

Tamar Braxton, Get None

Hook:

You can go home run your phone bill up, run your cell phone up
You don't get none
You can page me all you want but I won't call right back
Naw naw you won't get none
You can buy me diamonds, nice trips on the beach
But you still don't get none
Trying to use cash to get you some ass
Face the facts, nigga, you ain't gonna get none

Verse 1:

Mr. First class baller
I got a few thangs to say to you
Right now you're getting on my
With your trickin' bad habit issues
I'm sure if I was with you
No doubt I would be laced up
But I got a term paper due
Don't get it confused
My mind is on other things not you

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Verse 2:

I ain't a part time lover
There's a couple things I just don't do
Won't be no hoe, just drop my clothes
All those silly things that you're used to
So if you stepping then approach me like a lady
Or there is no me at all
I take my time, won't cross the line
Until I really know

Bridge:

I've seen you're type before
You think you got so much game
Money is everything
And that's all I need to be happy
But it don't mean a thing
Soon you're gonna see
That's not how it should be
Until that day boy get nothing

JD:

Okay if it's going like that let it go like this
Why you all up in the corner with me drinking my Cris?
Straight laughing, talking, leading me on

Amil:

Huh, no that was your ass reading me wrong

JD:

Now, come on, you act like I am the broke type
Can't be serious

JD:
What
You acting like I'm the hoe type

Amil:
Just cause you tricked a little doe tonight
That don't mean your taking me home tonight

JD:
Shit, Is that right?

Amil:
That's right, get your rap tight
Press your brakes, put off your back lights

JD:
What you sayin?
I'm playin. and I ain't gonna get get it?
Huh, I'm the man girl, look how quick I got your digits

Amil:
Oh, that's just my pager

JD:
I know that, but I'm saying

Amil:
Well, if you know that then you know I ain't gotta call back
Poppin' Cris all night
Like I'm gonna fall for that
You need more than that to pull a ballers act

Hook out:
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