

Pick Up The Phone

Tyrese

Man we talking race cars nigga, this ain't no joke
Hello, hello
Uh, yea
Hello, hello
Fresh out the kitchen
Hello, hello
So don't touch it yet, ha ha its hot
Hello, hello
Uh, we bout to cross the finish line ladies and gentlemen
Hello, hello
I suggest you common
Hello, hello
Shh shh shh shh, Woo, Shh shh shh shh, Woo
Hello, hello
Tyrese, Uh, Luda, Kells
Hello, hello, hello, hello
When you hear the

Hello
Hello
Hello, hello
Hello
Hello, hello
Hello
Hello
Pick up the phone!
Hello
Hello
Hello, hello
Hello
Hello, hello
Hello
Hello
When you hear the

Hello, hello
yo wassup, this is Kells
Hello, hello
Im not in right now
Hello, hello
Leave your name and number at the beep
Hello, hello
I'll get with cha
Pick up the phone!
Hello
Hello
Hello, hello
Common
Hello
Hello, hello
Hello
Hello
Ahh...Common

Everywhere I go, its another show
Its another party, its another ho
And everywhere I go, its another hommie

Its another drinkin', its another room

And getting that cash, its always a tailor
Always a true love, always a hater
When youz a star, there's never a way out
These broke ass niggaz is gon' have they hands out

I'm tiiiiired of the drama Ho
I'm bout to hop my ass off in my hummer Ho
And hit the road like I was car racing
On a va-cation, leave 'em all saying
When you hear the

Hello
Hello
Hello, hello
Hello
Hello, hello
Hello
Hello
Pick up the phone!
Hello
Hello
Hello, hello
Hello
Hello, hello
Hello
Hello
When you hear the

Hello, hello
Yo wassup, this is Kells
Hello, hello
I'm not in right now
Hello, hello
Leave your name and number at the beep
Hello, hello
I'll get with cha
Pick up the phone

Hello
Hello
Woo
Hello, hello
Woo
Hello
Wo-Woo
Hello, hello
Hello
Wo-Woo
Hello
When you hear the

Now when you hear the beep leave a message
Only way you can catch me, on the south side of town
With them things on the ground
Cause I'm ballin' like Spalding, shootin' dice like pool
Plus in up in the club, for free cause I got hooked

I never buy drinks, for bitches
Unless this bitch my misses
Or this bitch is my mistress, giving me sexual healing

No time for love feelings whoa
Don't tell me y'all alone whoa
This here like drug dealings
Get your kiss out and I'm gone

Seven hiaasen honeys piled up in the Bentley Coup
Chinese chicken heads, fella what you wanna do
Man I'm tired of all these fake nigga type dudes
Chicks wanna rotate with these eight figga type dudes

I'm a fresh dude, white T and throw back dude
All white shoes...blue, yellow, red jewels
Money is like steroids, look at my mussels
And if the dance play out, its back to the hustle
Some say the albums comin' out, it ain't gon sell
Debut at number one, click!
When you hear the

Hello, hello
This ya baby boy Tyrese
Hello, hello
If you ain't spreading that seed
Hello, hello
Don't even leave ya number
Hello, hello
Pick up the phone!

Hello, hello
Ay, this Luda
Hello, hello
Either you nuttin' or you ain't talking about nuttin'
Hello, hello
I ain't tryin' to hear it
Hello, hello
When you hear the

Hello, hello
Yo, this is Kells
Hello, hello
You ain't talking bout no money
Hello, hello
I ain't callin you back
Hello, hello
Pick up the phone!

Hello
Hello
Hello, hello
Hello
Wo-Woo
Hello, hello
Hello
Wo-Woo

Unless you talkin dough, don't call my phone
If you talking sex, then call my phone
If you with yo man don't call my phone
When that niggaz gone then call my phone, yea

Unless you got some drink, don't call my phone
Twenty chicks or more, then call my phone
If you need a favor, don't call my phone
If you got some ksst then call my phone

When you hear the

Hello, hello
Yo wassup, this is tyrese
Hello, hello
If you ain't me callin about no money
Hello, hello
Get up off my phone
Hello, hello
Pick up the phone!

Hello, hello
Yo waddup, this is Luda
Hello, hello
Probably looking at the Caller ID
Hello, hello
Don't even wanna talk to yo ass
Hello, hello
When you hear the

Hello, hello
Yo wassup, this is Kellis
Hello, hello
I'm not in right now
Hello, hello
Leave your name and number at the beep
Hello, hello
Ill get with ya
Hello, hello
Pick up the phone!

Woo
Now see I'm just a black man livin' out a black mans dream
I went from Popeye's to eatin Flintstone wings
Pourin' out alcohol, rollin up green
Playin' X-Box on a hundred inch screen

Man its not a game, these dangs they not used ta
Takin' private jets and flying to St. Lousa
And then we can sex till the break of dawn-N
Cause I love em tonight but don't respect 'em in the mornin'

Oooh, I got million stash
Cause in god we trust, but other people pay cash
A man once told me, no guts no glory
So I got the beam attached to my twin glock 40's

And all my X girlfriends, wipe your smile
Six cars and seven cribs, how y'all like me now?
I had to turn off the ringer just to hear ya moan
But if its ya man, pick up the God damn phone
When you hear the

Hello, hello
Yea, for the grown and sexy
Hello, hello
Tyrese, Rob Cal collabo.
Hello, hello
Pick up the phone!

Hello
Hello
Hello, hello

Hello
Hello, hello
Hello
Hello