

Amy Winehouse feat. Ghostface Killah, You Know

Meet you downstairs, in the bar and heard
Your rolled up sleeves and your skull T-shirt
You say, "Why did you do it with him today?"
And sniff me out like I was tanqueray
'Cause you're my fella, my guy
Hand me your Stella and fly
By the time I'm out the door
You tear men down like Roger Moore
I cheated myself
Like I knew I would
I told you, I was trouble
You know that I'm no good
Upstairs in bed with my ex-boy
He's in a place but I can't get joy
Thinking on you in the final throes
This is when my buzzer goes
Run out to meet you, chips and pitta
You say, When we married, 'cause you're not bitter
There'll be none of him no more
I cried for you on the kitchen floor
I cheated myself
Like I knew I would
I told you, I was trouble
You know that I'm no good
Yo, aiyo, I knew you was trouble when I first laid eyes on you
Temperature's so hot, the heat just rise with you
Let me ride with you, talk about your mistakes
You cheated yourself but these are the breaks
And it never be the same again, 'cause of old boy
But oh boy, together we make so much joy
In the sands and oh, what a wet, wee-wee
But you played me, so I had to roll up my sleeves and
Hunt you down, holding the next man's stacks
Now you sorry, tryin' bring that old thing back and
Act like we can rekindle that flame
It's a shame, how you can't get me off the brain
He that lame, you love how I bring the pain
Got the rug burns stinging and you saying my name
Say my name, that's right, I'm high post
Get the champagne, love, word up, we gon' toast
I cheated myself
Like I knew I would
I told you, I was trouble
You know that I'm no good
I cheated myself
Like I knew I would
I told you, I was trouble
Yeah, you know that I'm no good