

Tyrone

Erykah Badu

I'm gettin' tired of your shit
You don't never buy me nothin'
See everytime 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 havin' this on my mind for a long time
I just want it to be, you and me
Like it used to be, baby
But 'cha don't know how to act
So matter fact I think you'd 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! Whoa!
Now hold up, listen partner I ain't no cheap thrill
Cause Miss Badu's always comin' for real
You now the deal, nigga
Everytime we go somewhere, I gotta reach down in my purse
To pay your way and your homeboy's way
And sometimes your cousin's way
They don't never have to pay
Don't have no cars
Hang around in bars
Tryna hang around with stars
Like Badu Ima tell you the truth
Show improve
Or get the boot
I think you'd 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)
Hold on...
But you can't use my phone

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>