

2Pac, U Can Call

(feat. Jazze Pha)

[Verse One: 2Pac]

Dear baby you the picture of perfection
Straight from your million dollar smile
to my attraction to your complexion
No hesitation needed; you got me
inhalin the aroma of your perfume, and feelin heated
I move closer to drop the lines of my introduction
Hold out my hand, and grab yo' hand, now we touchin
My lyrics are poetry
So baby get a ticket to go with me
Thugged out so you notice me
It's a positive attraction; see pictures of us
layin butt-naked on the beach kickin back relaxin
And only you can calm, the savage beast
Look in my eyes are you surprised, that it's me?
I wanna make you mine
I'm kissin on you tryin to make it different every time (that's right)
I'm so lonely in my bedroom, lookin at the walls
Withcha number in my hand, wonderin should I even call her tonight

[Chorus: Jazze Pha]

Anytime you like, baby you can call me
Need a thug up in yo' life, never find nobody like me
Cause I know what you want, and girl you know I got you
You got what I need, and shorty it's all on you
Baby call on me

[Verse Two: 2Pac]

Been gettin nuttin but bad news, ever since the day you left me
I sit and wonder is there a way, you could forget me
Remember my phone calls, my late visits
Us havin breakfast in bed, then we straight kick it
Me and you in satin sheets, 'til after two
Come take a walk on the wild side, enjoy the view
Whenever we collide; it's bound to be a pleasurable time
Makin love 'til the early light
Sweetheart don't fight the feelin
Come get a shot of this plain dealin and concentrate on the ceiling
It's my intention to brush up
Beware of the fireworks, cause everytime we touch..
.. it's bound to be, so relax, clown with me
As if you're down with me, get around and see
The brother with tattoos and no fears
Runnin my fingers through your hair if you call me

[Chorus]

[Verse Three: 2Pac]

Pardon me, but let's be specific
Baby cause if you down with me, nigga we can kick it
And let's take trips and ride airplanes
A hundred thousand dollar car on dem gold thangs, so can you hang?
Cause we can be real tight (right)
I got a big suite at the hot', if it feel right
My only wish is to be witcha
You got me steady strivin to getcha
Fantasizin of friendly pictures
The pressure's gettin major
I wonder will you answer my call, if I page ya
Got me goin wild with anticipation
Face to face with us locked up in strange places, what will it take
Cause the heartache be heatbreak, is my prediction

when you falsify and start fake, in my position
I'm a careful man, but a player when I ball
Got my eyes on you baby, can I call?

[Chorus - repeat 2X]