

# Let Him Go

Tamar Braxton

Uh, yeah, Redzone, Sole'  
Tamar, yeah, like that

Yeah, what  
Uh-huh, uh-huh  
Uh-huh, uh-huh, uh-huh  
Yeah, what  
Uh-huh, uh-huh  
Uh-huh, uh-huh, uh-huh  
Yeah, what  
Uh-huh, uh-huh  
Uh-huh, uh-huh, uh-huh  
Fly shit  
Uh-huh, uh-huh  
Uh-huh, uh-huh, uh-huh

I saw your man, she's alone  
Hiding out on the low at the show  
Gotta let you know, I gotta let you know  
Cause he's riding out in the six with that trick  
Gotta admit, that nigga slick  
I told you he ain't shit, oh oh  
Oh oh oh

If you say your man's not doin' you right  
And if you say he don't work it right  
And if your still alone while it's late at night  
Let him go, just let him go

If you're doin' more than he's doin' for you  
And if he ain't got no time for you  
You give all your money and he has none for you  
Let him go, just let him go, yeah

How many times, how many lies?  
How many nights you gonna cry?  
And be there all alone, oh, no, oh oh  
Why can't you see?  
Just make him leave and take the key  
'cause girl believe he'll be back again  
Again, again, again, again

Why don't you want a man to treat you right?  
And why do you sit and listen to all his lies?  
You don't wanna take care of a grown man all your life  
Just disconnect the phone  
And leave the man alone, let him go

Uh, girl leave that nigga alone  
Shoulda been gone, when he pulled that shit with the cell phone  
Mothafucka wanna lie cause he dead wrong  
Seen him out with the bitch and his shit's blown  
Fuck love, put him out, don't ask him shit  
Fast as shit, put it like this be the last of shit  
He be beggin' for the passion shit  
Thinkin' 'bout fuckin' you when he jackin' shit, yeah  
What it comes down to you've the clip, seen him trip

Seen the other bitches that he's flossin' with  
Just make sure you two ain't sharin' sip  
Put his hand up the skirt just to feel the hips yeah  
You can tell in his eyes, lies  
Hold ya head high and roll, goodbye  
No time to cry, seen him out, big surprise  
Cause time flies and love dies, yeah  
You way too good for that nigga  
Did all you should for that nigga  
Love had you blind to rewind it  
And die if you could for that nigga  
Gave your life for that nigga  
You'd be a wife for that nigga  
If he can't match you with sorries  
You make it right for that nigga  
What the fuck is the problem here?  
Solve it here  
Get all your shit before mobbin' here  
Clean him out like you robbin' here  
Don't be cryin'  
You know a nigga got a job in here, yeah  
You ain't have any luck with that  
Stuck with that and everybody know you sucked that  
See the chickens put up with that  
High class know I can't fuck with that, what

Oh oh, oh oh, oh oh  
Oh oh, oh oh, oh oh