

Keri Hilson

"Buyou"

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One for the paper
Two for the money

You see this is what I like to call buyou music
Cause you better buy you a car
You better buy you a phone
And you better buy you some where to stay
Or I'mma walk right by you

I don't know whats going on baby
What the hell is going wrong baby
Used to take me to dinner
Used to take me shopping now you asking me for my
paper
It's my money, it's my paper, boy my money
Bet you never get another dime from me
No, you can't use the phone baby
Think you need to get your own

Was looking for a man to hold me down
But how'd I end up with you?
Yeah, baby, you
And as hard as I try sometimes it gets hard paying all
these bills
The note on the car
So I don't need no broke broke boy tryna holla
So baby shut it up til you show me some dollars

[Hook]
One for the paper
Two for the money
Brand new bags, new shoes yeah 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
Gap yeah I want it

One for the paper
Two for the money

All my girls, fly girls getting money

You want a ride or die chick baby
But you aint got a whip baby
It aint gon happen
If you aint got shit you need a walk or die chick baby
Yeah yeah thats funny
Don't look my way if you aint got that money
And I aint making nothing to eat baby
I think it's time you treat baby

Was looking for a man to hold me down
But how'd I end up with you?
Yeah, baby, you
And as hard as I try sometimes it gets hard paying all
these bills
The note on the car
So I don't need no broke broke boy tryna holla
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[J. Cole]
I see ya, it's hard not to see ya
Face like Aaliyah plus a college degree-ah
Climbing up the ladder at that full time job
How the hell you end up with a full time slob
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
Aint saying you for sale but baby lets be for real
Buyou, buyou, shit that I can buy you
These n-ggas 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

[Hook]

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Two for the money
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One for the paper
Two for the money
Nails did, hair did
Gap yeah 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

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