

Hit 'Em up Style (Oops!)

Blu Cantrell

While he was scheming
I was beamin' in the beamer just beamin'
can't believe that I caught my man cheating
so I found another way to make him pay for it all
So I went to Neiman-Marcus on a shopping spree-ah
And on the way I grabbed Soley and Mia
And as the cash box rang I
thought everything away(Oops)
there goes the dreams we used to say
(oops)
there goes the time we spented away
(oops)
there goes the love we had
but you cheated on me and that's for that now
(oops)
there goes the house we made a home
(oops)
there goes you'll never leave me alone
(oops)
for all the lies you told this is what you owe
Hey Ladies,
when your man wanna get buck wild
just go back and hit 'em up style
put your hands on his cash and
spend it to the last dime for all the hard timesoh
when your cold and everything goes
from the crib, to the ride and the clothes
so you better let him know that
if you mess up
you gotta hit 'em upWhile he was braggin
I was comin' down the hill uh just-a draggin'
all of his pictures and his clothes in the baggin
I sold evything else til there was just nothing left
and I paid all the bills about a month too late
It's a shame we have to play these games
the love we had just faded away, away
(Oops)
there goes the dreams we used to say
(oops)
there goes the time we spented away
(oops)
there goes the love we had

but you cheated on me and that's for that now
(oops)
there goes the house we made a home
(oops)
there goes you'll never leave me alone
(oops)
for all the lies you told this is what you oweHey ladies
When your man wanna get buckwild
Just go back and hit 'em up style
Put your hands on his cash
And spend it to the last dime
For all the hard timesOh, when you go then everything goes
From the crib to the ride and the clothes
So you better let him know that
If he messed up you gotta hit 'em upAll of the dreams you sold
Left me out in the cold
What happened to the days when
We used to trust each otherAnd all of the things I sold
Will take you until you get old
To get 'em back without me
'Cuz it might be better then money or sexHey ladies
When your man wanna get buckwild
Just go back and hit 'em up style
Put your hands on his cash
And spend it to the last dime
For all the hard timesOh, when you go then everything goes
From the crib to the ride and the clothes
So you better let him know that
If he messed up you gotta hit 'em up)
there goes the time we spented away
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