

J-Shin feat T-Pain, Send Me An Email

[J-Shin:]

Two o'clock in the mornin',
I'm sleepin'

and something wakes me but I don't know what it is.

[Computer goes:] "You've got mail."

It's my ex, prob'ly just misses my sex.

Lemme get up and see what the deal.

What the hell?!

It's cryin' faces

all over my screen

and a picture of her eye.

Try to tell myself

this aint nothing to L-O-L about.

Gotta be serious

'cause usually she'd call but this time my baby done...

[Chorus:]

Sent Me An Email

with all the details.

She said she want me back and she don't care what she gotta do for me.

She couldn't say it in person.

She put it all in words

and I don't know what to say

Dot. Dot. Dot. (Da - da - da - da)

My ex, she keep sweatin' me.

I don't know why she keeps stressing me.

She had plenty time to get it.

Now that I'm all gettin' paid I'm not wit it.

She's been hittin' me for days,

leavin' comments on MySpace.

Tell me what was I to do.

If I did whatcha did I'd be fightin' for you too.

[Hey]

Then her crying face said

"Can you please forgive me

and let's put all this behind."

I try to tell myself

this aint nothing to L-O-L about.

This sh*t is gettin' serious

'cause usually she'd call but this time my baby done...

[Chorus:]

Sent Me An Email

with all the details.

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Dot. Dot. Dot. [Da - da - da - da]

[T-Pain:]

Ok. Yall dun know what it is.

It's your homeboi T-Pain.

Hey, J-Shin, lemme hold the keyboard for a minute.

This girl here trippin'. She dun know what it is

so I'm about to tell her what's up.

Dear ex,

Lil' Lady, smiley faces.

I've been patiently waitin' for a date and

everytime we try to make up,

it seem like you require me to wake up.

What the deal?

Why you actin' like a n*gga wasn't street?

Why you actin' like I wasn't sweet?

Why you actin' like I didn't sweep you off your feet?

Why you actin' like a n*gga didn't wanna take you out to eat?

Hey.

Why you actin' like I broke up witchu
when every mornin' I'm wishin' I woke up witchu?
Don't be emailin' TP knowin' damn well
that TP need a breezy that's down for heez
We need to re'gotiate.
Forget your sleezy lil' friends
they suppose to hate.
See I got love but you don't.
Why not?
So I'ma end this email with a dot dot dot...
[Chorus:]
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with all the details.
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