

# Buyou (feat. J Cole)

Keri Hilson & J. Cole

One for the paper  
Two for the money You see this is what I like to call buyou music  
Cause you better buy you a car  
You better buy you a phone  
And you better buy you some where to stay  
Or I'mma walk right by you I don't know whats going on baby  
What the hell is going wrong baby  
Used to take me to dinner  
Used to take me shopping now you asking me for my paper  
It's my money, it's my paper, boy my money  
Bet you never get another dime from me  
No, you can't use the phone baby  
Think you need to get your own  
Was looking for a man to hold me down  
But how'd I end up with you?  
Yeah, baby, you  
And as hard as I try sometimes it gets hard paying all these bills  
The note on the car  
So I don't need no broke broke boy tryna holla  
So baby shut it up til you show me some dollars One for the paper  
Two for the money  
Brand new bags, new shoes yeah I want it  
All my girls, fly girls getting money  
All my girls, fly girls getting money One for the paper  
Two for the money  
Nails did, hair did  
Gap yeah I want it  
One for the paper  
Two for the money  
All my girls, fly girls getting money You want a ride or die chick baby  
But you aint got a whip baby  
It aint gon happen  
If you aint got shit you need a walk or die chick baby  
Yeah yeah thats funny  
Don't look my way if you aint got that money  
And I aint making nothing to eat baby  
I think it's time you treat baby Was looking for a man to hold me down  
But how'd I end up with you?  
Yeah, baby, you  
And as hard as I try sometimes it gets hard paying all these bills  
The note on the car  
So I don't need no broke broke boy tryna holla

So baby shut it up til you show me some dollars  
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 Nails did, hair did  
 Gap yeah I want it  
 One for the paper  
 Two for the money  
 All my girls, fly girls getting money  
 I see ya, it's hard not to see ya  
 Face like Aaliyah plus a college degree-ah  
 Climbing up the ladder at that full time job  
 How the hell you end up with a full time slob  
 I mean you been a ride a die for him  
 Paid for the dinner and the movie and the popcorn  
 How you figure it's gon last, he just sit up on his ass  
 And play that damn x-box that you cop for him  
 Buyou, buyou, how much to try you  
 Aint saying you for sale but baby lets be for real  
 Buyou, buyou, shit that I can buy you  
 These n-ggas all the same, either they can't ari you  
 Stringing you along allow me to untie you  
 Vitamin D supply you  
 Let them little boys walk by you  
 They fronting cause they broke  
 But the numbers don't lie  
 If they swear they so fly tell me why they never fly you  
 One for the paper  
 Two for the money  
 Brand new bags, new shoes yeah I want it  
 All my girls, fly girls getting money  
 All my girls, fly girls getting money  
 One for the paper  
 Two for the money  
 Nails did, hair did  
 Gap yeah I want it  
 One for the paper  
 Two for the money  
 All my girls, fly girls getting money  
 Get ya own (getting money)  
 Get ya own (getting money)  
 Get ya own (getting money)  
 I don't need no broke broke boy tryna holla  
 Get ya own (getting money)  
 Get ya own (getting money)  
 Get ya own (getting money)  
 I don't need no broke broke boy tryna holla, holla, holla

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>