

702, Tell Your Girl

Tell your girl to stop callin' my phone (I like that)
Tell her to get a life and leave us alone (whoa)
Will she get over it and leave us be
Gotta take care of yours
But you still gotta be with me

I got somethin' on my mind
So I'm 'bout to speak my peace
Cuz I'm sick of all the calls and I'm tired of all the beef
Callin' my crib 7 days a week?
Hangin' up with nuthin' to say?
She hate me cuz I got your love
She's the one that got your baby

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Cuz the closer I get to you
The minute she's all up in your crib
Talkin' 'bout how ya'll should work it out
And it would be better for the kid
But she won't pull that shit on me
Cuz I'm hip to the game and ain't got nuthin' to do with her
So why she keep frontin' wit you and me

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I know that everyday (everyday)
You think to turn away (no, no, no)
I know you made mistakes & you wish that it would change
Once you look on the outside of things
You get nuthin' but love from me
So So, I'ma hold it down for you
No matter what anybody else do to you baby

Tell your girl
Don't call my phone
Tell her to leave
Leave us alone

Tell your girl
Don't call my phone
Why don't she leave
Leave us alone

Tell your girl to stop callin' my phone (I like that)
Tell her to get a life and leave us alone (whoa)
Will she get over it and leave us be
Gotta take care of yours
But you still gotta be with me

(Repeat till end)