

## The Roots Feat. Erykah Badu "Yout Got Me"

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Chorus:

If you don't worry 'bout where  
I been or who I saw or  
What club I went to with my homies  
Baby don't worry, you know that you got me

Somebody told me that this planet was small  
We used to live in the same building on the same floor  
And never met before until I'm overseas on tour  
And peep this Ethiopian Queen from Philly  
Taking classes abroad  
She studying film in photo flash focus record  
Said she working on a flick and could my clique do the  
score  
She said she love my show in Paris in ElysÃ©e  
Montmartre  
And that I stepped off the stage and took a piece of her  
heart  
We knew from the start that things fall apart  
Intense and shatter, she like, that shit don't matter  
When I get home, get at her, pull out her phone  
Whatever, let's lay, let's get together  
Shit, you think that not?  
Think that dog went home and forgot

Time passed, now we back in Philly, she up in my spot  
Telling me the things I'm tellin' her is makin' her hot  
Started building with her constantly 'round the  
clock Now she in my world like hip-hop, and keep telling  
me...

Chorus

Yo, I'm the type that's always catchin' a flight  
And sometimes I got to be out at the height of the  
night And that's when she flip and get on some ...

Another lonely night?  
Seems like I'm on the side, you only lovin' your mic  
I know you gotta get that paper daddy, keep that shit  
tight

But yo, I need some sort of love in my life, you dig me?  
While politickin' with my sister from New York City  
She said she know this ball player, and he think I'm  
pretty  
Psych, I'm playin' boo, you know it's just with you I'm  
stayin' boo  
And when cats be poppin' game I don't hear what they  
sayin', boo  
When you out there in the world, I'm still your girl  
With all my classes I don't have the time for life's thrills  
So when you sweatin' on state, think of me when you  
rhyme  
And don't be listenin' to your homies, they be leadin'  
you blind

Yeah, so what you sayin' is I can trust you

Is you crazy? You my king, for real

But sometimes, relationships get ill

No doubt

Chorus

That snake could be that chick or that rat  
She's trying to play you for the fool, black  
If something's on your chest the let it be known  
See I'm not your "every-five-minutes" all on the phone  
And on the topic of trust, it's just a matter of fact  
That people bite back, fracture what's in tact  
And they'll forever be  
I ain't on some "Oh, I'm celebrity"  
I deal with the real, so if it's artificial, let it be  
I seen people caught in love like whirlwinds  
Listening to they squalls and listenin' to they girlfriends  
That's exactly the point where they whole world ends  
Lies come in, that's where the drama begins  
And she like....yo

Chorus

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