

The Roots, Yout Got Me

Chorus:

If you don't worry 'bout where
I been or who I saw or
What club I went to with my homies
Baby don't worry, you know that you got me

Somebody told me that this planet was small
We used to live in the same building on the same floor
And never met before until I'm overseas on tour
And peep this Ethiopian Queen from Philly
Taking classes abroad
She studying film in photo flash focus record
Said she working on a flick and could my clique do the score
She said she love my show in Paris in Elyse Montmartre
And that I stepped off the stage and took a piece of her heart
We knew from the start that things fall apart
Intense and shatter, she like, that shit don't matter
When I get home, get at her, pull out her phone
Whatever, let's lay, let's get together
Shit, you think that not?
Think that dog went home and forgot

Time passed, now we back in Philly, she up in my spot
Telling me the things I'm tellin' her is makin' her hot
Started building with her constantly 'round the clock
Now she in my world like hip-hop, and keep tell

Chorus

Yo, I'm the type that's always catchin' a flight
And sometimes I got to be out at the height of the night
And that's when she flip and get on some ...

Another lonely night?
Seems like I'm on the side, you only lovin' your mic
I know you gotta get that paper daddy, keep that shit tight
But yo, I need some sort of love in my life, you dig me?

While politickin' with my sister from New York City
She said she know this ball player, and he think I'm pretty
Psych, I'm playin' boo, you know it's just with you I'm stayin' boo
And when cats be poppin' game I don't hear what they sayin', boo
When you out there in the world, I'm still your girl
With all my classes I don't have the time for life's thrills
So when you sweatin' on state, think of me when you rhyme
And don't be listenin' to your homies, they be leadin' you blind

Yeah, so what you sayin' is I can trust you

Is you crazy? You my king, for real

But sometimes, relationships get ill

No doubt

Chorus

That snake could be that chick or that rat
She's trying to play you for the fool, black
If something's on your chest the let it be known
See I'm not your "every-five-minutes" all on the phone
And on the topic of trust, it's just a matter of fact
That people bite back, fracture what's in tact
And they'll forever be
I ain't on some "Oh, I'm celebrity"
I deal with the real, so if it's artificial, let it be

I seen people caught in love like whirlwinds
Listening to they squalls and listenin' to they girlfriends
That's exactly the point where they whole world ends
Lies come in, that's where the drama begins
And she like....yo

Chorus