

## **Blackstreet** **"Call Me"**

Visit "[Call Me](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Blackstreet, JJ  
Come on  
Uh, uh, uh, uh  
Yeah, what what

What's up girlfriend?  
What's up boyfriend?  
Yo meet my girlfriend  
Meet my boyfriend  
This is my girlfriend  
This is my boyfriend  
So what's up girlfriend?  
So what's up boyfriend?  
Yeah you know, uh huh, what's up?

I can't get her off my back  
Give her a little love she don't know how to act  
She be gettin' mad 'cause I don't want her back  
I didn't know honey gets down like that  
Now girl I gotta watch us pack  
This female is a fatal attract  
Maybe 'cause she got zipper to jack  
She didn't know I puts it down like that  
That's why

Girlfriend on the phone  
Call me all day on the telephone  
Blowin' up my beeper 'cause she ready to bone  
Played me once, won't leave me alone

She keep paging me, calling me, stalking me, hawkin'  
me  
Followin' me, telling me that she lovin' me  
But my girlfriend said, just handle it  
I can't handle it  
Just handle it  
I can't handle it  
Just handle it  
I can't handle it  
Uh, pick it up JJ one time

I can't get him out of my hair

Had the boy playin' truth or dare  
Callin' my phone this is where I be  
Boy said, sweetie you're my main squeeze  
It's 2am and he's back again  
Arms on my waist, all in my way  
Boy there must be more spice than this

Boyfriend on the phone  
Call me all day on the telephone  
Blowin' up my beeper 'cause he ready to bone  
Played me once, won't leave me alone

He keep paging me, calling me, stalking me, hawkin'  
me  
Followin' me, telling me that he's lovin' me  
But my baby said, just handle it  
I can't handle it  
Just handle it  
I can't handle it  
Just handle it  
I can't handle it  
Just handle it  
I can't handle it

Yeah, turn the lights off, it's about to get plenty dark  
You wasn't smart, you started fuckin' Ja with your heart  
If I ripped it apart don't hate me, thank me baby  
If my world was yours it would drive you crazy  
'Cause I love what I do, like fuckin' you hoes and soon  
Talk to your tears until you feel there's something to  
prove  
And with nothing to lose I can see you being a tease  
You fuckin' with me, just know we fuckin' for free

Yeah I know that you was lost, first bite had you tossed  
E-V-E, caramel skin bitch cost  
And before you stroke the kitty nigga better break off  
Nigga wanna fuckin' run, better shake off  
Show me something, diamonds and the furs ain't  
nothin'  
Impress me, bless me with a Hummer, think I'm  
frontin'?  
Big cat with the big gat ready to fuck  
One nutt you done screamin' "damn baby I'm stuck!"

Why in the world would you continue to run my way?  
Got hit once, found out that I don't play  
What the deal mami?  
Who pushed you through the irony of Fuckin'  
And suckin' me, splitin' the coke with me

Yeah you used to have me flippin'  
All your ex-hoes had me bitchin'  
Daddy, I never front, your dick game keep me twitchin'  
(No doubt) How can you deny this freak?  
Shhh no need to speak, just meet me on Blackstreet

Girlfriend on the phone  
Call me all day on the telephone  
Blowin' up my beeper 'cause she ready to bone  
Played me once, won't leave me alone

Boyfriend on the phone  
Call me all day on the telephone  
Blowin' up my beeper 'cause he ready to bone  
Played me once, won't leave me alone

Girlfriend on the phone  
Call me all day on the telephone  
Blowin' up my beeper 'cause she ready to bone  
Played me once, won't leave me alone

Boyfriend on the phone  
Call me all day on the telephone  
Blowin' up my beeper 'cause he ready to bone  
Played me once, won't leave me alone

She/he keep paging me, calling me, stalking me,  
hawkin' me  
Followin' me, telling me that s/he lovin' me  
But my baby/girlfriend said, just handle it  
I can't handle it  
Just handle it  
I can't handle it  
Just handle it  
I can't handle it  
Just handle it  
I can't handle it

We out

Visit [Blackstreet](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.