

# 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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