Miscommunication

Timbaland ft. Keri Hilson, Sebastian

Two step
Let me talk to you girl
I'm in your part of town
I call your phone and you're nowhere to be found
You do this every time
You be in my 'A' every single time
The part that kills me
You rather chill with your friends instead of me
But I ain't gon' be no clown
I guess I'll call you next time I'm in your town, then you say to me
"So what, I was out with my friends
I'm a grown woman, it's the weekend
So what if I don't answer my phone
What if I'm not alone I'm with him, what's it to you?"
I need to get out
You, you, you are killin' me
You're killin' me
You're killin' me
And I just wanna get out
You, you, you are killin' me
You're killin' me
You're
What you wanna do, do, do
What you wanna do, do, do
Tell me
I cannot escape, no matter what I do
Can't get away from you
Call me everyday and that was never cool
Gettin' on my nerves, I think it's time you knew
Oh they gave you my number 'cause
In the train you was cuter plus, you looked sad and lonely
But that's all it was, just put you in the game and
Here you go complainin', what's up with you?
I need to get out
You, you, you are killin' me
You're killin' me
You're killin' me
And I just wanna get out
You, you, you are killin' me

You're killin' me
You're
What you wanna do, do, do
What you wanna do, do, do
Tell me
Like whoa lil' mama
It's the second time I'm callin' your number
I ain't chasin', I ain't even no runner
But you know I push the Hummer in the summer
How you hard to be reached?
I can put you where you hard to be reached
Black sand on the balls of your feet
You can scream "Ain't nobody gone be 'sleep"
This your own private beach
And when it comes to sex
Just a little bit of love and a little bit of that
Baby push your back where your ribs is at
Share a bowl of crunch berries, how real is that?
I'm just jokin' of course
I'm tryin' to put your sex game back on course
If you feelin' dry like you don't get morose
If you ever get a minute holler at your boy

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