

## Hit On Me

Syleena Johnson

Just because you put a ring on my finger  
Just because you put some clothes on my back.  
Just because you gave me money for December  
Doesn't mean that I have to pay you back.

You were my husband  
You were supposed to do the things you chose to do  
I loved you 'til the end  
And I'd rather die before I let my kids see.  
The way you hit on me  
The way you hit on me  
Every night I'd cry hopin' that they'd never see  
The way you hit on me  
The way you hit on me  
The way you hit on me  
How come you hit on me?

I made believe that it really didn't hurt me  
Made believe that I only hurt myself  
I believed you every time you said I'm sorry  
Was too ashamed to tell someone I needed help.

You don't know how you destroy my life.  
I thought I was supposed to be your wife  
And I can't even try to understand  
What you think it takes to be a man.  
Why'd you do it  
Why why why  
Why why why  
What about my children  
What about the babies  
What about the family  
You're supposed to be a husband  
You know nothing good gone come to you  
I'm so tired, I'm so tired  
I'm so weary, I'm so weary  
Can't believe you did this to me  
Can't take it no more  
Can't take it no more.  
(2x)