

Miscommunication

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 you're killing me
and I
just wanna get out
you you you you you
are killing me you're killing you're killing me
whatcha wanna do? do do whatcha 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, oh
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 your killing you're killing me
and i
just wanna get out
you you you you you
are killing me you're killing you're killing me
whatcha wanna do? do do whatcha 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 sleep,
this your own private beach, haha
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, haha
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