever get a
dime for me
No you can't use the phone, baby
I think you need, get your own

There's something going man holding down
So how did I end up with you? You
And that's how... has a car, time... hard, paying all
these bills
... my car, so I don't need no broke boy trying to hide...

One for the paper, two for the money
Brand new bag, no shoes yet I want it

All my girls flag girls getting money X 2

One for the paper, two for the money
Girls... give all you want it

One for the paper, two for the money
All my girls flag girls getting money

You wanna ride with that chick baby?
But you ain't got a whip baby
Yeah, it ain't gotta happen... don't got shit you need to
break with that
Chick baby
Yeah, money, don't look my way if you ain't got that
money
And I'm making... baby

Take the time it's your treat

There's something going man holding down
So how did I end up with you? You
And that's how... has a car, time... hard, paying all
these bills
... my car, so I don't need no broke boy trying to hide...

One for the paper, two for the money
Brand new bag, no shoes yet I want it
One for the paper, two for the money
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All my girls flag girls getting money
One for the paper, two for the money
Brand new bag, no shoes yet I want it
One for the paper, two for the money
All my girls flag girls getting money

... broke ass niggers
Him only check you for the...
No, no, no, I'm not a gold digger
...
You know the... niggers
... no middle man,... your own coke nigger
... And I don't need a man with no accomplishments
No wit, no job, no...
... forget it
If he was my sugar, I'd be diabetic
But the old book got already readed
It's money on my mind boy and you just have it
...
Money old like champagne in the cellar
Boy you need to spit like a...
You ain't treating me like an atm teller
So fuck your little cheese, I got my old cedar
So when they make it raid I hope I got my umbrella

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