

# Tyrese, Alter Ego Outro

Intro: Tyrese + Black-Ty

Oh, oh yeah, ahem

Ay play that back one more time okay here we go

(knock on door) Ay who dat?

It's Black-Ty!

What's goin on man?

I gotta holla at you about somethin

Give me one second

(Black-Ty:)

Nah, you been ignorin me for years

I wanna talk to you right now about my rap career

But I'ma take you way back to when you first start rappin

'Member you was in the rap group Triple Went Pack

(Tyrese:)

Mannn I don't wanna talk now I'm in the vocal booth

Tryin to get this song done like I'm supposed to do

I need you to get up outta here

I don't wanna talk to you about no rap career

(Black-Ty:)

See, that's the problem, we don't share the same vision

I've been tryin to think of what to say to make your ass listen

But nah, every time I bring up the subject

You comin back at me talkin R&B shit

(Tyrese:)

Cause I know hip-hop, is a dangerous game

I love hip-hop, but I don't want that thing

All my concerts, got girls in the audience

I don't want nobody tryin to take my life and shit

(Black-Ty:)

Yeah right, you know you wanna get back on the mic

Cause every time you on stage singin you cuffin the mic

Tellin your fans to put they hands in the muthafuckin' air

And wave 'em side to side like they just don't care

(Tyrese:)

But the rap game to me seems shady

All them diss records will probably drive me crazy

All the ladies give me love when I go to club

I don't wanna have to keep my eyes out for no thugs

(Black-Ty:)

Aight, I admit it, the rap game's a little shady

But they ain't gon' ever dance in the club to songs like 'Sweet Lady'

I see you pop bottles with top models and then you go to the floor

You dance to everybody's shit but yours

(Tyrese:)

Mmm, nigga you startin to piss me off

Won't you climb back in your box, Black-Ty get lost

I can't believe you send that 'bout my song 'Sweet Lady'

Please leave me alone, you about to drive me crazy

(Black-Ty:)

Man you trippin, it's way cheaper to make a rap album

Ten to fifteen thou', you payin 100 thou' per track

And you don't wanna rap nigga?

Put out two or three albums and go platinum nigga? Damn

(Tyrese:)

Mmm, man I'm not listenin to you  
I love R&B, this is what I do  
R&B's the reason that I'm drivin that Bentley  
House on the hill, bank account got plenty  
So nigga don't talk to me, about R&B  
when every rap nigga out tryin to sing

(Black-Ty:)

Yeah that's true, but I ain't gon' ever do that shit  
I'm a call a R&B guy to sing that shit  
Matter of fact think about it, me and you can be on the same record  
Me on the verses, and you can sing the hooks and shit  
Man, I guarantee we'll win a Grammy with that  
That's on me, we'll shake up the industry with that

(Tyrese:)

Probably so, but no, I don't wanna do a song wit you  
Cause I probably never ever get along wit you  
Who do you think you are, talkin to me  
Nigga get up outta here 'fore I call my security

(Black-Ty:)

Call 'em, I don't give a fuck, we from Watts, remember?  
I walk right past the sign that said 'Do Not Enter'  
Matter of fact you a singer, why you need security?  
Ain't nobody even after you; you Hollywood dude

(Tyrese:) Hold up, I got a phone call comin through

(Tyrese Gibson the actor:)

This is Tyrese Gibson the movie star, I make more money than both of you  
While you talkin rap and R&B dude  
Everybody that, raps or sing is makin movies

(Tyrese + Black-Ty:) Why is that?

(Gibson:) Cause ain't no money in the music industry; one!

(Tyrese:) Uh, damn, did he hang up the phone?

(Black-Ty:)

Yeah the nigga's Hollywood, he's gone  
Like I was sayin, I just wanna get at you about some business homie

(Tyrese:)

Oh man I don't wanna talk to you about this shit no more  
Please get out of my vocal booth and walk out the door  
Who do you think you are talkin to me?  
I'm a singer and all my fans love me

(Black-Ty:)

I ain't tryin to stop you from singin R&B  
I been in a little box for 12 years, I just wanna breathe  
Let me out please, I guarantee  
that everybody in this industry gon' wanna do a song with me

(Tyrese:)

Oh damn, let me think about it..  
Oh damn, I'm done thinkin about it  
Hell no, hell no  
I don't know if I'm ready to let you out let you out  
These niggas might not understand what you about you about  
You might be cursin and callin women out they names  
It might be disrespectful to my whole fanbase

(Black-Ty:)

Nah man, I got a whole lot of respect for these hoes  
I'm just fuckin' with you nigga, for real it's a joke (chuckles)

(Tyrese:)

Nah man, I don't really think this shit is real funny  
Because of my fans I made a whole lot of money  
I was able to travel around the world and shit!  
5-star hotels with black cards and shit!  
I know I never won a Grammy, so what?  
Everywhere I go my fans show me so much love

(Outro: Black-Ty)

Fuck it, pssh  
Guess I ain't gon' ever be able to get through to you  
I don't give up that easy though  
I'm a get at you tomorrow  
Go ahead and finish your little R&B song punk  
(door closes)