

Tyrone

Erykah Badu

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

I'ma test this out right quick on y'all
Now keep in mind I'm an artist and I'm sensitivie about my shit
So y'all be nice about it, alright
Sisters how y'all feel, brothers y'all alright
Let me see how y'all groove to this 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 ya don't know how to act So matter of fact, I think ya 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 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 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'ma tell you the truth
Showing groove or get the boot I think ya better (call him)
And tell him come on, help you get your shit You need to call Tyrone (call him)
Hold on but ya can't use my phone

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