

T. Rex**"Let Me Tell You Something"**

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[Intro (T.I.)]

Want to be your man, please...tell you why

(I know what y'all thinking)

Doop doop doop doop doop doop

(First he can't be my man, now he want to be my man)

(I wish this nigga make his mind up)

Can't live my life...tell you why

(All my niggaz man we gonna have be 21 bout this shit
you know)

Oh baby, oh baby

(We gonna step out the track for one sec, one sec)

[Verse 1]

Now what I got to say, seal with a kiss

Know I can't be your man why I feel like this

What I need with a woman when I live like this

Different chicks running in and out the crib like this

Maybe five, maybe six, seven, eight'll be enough

Plus the twins make ten but for you I give it up

Set times to the side just for us to live it up

Walking out a rav farm, purple label linen ???

It's hard for me to discuss what I had vision for us

Lots of trust, and a crib worth a couple million plus

So what if I got a pass, labelled a dirt bag

By the minute, hearts I broken and women I hurt bad

Might I add Christian Dior and fur jackets

A part of the pack, but still far from a marriage

It's easy to lose balance when hearts just start carin

With the attractions apparent, it's hard to stop starin

[Hook]

Hey baby let me tell you sumthin, come here I need to
tell you sumthin

(Tell you why)

Hey shorty let me tell you sumthin, wanna talk need to
tell you sumthin

(doop doop doop doop doop doop doop)

Lil mama let me tell you sumthin, I wanna tell you
sumthin

(Cant live my life...without you)

Hey baby let me tell you sumthin, Shorty I've been

meanin to tell you sumthin
(Oh baby, oh baby)

[Verse 2]

If I can get a little bit of your time, shorty
I got some shit I want to get out my mind, and I know
You get enough of niggaz hollerin ya fine (hey
Ask...ask ya friend man, man I got this)
Introductions seem to bug you, them partnas of mine
My bad, I know you think I'm probably lyin
And that i stop to conversate with women all of the
time... man
Look, but half of that shit is all in ya mind
Say you should follow your heart and I'm follow my
mind
But anyway, when I see yo' face
Im thinking three or four days in Montego Bay
At the Half Moon, but I know she gon' say
I already have too many hoes, I know
But if I had you, all the dough I'd blow
On eleven karat pink stones trillion row
I wanna be the reason why you showing ya teeth
Without a worry in the world when you rollig with me

[Hook]

[Roger Troutman's - "I Want To Be Your Man" plays]

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