

Lady Saw, I've Got Your Man (Remix)

(feat. Remy Martin, Marcia Griffiths)

[Intro: Remy Martin]
(Uh huh) Remy Ma (Yes!) Lady Saw (Yes!)

[Lady Saw:]
Pon di remix, mek mi tell yuh this
Bad gal seh we don't fear no one no
Tek any man and we don't give a damn no
Lady Saw comin out with a bang so
Di remix haffi reach numba one yo

[Verse 1: Lady Saw]
Your man he told me that he's tired of the stuff you got
He took one hit and said my good stuff keeps him comin back
He likes it tight and said your stuff is just a little slack
Girl don't get mad at me I'm only tellin you the fact

[Chorus: Lady Saw]
I've got your man and you can't do anything (about it)
You may think he is comin back to you but (I doubt it)
Don't make no sense you even call him and try to (work out it)
Cause I've got your man and you can't do anything (about it)

[Verse 2: Remy Martin]
Look while you, pressin the issue stressin me
I got your man at my crib and he's blessin me
And more or less he told me everything
For what I see ain't no need for us to be really be enemies
You may fee you the one but I'm the one he's won
Right about now you really can't do nothin
Cause Rem's that bitch and you sittin home sick
I got 99 Problems near one of them bitches yes

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Lady Saw]
He told me you don't give him room nor give him breathin space (breathin space)
And when he's out with friends you call and get up on his case (up on his case)
He wants a girl that's down and to not all up in his face
That's why I'm here with him cause I'm about to take your place

[Chorus]

[Verse 4: Remy Martin]
Can you blame him, all you try to do is claim him
Shackle, handcuff and house train him
I don't appreciate all the callin
For private numbers over and over early in the mornin
It really ain't a need to ask where he be
When he leave nine times out of ten he's with me
And my, specialty is cumin on faces
So when you comin, you already know what you tastin it's Rem

[Verse 5: Lady Saw]
This is a lesson yuh fi listen and yuh learn
Tek care of yuh man or else yuh lose fi yuh turn
Respect yuh man and then yuh respect we earn
Diss Lady Saw yuh might now get burn
Notice, when him nah come home pon time
Nuh cussin, all yuh do gi him a good wine
Rub dung him belly and tickle dung him spine
Yuh might tek a next off a him mind, but

[Chorus x2]