

# 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