

# Jahiem, Put That Woman First

Ooh...ooh...ooh...ooh... (Yeah)

(Verse 1:)

If they gleam in the sun  
and they shine while they spin and they fit on my truck then {I could remember}  
And if it came in a sack  
No stems, no seeds in the bag then {I could remember}  
And if it dripped from my wrist  
And it looked it shined light blue then {I could remember}  
But oh, girl  
I forgot to be your lover  
If it wasn't for the 9 to 5  
Double up over time {I could remember}  
If it wasn't for the Sunday All-Star  
Weekend games, girl {I could remember}  
And if it wasn't the dough  
Getting fifty G's a show, girl you know that, {I could remember}  
But silly, me, silly me, oh  
Tell me how could I ever forget to be your lover

(Bridge:)

Now I realize that you need love too (Oh, yeah)  
Spend my life makin' up to you  
Oh, girl  
Oh, I forgot to be your lover

(Chorus:)

When she starts bringin' up old girls  
And the fights keep getting worse (Oh, brother)  
Findin' numbers in her purse  
Better put that woman first (Yeah)  
And you notice she ain't wearin' her ring (Oh, no)  
And she starts playin' little games  
Comin' in home late from work  
You better put that woman first

(Verse 2:)

If it wasn't for the make up on my shirt  
Still I'd be chasin' skirts and {I could remember}  
And if it wasn't for that fight last night  
And you smashin' out my headlights then {I could remember}  
If it wasn't for parole  
Steady duckin' my P.O., girl, you know {I could remember}  
But silly me, silly me, babe  
Tell me how could I ever forget to be your lover

(Bridge:)

Now I realize that you need love too  
Spend my life makin' up to you  
Oh, girl  
Oh, I forgot to be your lover

(Chorus:)

When she starts bringin' up old dirt (Bringin' up old s\*\*\*)  
And the fights keep getting worse  
(Oh...oh...oh...oh...)  
Findin' numbers in her purse (I'm tellin' you, brother)  
Better put that woman first (You better put your woman first)

And you notice she ain't wearin' her ring (Oh, yeah)  
And she starts playin' little games (I'm-I'm-I'm-I'm tellin' you, brother)  
Comin' in home late from work  
You better put that woman first (Put that woman first)

(Breakdown:)

{So many times} Actin' like it really wasn't nothin'  
{So many ways} thought to myself, always runnin'  
{So many games} All that I sin  
{So many words} I need you to stay  
{Always came first} Even though sometimes felt like second  
{Came down to love} You know I had to learn a lesson  
{Spendin' some time} Put in some work  
{And for better or worse} Always put that woman first

(Chorus:)

When she starts bringin' up old dirt  
And the fights keep getting worse (Gettin' worse)  
Findin' numbers in her purse (In her purse)  
Better put that woman first (Put that woman first)  
And you notice she ain't wearin' her ring (Ooh, yeah)  
And she starts playin' little games (Her little games)  
Comin' in home late from work (I'mma say it again)  
You better put that woman first (Put that woman first)

(Chorus:)

When she starts bringin' up old dirt  
And the fights keep getting worse (She's gonna leave you)  
Findin' numbers in her purse  
Better put that woman first (Yeah, yeah, yeah)  
And you notice she ain't wearin' her ring (Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)  
And she starts playin' little games (Yeah, yeah)  
Comin' in home late from work  
You better put that woman first