

Badu Erykah

"Tyrone"

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[Erykah] "Lets See How Ya'll Groove to this"
"Alright"
I'm gettin' tired of your shit
You don't never buy me nothin'
See Everytime you come around
You got to bring Jim, James, Paul, & Tyrone
See why can't we be by ourselves, sometimes
See I've been having this on my mind
For a long time
I just want it to be
You and me
Like It used to be, Baby
But ya don't know how to act
So matter of fact
[Chorus]
I think ya better call Tyrone
(Call Him)
And Tell him come on, Help you get your Shit (Come
On, Come on)
You need to Call Tyrone
(Call Him)
And tell him I said come on
Now everytime I ask you for a little cash
You say no and turn right around and ask me for some
ass
Oh, Well hold up
Listen partna
I ain't no cheap thrill
Cause Miss Badu is always comin' for real
And you know the deal
Everytime we go somewhere
I gotta reach down in my purse
To pay your way and your homeboys way
And sometimes your cousin's way
They don't never have to pay
Don't have no cars
Hang around in bars
Try to hang around with stars
Like Badu
I'm gon' tell you the truth
Show and prove

or get the boot
I think ya better, (Erykah Badu-He, he he)
(Call Him)
And tell him come on
Help you get your shit
You need to call Tyrone
(Call Him)
[Erykah Badu]"Hold On"
But ya can't use my phone

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