

Badu Erykah, Tyrone

Badu Erykah

Live

Tyrone

"Lets See How Ya'll Groove to this"

"Alright"

I'm gettin' tired of your shit

You don't never buy me nothin'

See Everytime you come around

You got to bring Jim, James, Paul, & Tyrone

See why can't we be by ourselves, sometimes

See I've been having this on my mind

For a long time

I just want it to be

You and me

Like It used to be, Baby

But ya don't know how to act

So matter of fact

[Chorus]

I think ya better call Tyrone

(Call Him)

And Tell him come on, Help you get your Shit (Come On, Come on)

You need to Call Tyrone

(Call Him)

And tell him I said come on

Now everytime I ask you for a little cash

You say no and turn right around and ask me for some ass

Oh, Well hold up

Listen partna

I ain't no cheap thrill

Cause Miss Badu is always comin' for real

And you know the deal

Everytime we go somewhere

I gotta reach down in my purse

To pay your way and your homeboys way

And sometimes your cousin's way

They don't never have to pay

Don't have no cars

Hang around in bars

Try to hang around with stars

Like Badu

I'm gon' tell you the truth

Show and prove

or get the boot

I think ya better, (Erykah Badu-He, he he)

(Call Him)

And tell him come on

Help you get your shit

You need to call Tyrone

(Call Him)

[Erykah Badu]"Hold On"

But ya can't use my phone