

Tamar Braxton, Let Him Go

(Intro)

Uh, yeah, Redzone, Sole'
Tamar, yeah, like that

Yeah, what
Uh-huh, uh-huh
Uh-huh, uh-huh, uh-huh
Yeah, what
Uh-huh, uh-huh
Uh-huh, uh-huh, uh-huh
Yeah, what
Uh-huh, uh-huh
Uh-huh, uh-huh, uh-huh
Fly shit
Uh-huh, uh-huh
Uh-huh, uh-huh, uh-huh

(Tamar)

I saw your man, she's alone
Hiding out on the low at the show
Gotta let you know, I gotta let you know
Cause he's riding out in the six with that trick
Gotta admit, that nigga slick
I told you he ain't shit, oh oh
Oh oh oh

1 - (Tamar)

If you say your man's not doin' you right
And if you say he don't work it right
And if your still alone while it's late at night
Let him go, just let him go

If you're doin' more than he's doin' for you
And if he ain't got no time for you
You give all your money and he has none for you
Let him go, just let him go, yeah

(Tamar)

How many times, how many lies?
How many nights you gonna cry?
And be there all alone, oh, no, oh oh
Why can't you see?
Just make him leave and take the key
'cause girl believe he'll be back again
Again, again, again, again

Repeat 1 (2x)

(Tamar)

Why don't you want a man to treat you right?
And why do you sit and listen to all his lies?
You don't wanna take care of a grown man all your life
Just disconnect the phone
And leave the man alone, let him go

(Sole')

Uh, girl leave that nigga alone
Shoulda been gone, when he pulled that shit with the cell phone
Mothaf**ka wanna lie cause he dead wrong
Seen him out with the bitch and his shit's blown
F**k love, put him out, don't ask him shit
Fast as shit, put it like this be the last of shit

He be beggin' for the passion shit
Thinkin' 'bout f**kin' you when he jackin' shit, yeah
What it comes down to you've the clip, seen him trip
Seen the other bitches that he's flossin' with
Just make sure you two ain't sharin' sip
Put his hand up the skirt just to feel the hips yeah
You can tell in his eyes, lies
Hold ya head high and roll, goodbye
No time to cry, seen him out, big surprise
Cause time flies and love dies, yeah
You way too good for that nigga
Did all you should for that nigga
Love had you blind to rewind it
And die if you could for that nigga
Gave your life for that nigga
You'd be a wife for that nigga
If he can't match you with sorries
You make it right for that nigga
What the f**k is the problem here?
Solve it here
Get all your shit before mobbin' here
Clean him out like you robbin' here
Don't be cryin'
You know a nigga got a job in here, yeah
You ain't have any luck with that
Stuck with that and everybody know you sucked that
See the chickens put up with that
High class know I can't f**k with that, what

Repeat 1

(Tamar)

Oh oh, oh oh, oh oh
Oh oh, oh oh, oh oh