Tyrone

Kulture

Alright
I'm gettin tired of your shit
You don't never buy me nothin'
See every time you come around
You got to bring Jim, James, Paul and 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 you don't know how to act, so matter fact
I think you better call Tyrone
(Call him)
And tell him come on, help you get your shit
(Come on, come on, come on)
You need to call Tyrone
(Call him)
And tell him I said come on
Now every time I ask you for a little cash
You say no but turn right around and ask me for some ass
Oh well hold up listen partner I ain't no cheap thrill
'Cuz Miss Badu's always comin for real, you know the deal nigga
Every time 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 gonna tell you the truth
Show and prove, work in the boo
I think you better call him
And tell him come on, help you get your shit
(Come on, come on, come on)
You need to call Tyrone
(Call him)
But you can't use my phone

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/