

Eve "Argument (Skit)"

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(phone rings)

Boyfriend: Pick it up, pick it up

Eve: Relax, dawg. (Hello?, Hello?)

Boyfriend: Pick it up, you don't be picking up the phone when I'm around lately when I'm around all the time lately and all that shit, man. Shit going to your head and all that- don't forget where the fuck you came from.

Eve: Yeah, nigga and not from you, relax.

Boyfriend: You know what?

Eve: (sighs)What?

Boyfriend: e gonna have to talk about this later?

Eve: (Whispers) He on his period, yo. (Huh, nah, I'ma hit you back, I'ma hit you back, I'ma hit you right back. Aight, yeah)

Boyfriend: What you say, what you say, what you say? Who that you talking all crazy on the phone to- who was that?

Eve: Oh my god! Why is you trippin? Damn we go through this every fucking night!

Boyfriend: What do you mean I'm every night you don't pick up the phone sometimes, you hiding and shit. Who was that on the phone?

Eve: Dawg, I'm a busy woman!

Boyfriend: You're busy ever since you can back from California you all Hollywood and shit, Diva shit and all that. Every time I gotta go through all of this with you! You ain't been acting like that!

Eve: Nigga is you for real? No that's you! You acting like a girl, dawg. Why is you acting like a broad?

Boyfriend: Hold on, hold on! First of all, watch your mouth.

Eve: What?

Boyfriend: Talking all crazy and everything like I'm acting like a nigga give you a little extra attention, you start acting like a nigga stressing you and all that too much.

Eve: You know what? Keep your attention, dawg...please! I get enough attention.

Boyfriend: Oh, keep my attention? See all that shit!

Eve: Yeah! And in a matter of fact- Roll out!

Boyfriend: Roll out?

Eve: Yeah!

Boyfriend: Well, fuck it! Rolling then!

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