

# Miscommunication (ft. Keri Hilson & Sebastian)

## Timbaland

Oh! Two step, oh!  
Let me talk to you, girl! What? I'm in your part of town  
I call your phone, and you're no where to be found  
You do this every time  
You be M.I.A. every single time The part that kills me  
You rather chill with your friends instead of me, huh  
But I ain't gon' be no clown  
I guess I call you next time I'm in your town  
And you say to me... So what, I was out with my friends  
I'm a grown woman  
It's the weekend, oh  
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, you, you  
Are killing me; you're killing me, you're killing me  
And I  
Just wanna get out  
You, you, you, you, you  
Are killing me; you're killing me, you're...  
What ya wanna do, do, do?  
What ya wanna do, do, do? I cannot escape  
No matter what I do  
Can't get away from you, oh  
Call me everyday  
And that there ain't never cool  
Getting on my nerves  
I think it's time you knew  
Only gave you my number 'cause drinks made you cuter, plus  
You were looking sad and lonely, ooo  
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, you, you  
Are killing me; you're killing me, you're killing me  
And I  
Just wanna get out

You, you, you, you, you  
Are killing me; you're killing me, you're...  
What ya wanna do, do, do?  
What ya wanna do, do, do? Like, whoa, lil' mama, it's the second time I'm callin' your number  
I ain't chasin'; I ain't even no runner  
Don't you know I push the Hummer in the summer, huh?  
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 no body gon' be asleep  
This your own private beach, ha ha  
And when it comes to sex  
Just a little bit of love and little bit of that  
Maybe push it back where your ribs is at  
Share a bowl of crunch berries, how real is that? ha ha  
I'm just jokin' of course  
I'm trying to put your sex game back on course  
If you feelin' dry, like you don't get moist  
If you ever get a minute, holla at yo' boy

Songwriters

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