

Tyrone

Bertie Blackman

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

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