

Keri Hilson

"By You"

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Featuring: Lil' Kim

One for the paper, two for the money
Hot girls get money?
Oh we gonna give it to them now baby

You see this what I like to call 'Buy' You music
Cuz you better buy you better buy you a car
You better buy you a phone
And 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 wrong, baby
Used to take me to dinner, used to take me shopping
Now you're asking me for my paper
It's my money, Boy my money
I bet you'll never ever get another dime for me
No you can't use the phone, baby
I think you need to get your own

Was looking for a man to hold me down
So how did I end up with you, yeah, with you
And as hard as I try
Sometimes it get's hard paying all these bills
The note on the car
So I don't need no broke, broke boy tryin to holla
So baby shut it up til show me the dollas, hey

One for the paper, two for the money
Brand new bags, new shoes yet 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, yup yup I want it
One for the paper, two for the money
All my girls, fly girls getting money

You wanna ride or die chick baby
But you ain't got a whip baby
It ain't gonna happen
If you don't got shit you need to rock with that chck

Yeah, yeah it's funny.
Don't look my way if you ain't got that money
And I'm making nothing to eat baby
I think its time it's your treat

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So how did I end up with you, yeah, with you
And as hard as I try
Sometimes it get's hard paying all these bills
The note on the car
So I don't need no broke, broke boy tryin to holla
So baby shut it up til show me the dollas

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Nope I ain't check for ya broke ass niggas
Kim only checkin for dope boy nigs
No, no, no, I'm not a gold, gold digger
I'm jus tryin to say I got my own nigga
Six deuce hand, ya know grown folks niggas
Niggas like Scott, they got their own boat niggas
No middle man, have your own coke nigga
Entitled to the ghost, no cardinal nigga

Cant pay my rent your with compliments
And I don't need a man with no accomplishments
No whip, no job, no credit
Me and you is like old timers, forget it
If you was my sugar, I'd be diabetic
Ya game like an old book I got already read it
It's money on my mind boy and you just a headache
I need a man with a full package like FedEx

Kim little bitches, Mafia the bella
Money old like champagne in the cellar
Boy you need to split like a cigarella
You ain't treating me like an ATM teller
So fuck your little cheese, I got my own cheddar
So when they make it rain, I open up my umbrella
Dior glass slippers, call me Cinderella
Ya bank account like these new artist, undeveloped

One for the paper, two for the money

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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, yup yup I want it
One for the paper, two for the money
All my girls, fly girls getting money

Get your own, get money
Get your own, get money
Get your own, get money
Need no broke, broke boy tryin to holla

So get your own, get your own, money
So get your own, get your own, money
So get your own, get your own, money
Need no broke, broke boy tryin to holla

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