

## Tell Your Girl

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Tell your girl to stop calling my phone,  
Tell her to get a life and leave us alone.  
Won't she get over it and leave us be,  
Gotta take care of yours,  
But you're still gonna be with me.

I've got something on my mind,  
See it bothers me,  
'Cuz I'm sick of all the calls,  
And I'm tired of all the beef.  
Calling my crib seven days a week,  
Hang up on her so she don't say,  
She's hating me 'cuz I got your love,  
When she's the one that's got your baby.

The closer I get to you,  
The more she's all up in your grill,  
Talkin' 'bout how y'all should work it out,  
And it would be better for the kids.  
But she won't pull that sh\*t on me,  
'Cuz I'm here to stay,  
And I ain't got nothing to do with her,  
So why she keep frontin' with you and me?

I know that everyday,  
Didn't think it'd turn this way,  
I know you made mistakes,  
And you wish that it would change.  
Once you look outside of things,  
You get nothing but love from me,  
So I hold it down for you,  
You know I don't love anybody else,  
Do you love me?

Tell your girl,  
Don't call my phone,  
Tell her to leave, leave us alone