Blu Cantrell, Hit 'Em Up Style (Oops)

While he was skeamin'
I was beamin' in the Beamer, just steamin'
Can't believe that I caught my man cheatin'
So I found another way to make him pay for it all

So I went

To Neiman-Marcus on a shopping spree And on the way I grabbed Soley and Mia And as the cash box rang I thought everything away

chorus 1:

(Oops)

There goes the dreams we used to say

(Oops)

There goes the time we spent away

(Oops)

There goes the love I 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 ya owe

Chorus 2:

Hey ladies

When your men wanna get buck wild

Just go back and hit 'em up style

Get your hands on his cash

And spend it to the last dime For all the hard times

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Oh

When you go, then everything goes

From the crib to the ride and the clothes

So you better let em know that

If he mess up, you gotta hit 'em up

While he was braggin'

I was coming down the hill and just draggin' All his pictures and his clothes in the bag and Sold everything else 'til there was just nothin' 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 fade away, aawwaayyy

(Oops)

There goes the dreams we used to say

(Oons)

There goes the time we spent away

(Onns)

There goes the love I 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're owed

Hey ladies
When your men wanna get buck wild
Just go back and hit 'em up style
Get your hands on his cash
And spend it to the last dime
For all the hard times
Oh
When you go, then everything goes
From the crib to the ride and the clothes
So you better let em know that
If he mess up, you gotta hit 'em up

Hey ladies
When your men wanna get buck wild
Just go back and hit 'em up style
Get your hands on his cash
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Oh
When you go, then everything goes
From the crib to the ride and the clothes
So you better let em know that
If he mess up, you gotta hit 'em up

All of the dreams you sold, Left me out in the cold. What happened to the days when we used to trust each other? And all of the things I sold, Will take you until you get old. To get 'em back without me, 'Cause revenge is better than money you'll see

Hey ladies
When your men wanna get buck wild
Just go back and hit 'em up style
Get your hands on his cash oh yeah

When you go, then everything goes From the crib to the ride and the clothes So you better let em know that If he mess up, you gotta hit 'em up

If he mess up, you gotta hit 'em up