

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)