

Call Me

50 Cent

(Call me) Why you naggin me?
(Call me) Girl you houndin me (yo why you houndin me)
(Call me) Why you harassin me?
I don't want alone time, I just wanna fuck

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(Call me) Girl you houndin me
(Call me) Why you harassin me?
I don't want alone time, I just wanna fuck

50 Cent, Yayo, featuring Hope, uh huh
As we proceed, uh

You didn't like the way I wore my hair (what up)
You didn't like the style a clothes I wear (uh huh)
You didn't like the little things I do
Just tryin to be close to you (c'mon, c'mon)

Look I done changed up bitch, I done came up
My neck, my wrist, my ears, my fists are all blinged up
In the hood they say 50 "you a grimy nigga"
With the rims in that Coupe stay shiny nigga (stay shiny nigga)
When you disrespect me is where I draw the line
You seen my artwork but you ain't seen me draw the nine
Come through the hood, you'll get shot homey just cause I say so
I'm the hottest shit on this street, I don't do J Lo (here we go)

(Call me) Why you naggin me? {Naggin you?}
(Call me) Girl you houndin me {Oh now I'm houndin you}
(Call me) Why you harrasin me? {Stop playin}
I don't want alone time, I just wanna fuck

(Call me) Why you naggin me? {Man you call me}
(Call me) Girl you houndin me {Yeah whatever}
(Call me) Why you harrasin me?
I don't want alone time, I just wanna fuck

Uh huh, yeah

I remember when you was a little bum nigga (what up)
No champagne, just strictly rum nigga (uh huh)
No pies, no cake, couldn't get a crum nigga (crum nigga)
Fuck too fast, to quick to cum nigga
Now you wanna talk like you big shit
Like you found a better bitch, wit a ass this sick
You know you love this nigga, why is you frontin?
Cause when you's fuckin wit Hope, baby girl you just fuckin (c'mon)

(Call me) Why you naggin me?
(Call me) Girl you houndin me
(Call me) Why you harrasin me?

I don't want alone time, I just wanna fuck {I just wanna fuck}

(Call me) Why you naggin me?
(Call me) Girl you houndin me
(Call me) Why you harrasin me?
I don't want alone time, I just wanna fuck

Yeah, um, YAYO!

Don't call me bitch, don't be naggin me
Cause the police thinkin 'bout baggin me (baggin me)
You wanna call me on my cell, but don't got money for bail
And you the main reason that I'm stuck in the jail
You showed 'em where the Mag at (uh huh), showed 'em where the stash at (uh huh)
Got a order of protection, no I'm doin five flat
In my heart I thought you was the one
"Til you dialed them three numbers 9 1 1 (BITCH)

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