

Sarah's Redemption

"Pack Ya Bags"

Visit "[Pack Ya Bags](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Yeah
Okay
Uh

You see a woman got to do what a woman got to do
If your man keep on trippin' then you need to cut him
Loose
Ain't nothin' he could do for you that he can't do
What I'm supposed to go, ?Ooh?, 'cause he rollin' on
22s
No, I'm ain't one of those after-show h**s
And if you don't know I gots my own dough
I only need you for companionship
Well, you could keep your chips, ain't no sponsorship
I just need you to keep your lips between my hips
That girl Sarai is a silly chick
But on the really tip, I got benefits
This independent chick and anything I want I gets
Don't even try me with those player scripts, I know
The game
Actin' like you big money, but really small change
Boy, please stay up out of my face
You see it's men like you that make us ladies say

Here go the classified ads (Pack ya bags)
Here go the 20 for the cab (Pack ya bags)
Here go the kick in your pants (Pack ya bags)
Get out (Just pack ya bags)

Here go the classified ads (Pack ya bags)
Here go the 20 for the cab (Pack ya bags)
Here go the kick in your pants (Pack ya bags)
Get out (Just pack ya bags)

That's right, you got to beat it, boy
All the blizzy-blizzy blah, I ain't hearin' it, boy
I get ya, get ya what you're askin' for
Now don't be blowin' up my celly 'cause your own
Ignore
Ain't no more walkin' through my door
Now come and get your, get your s*** off my porch

And I know you hear the hurt in my voice
But I had no choice, you made me do it by force
But you know your girl gon' be a'ight
I'mma keep on movin', keep my head up high
Probably chilly-chilly-chill till the time is right
That I feely-feely-feel I need a man in my life
But for now I'mma keep it tight
Till I burst under pressure when my temperature rise
I'm on the women's pride, feel me right
So it's-it's-it's that ladies night

Here go the classified ads (Pack ya bags)
Here go the 20 for the cab (Pack ya bags)
Here go the kick in your pants (Pack ya bags)
Get out (Just pack ya bags)

Here go the classified ads (Pack ya bags)
Here go the 20 for the cab (Pack ya bags)
Here go the kick in your pants (Pack ya bags)
Get out (Just pack ya bags)

You got to gizzy-go
'Cause I don't want you bein' in my life no more
I shoulda told you long time ago
But my mind was sayin' yes and my heart said no
Ya'll know how that love thing go
How your mind in a bind goin' out of control
Be careful 'fore you take that road
Think it's a, it's a game, but that thang ain't no
Joke
Let it be known if you see somethin' wrong
'Cause understandin' that-that help you out in the
Long
You got to, got to, got to come on strong
And make him, make him, make him want to leave you
Alone
And put that on every-everything I love
Don't be scare-scared, kick that boy to the curb

Here go the classified ads (Pack ya bags)
Here go the 20 for the cab (Pack ya bags)
Here go the kick in your pants (Pack ya bags)
Get out (Just pack ya bags)

Here go the classified ads (Pack ya bags)
Here go the 20 for the cab (Pack ya bags)
Here go the kick in your pants (Pack ya bags)
Get out (Just pack ya bags)

Here go the classified ads (Pack ya bags)
Here go the 20 for the cab (Pack ya bags)

Here go the kick in your pants (Pack ya bags)
Get out (Just pack ya bags)

Here go the classified ads (Pack ya bags)
Here go the 20 for the cab (Pack ya bags)
Here go the kick in your pants (Pack ya bags)
Get out (Just pack ya bags)

Visit [Sarah's Redemption](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.