

## Taste This

Mýa

I'm tired of this shit  
I'm tired of these silly ass games  
I can't even look at you no more  
And I don't think you'll ever understand  
Until you get a dose of your own  
It's your turn now

Crazy how I never use to say a single word  
I just held in all the hurt, all this hurt  
And I was so afraid you might flip out  
And leave me in the cold  
Then my mind ran out of space  
So many stories untold

How would you feel  
If I put my girls before the one I love  
How would it feel  
If every time you wanna talk  
I turn the TV on  
How would you feel  
If when we're making love  
I don't go down no more  
So you know how I feel  
Get ready cause a 3-6-0's about to go down

Taste this  
And let's see if you can handle it  
Just one sip  
You probably choke on your own medicine  
Taste that  
Once you swallow then I got you trapped

No more running  
No more hiding  
And if you try  
I'm still gon find ya  
And get you back  
Get you back

Listenin' to my conversations  
On the other phone  
Got somebody followin' me  
When I leave out our home  
And I am so appalled  
You take it there  
When you're the one who messed up  
It's like I'm sleepin' with the enemy

How would you like it  
If your girlfriend started playin' F.B.I  
And she was the one  
You forgave when she messed up  
And spread her thighs  
Plays with his brain  
Started foolin' with ya money  
Your house  
Your Bens

Your friends  
Your work  
Let's see how you like it  
And take a little taste  
Taste of your own dirt

Taste this  
And let's see if you can handle it  
Just one sip  
You probably choke on your own medicine  
Taste that  
Once you swallow then I got you trapped

No more running  
No more hiding (No)  
And if ya try  
I'm still gon find ya (Find ya)  
And get you back (And get ya back)  
Get you back (I'mma get you back)

I've got to find a remedy  
I'm sleeping with the enemy (Yeah)  
He doesn't know just what's in store  
For they call me a silent storm  
And soon he'll feel all my of pain  
I'll come for sun after the rain (Oh)  
Aint nothin' sweeter than revenge  
To put this bullshit to an end  
Let's see what happens when I come in late  
Mmm mmm mmm mmm  
Lets see what happens if I quit my job  
Oh  
Let's see how you feel when I don't call back  
You can't take it

No more running  
No more hiding  
Cause my crazy ass  
Will find you  
And get you back  
Get you back

Taste this  
You not a man  
If I gotta tell you how to treat me (Oh)  
And I'm not a woman  
If I don't stand up in what I believe in  
Taste that  
50/50's it's suppose to be  
But less than 25 is what you gave me

No more running  
No more hiding (Yep)  
And if ya try  
I'm still gon find ya (See, I'mma find you)  
And get you back  
Get you back

Oh  
You hurt me so bad  
Yeah  
You hurt me  
You hurt me so bad

Why'd you do it  
I'm still gon get your ass  
Now the next mans gonna pay  
For all your games  
Why, why, no  
It's such a shame  
No, no, no, no, no