

Yo, what up, this Wyclef with Mary J.
I serenade the girls with my accoustic guitar
You know what I'm sayin'?
Yo, fellas havin' problems with the chicks?
I want you right now to turn the lights down low
Pull your girl up next to you
I want you to sing this to her

If death comes for me tonight, girl
I want you to know that I love you
And no matter how tough I wouldn't dare
Only to you I would reveal my tears
So tell the police I ain't home tonight
Messin' around with you is gonna get me life
But when I look into your eyes
You're worth that sacrafice
If this is the kind of love that my mom used to warn me about
Man, I'm in trouble
I'm in real big trouble
If this is the kind of love that the old folks used to warn me about
Man, I'm in trouble
I'm in real big trouble
I need y'all to do me a favor

Someone please call 911 (pick up the phone yo)
Tell them I just been shot down
And the bullet's, in my heart
And it's piercin through my soul (I'm losin blood yo)
Feel my body gettin cold
Somone please call 911 (pick up the phone yo)
The alleged assailaint, is five foot one
And she shot me through my soul
Feel my body gettin cold

So cold
Sometimes I feel like I'm a prisoner
I think I'm trapped here for a while
(but I'm always right here with you girl)
And every breath I fight to take
Is as hard as these four walls I wanna break
I told the cops you wasn't here tonight
Messin' around with me is gonna get you life
Oh yeah, yeah
But everytime I look into your eyes
Then it's worth the sacrifice

If this is the kind of love that your mom used to warn you about
Man, we are in trouble
You're in real big trouble
If this is the kind of love that the old folks used to warn me about
I'm in trouble
I'm in real big trouble
You got anything to say, girl?

Someone please call 911, yeah yeah (pick up the phone yo)
Tell them I just got shot down
And it's piercin through my soul (I'm losin blood yo)

Feel my body gettin cold

Someone please call 911 (can you do that for me)
The alleged assailaint, was five foot one
And she shot me through my soul (and he shot me through my heart)
Feel my body gettin cold
(He didn't care, he didn't worry, he didn't wonder..)

Wyclef and Mary J. Blige
I'm feelin you girl
I understand

And you're doin, what you're doin, would you do it
And do it and do it and do it for me