

# 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

