

Ruff Endz, Are You Messing Around

Check it out, Ruff Endz, two thousand yo.
No doubt, a lady, for all the shorties.

I wanna send some love out to my baby.
Cause she's the only that makes me feel complete.
I gotta send a shout out to my lady.
Cause she's my shorty, my dime piece, my homie,
And she's the only girl for me.

I'm lying in my bedroom, thinking about my baby.
She's like a picture from a magazine,
And she's all mine.
I'm really really feeling her,
And I wanna tell the world.
So Mr. DeeJay, won't you please play,
A song for us,

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Cause she's the only that makes me feel complete.
I gotta send a shout out to my lady.
Cause she's my shorty, my dime piece, my homie,
And she's the only girl for me.

Stop, hold up, let me tell ya, what the deal,
I was wrong, and I know it, gotta say it.
I was running with some other girl,
And I knew I was wrong, I was wrong, yes I was.
So I'm calling to apologize, on the radio.
So Mr. DeeJay, can you please say a shout out for me?

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Cause she's the only that makes me feel complete.
I gotta send a shout out to my lady.
Cause she's my shorty, my dime piece, my homie,
And she's the only girl for me.

That's right, check it out,
This one goes out to my dime piece,
This one goes out to my homies.
This one goes out to my shorties.
This one goes out to all the ladies.
Mr. DeeJay, oh, play something,
Something for my baby.
Send a shout out to my baby.

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Cause she's the only that makes me feel complete.
I gotta send a shout out to my lady.
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