35 R&B Hits
Including:

Bring It All to Me
Gettin' Jiggy Wit It
Heartbreaker
No Scrubs
Satisfy You
You're Making Me High
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Song List and Artists</th>
<th>Track</th>
<th>Artist(s)</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>All My Life</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>N-Ci &amp; JoJo</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bills, Bills, Bills</td>
<td>13</td>
<td>Destiny's Child</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Boy Is Mine</td>
<td>20</td>
<td>Brandy &amp; Monica</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bring It All to Me</td>
<td>27</td>
<td>Blaque</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bug A Boo</td>
<td>34</td>
<td>Destiny's Child</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chanté's Got a Man</td>
<td>42</td>
<td>Chanté Moore</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Count On Me</td>
<td>48</td>
<td>Whitney Houston &amp; Cato Minas</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Don't Take It Personal</td>
<td>54</td>
<td>Monica</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Doo Wop (That Thing)</td>
<td>64</td>
<td>Lauryn Hill</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Exhale (Snoothing)</td>
<td>61</td>
<td>Whitney Houston</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The First Night</td>
<td>70</td>
<td>Monica</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4 Seasons of Loneliness</td>
<td>76</td>
<td>Boyz II Men</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Get It On Tonite</td>
<td>82</td>
<td>Montell Jordan</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gettin' Jiggy Wit It</td>
<td>90</td>
<td>Will Smith</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Heartbreak Hotel</td>
<td>92</td>
<td>Whitney Houston</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Heartbreaker</td>
<td>99</td>
<td>Mariah Carey &amp; featuring Jay-Z</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I Get Lonely</td>
<td>106</td>
<td>Janet</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I'll Be Missing You</td>
<td>112</td>
<td>Puff Daddy &amp; Faith Evans (featuring 112)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>It's Not Right but It's Okay</td>
<td>118</td>
<td>Whitney Houston</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>It's So Hard to Say Goodbye to Yesterday</td>
<td>127</td>
<td>Boyz II Men</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My Way</td>
<td>130</td>
<td>Usher</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nice &amp; Slow</td>
<td>136</td>
<td>Usher</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>No Matter What</td>
<td>142</td>
<td>Boyzone</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>No Scrubs</td>
<td>152</td>
<td>TLC</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nobody</td>
<td>158</td>
<td>Keith Sweat featuring Athena Cage</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>On and On</td>
<td>147</td>
<td>Erykah Badu</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Satisfy You</td>
<td>162</td>
<td>Puff Daddy featuring R. Kelly</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sittin' Up in My Room</td>
<td>167</td>
<td>Brandy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tell Me It's Real</td>
<td>172</td>
<td>N-Ci &amp; JoJo</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Together Again</td>
<td>182</td>
<td>Janet</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Unpretty</td>
<td>189</td>
<td>TLC</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>When You Believe</td>
<td>196</td>
<td>Whitney Houston and Mariah Carey</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wild Wild West</td>
<td>210</td>
<td>Will Smith featuring Dru Hill &amp; R&amp;B Moe Dee</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>You Make Me Wanna...</td>
<td>203</td>
<td>Usher</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>You're Makin' Me High</td>
<td>210</td>
<td>Toni Braxton</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
ALL MY LIFE

Words by JOEL HAILEY
Music by JOEL HAILEY and RORY BENNETT

Slowly, somewhat freely
C(add9)

With pedal

E♭sus2/G Fmaj7 Csus2/E B♭sus2/D Cmaj7(add13)

Ba-by, ba-by, ba-by, ba-by, ba-by, ba-by,

C/F

Slowly, steadily
Dm C G/B C G/B

ba-by, ba-by, ba-by, baby.

(Vocal 1st time only)

Original key: D♭ major. This edition has been transposed down one half-step to be more playable.

© 1997 EMI APRIL MUSIC INC., CORD KAYLA MUSIC and HEE BEE DOONIT MUSIC
All Rights for CORD KAYLA MUSIC Controlled and Administered by EMI APRIL MUSIC INC.
All Rights Reserved International Copyright Secured Used by Permission
I will never find another lover sweeter than you, sweeter than you. And I will never find another
I prayed for someone like you and
I thank God that I, that I finally found you.
For all my life I
prayed for someone like you, and I hope that you
feel the same way too. Yes, I

pray that you do love me too. I said you're

all that I'm thinking of.

Gsus
C
C/B
Am

Da, da, da. Said I promise to never fall in love with a stranger.

F(add2)
Gsus
Am7

You're all I'm thinking of. I praise the Lord above for sending me your love.

Fmaj7
Dm9
G

I cherish every hug. I really love you. For

CODA
G
Am G/B
Dm

Do love me. You're all that I ev...
You're all that I ever know. When you smile, life is glow.

You picked me up when I was down. Say'n you're all that I ever know.
When you smile life is glow. You picked me up when I was down. And I hope that you feel the same way too.

Yes, I pray that you do love me too.

In all my life.
G/B       C       Am7       Dm       C
I prayed for someone like you and I thank God.

G/B       C       Em7       Am7       Dm       C
that I, that I finally found you. For all my life.

G/B       E/G#       Repeat and Fade
Am7
I prayed for someone like you. Yes, I

Optional Ending
Am7
F       G       Am       G       Am       G/B       C
you.
Moderately, half-time feel

At first we started out real cool,
Now you've been max-in' out my card,

Takin' me places I had never been. But now
Gave me bad credit, buy me gifts with my own name.
you're getting comfortable, ain't doin' those things you did no more. You're

Have - n't paid the first bill, but you're steadily headin' to the mall, goin' on

slowly makin' me pay for things your money should be handling.

Shop - pin' sprees, perpetrating to your friends that you be ballin'.

And now you ask to use my car. Drive it all day and don't fill

And then you use my cell phone, callin' whoever that you

up the tank. And you have the audacity to

think at home. And then when the bill comes, all of a
Even come and step to me and ask to hold some money from me suddenly you back act-in' dumb. Don't know where none of those calls come from when your

til you got your check next week. You triflin'
good-for nothin' type of brother. Silly me, why

haven't I found another? A baller, when times get hard.
I need someone to help me out, instead of a scrub like you.

who don't know what a man's about. Can you pay my bills?

pay my telephone bills? Do you pay my automobiles?

I don't think you do, so
you and me are through. Can you pay my bills? Can you pay my telephone bills? Do you pay my automobiles? If you did then maybe we could chill. I don’t think you do, so you and me are through.
You triflin' good for nothin' type of brother.

Oh, silly me, why haven't I found another?

Can you pay my bills? Can you pay my telephone bills? Do you

Lead vocal ad lib

Pay my automobiles? If you did than maybe we could chill.
I don't think you do, so you and me are through.

Can you pay my bills? Can you pay my telephone bills? Do you pay my automobiles? If you did then maybe we could chill.

I don't think you do, so you and me are through.
Moderately fast

F♯m9

Brandy: Excuse me, can I please talk to you for a minute? Monica: Uh huh, sure. You know,

C♯m9

you look kind of familiar. Brandy: Yeah, you do too. But, um, I just wanted to know, do you know

© 1999 EMI APRIL MUSIC INC., LASHAWN DANIELS PRODUCTIONS, HENCH MUSIC, EMI BLACKWOOD MUSIC INC., RODNEY JERKINS PRODUCTIONS, FRED JERKINS PUBLISHING, ENSIGN MUSIC CORPORATION and BRAH-BRAN MUSIC
All Rights for LASHAWN DANIELS PRODUCTIONS and HENCH MUSIC Controlled and Administered by EMI APRIL MUSIC INC.
All Rights for RODNEY JERKINS PRODUCTIONS Controlled and Administered by EMI BLACKWOOD MUSIC INC.
All Rights Reserved International Copyright Secured Used by Permission
somebody named... You know his name. Monica: Oh, yeah, definitely. I know his name.

Brandy: Well, I just want to let you know that he's mine. Monica: Heh, no no. He's mine.

You need to give it up; I've had about enough. It's not hard to see; the boy is mine. I'm sorry that you seem to be con-
Fused. He belongs to me; the boy is mine.

Think it's time we got this straight; we'll sit and talk face to face.

Must you do the things you do? You keep on acting like a fool.

There is no way you could mistake him for your man. Are you insane?

You need to know it's me, not you, and if you didn't know it, girl, it's true.

You see, I know that you may be just a bit jealous of me...

I think that you should realize and try to understand why...
but you're blind if you can't see that his love is all in me.
he is a part of my life. I know it's killing you inside.

See, I tried to hesitate; I didn't want to say what he told me.
You can say what you wanna say, what we have you can't take.

he said without me he couldn't make it through the day. Ain't that a shame?
From the truth you can't escape. I can tell the real from the fake.

But maybe you misunderstood 'cause I can't see how he could.
When will you get the picture? You're, the past and I'm future.
want to tell you something that's so good. For my love is all it took.
Get away, it's my time to shine. If you didn't know, the boy is mine.
The boy is

You need to give it mine. You need to give it mine.

I've had about enough. It's not hard to see; the boy is

I'm sorry that you seem to be confused. He belongs to
me; the boy is mine. You need to give it mine. I can be sure it's love. I've found...

you simply can't, I won't allow. The boy is mine without a doubt.

You might as well throw in the towel. What makes you think that he wants you.

when I'm the one that brought him to the special place that's in my heart?
He was my lover from the start.
The boy is mine. You need to give it up; I've had about enough.

It's not hard to see; the boy is mine. I'm sorry that

you seem to be confused. He belongs to me; the boy is

mine. You need to give it me. The boy is mine.
BRING IT ALL TO ME

Words and Music by KEVIN SPENCER, WILLIAM SHELBY, NIDRA BEARD, LINDA CARRIERE, CORY ROONEY, B. LAWRENCE, V. RUBY and L. LEWIS

Moderately, not too fast

Gm7  F  Gm7

D

1

2

*(Female:) There you are

Gm7  F  Gm7

Would I be in too

* Male vocal written one octave lower than sung throughout.
fine as can be in your fancy car.
forward if I told you how I feel?

I can tell you're lookin' at me. What'cha wanna do?
That's just the way I do my thing. I'm so for real.

Are you just gonna sit there and stare?
Are you feelin' my Timb's, my baggy jeans.

Baby, talk to me.

my thug appeal?
Tell me what's on your mind,
Do you like it when a man can keep it real, oh?

(Female:) Oh, baby, bring it all to me.

Bring it on. But I don't need no fancy cars or diamond rings. Baby, I don't need, no.
Oh, baby, bring it all to me. Bring it home.

Gimme your time, your love, your space, your energy.

(Male:) Baby, what's the deal?

(Male:) Oh, baby. (Female:) Oh,
I'll put my pride to the side just to
tell you how good you make me feel inside.

(Male:) There's not a single question that we
can't make this right 'cause it's you I need.
(Female:) Oh, baby, bring it all to me.

(Both:) But I don't need no fancy cars and diamond rings

(D:) Oh, baby.
bring it all to me.

Gim - me your

time, your love, your space, your en - er - gy.

Repeat and Fade

Optional Ending

Gim7

F

Gm7

C

D
BUG A BOO

Words and Music by KANDI L. BURRUSS, KEVIN BRIGGS, BEYONCÉ KNOWLES, KELLY ROWLAND, LE TOYA LUCKETT and LATAVIA ROBERSON

Steadily, half-time feel

(Spoken:) Thou shall not bug.

You make me wanna throw my pager out.

_____ the window, tell MCC to cut the phone poles, break.

Original key: Ab minor. This edition has been transposed up one half-step to be more playable.
Dm/A  Am  A7sus  Am
—— my lease so I can move 'cause you a bug a boo, a bug a

N.C.  Dm/A  Am  N.C.
boo. I wanna put your number on the call block, have —

A7sus  Am  N.C.  Dm/A  Am
—— AOL make my email stop 'cause you a bug a boo. You're bug-gin'

To Coda 

N.C.  A7sus  Am  N.C.
what, you're bug-gin' who, you're bug-gin' me and don't you see it ain't cool. It's
Dm/A
Am
A7sus
Am

not hot
that you be call-in' me, stress-in' me, pag-in' my beeper. You're just non-
when I'm block-in' your phone number you call me over your best friends

N.C.
Dm/A
Am
N.C.

stop.
And it's not hot
that you be leavin' me messages every
house.
And it's not hot
that I can't even go out with my girl-friends

A7sus
Am
N.C.
Dm/A
Am

ten minutes and then you stop by.
When I first met you you were cool,
without you track-in' me down.
You need to chill out with that miss.

N.C.
A7sus
Am
N.C.

but it was game. You had me fooled 'cause twenty min-
'cause you can't keep havin' me stressed 'cause ev'ry time.
utes after I gave you my number you already had my mailbox
my phone rings it seems to be you and I'm prayin' that it is someone

full.
else.

So what? You bought a pair of shoes. What? Now, I

guess you think I owe you. You don't have to call as much as you
do. I'd give 'em back to be through with you. And so
what? My mom-ma likes you. What? Now, I guess you think I will,

too. Even if the Pope said he liked you too, I don't really
care 'cause you're a bug a boo. You make me wan-na I don't give a
damn 'cause you're a bug a boo. You make me wan-na
cool. When you call me on the phone, you're buggin' me.

When you follow me around, you're buggin' me.

Everything you do be buggin' me. You're buggin' me. You're buggin' me.

When you show up at my door, you're buggin' me. When you
o - pen up your mouth, you're bug - gin' me. Ev - 'ry - time I see your face, you're bug -

A7sus

- gin' me. You're bug - gin' me. You're bug - gin' me. You make me wan - na

Dm/A

Am N.C.

A7sus Am N.C.

throw my pag - er out the win - dow, tell M - C - I to cut the phone poles, break.

(Lead vocal ad lib.)

Dm/A

Am N.C.

A7sus Am N.C.

- my lease so I can move 'cause you a bug a boo, a bug a
N.C.  Dm/A  Am  N.C.  A7sus  Am

boo. I wanna put your number on the call block, have AOL make my

N.C.  Dm/A  Am  N.C.
e-mail stop 'cause you a bug a boo. You're buggin' what, you're buggin' who, you're buggin'

A7sus  Am 1

me and don't you see it ain't cool. You make me wanna cool.

Repeat and Fade

Optional Ending

Dm/A  Am  A7sus  Am  N.C.  N.C.
CHANTÉ'S GOT A MAN

Words and Music by GEORGE FRANKLIN JACKSON, JAMES HARRIS III, TERRY LEWIS, CHANTE MOORE and JAMES WRIGHT

In a slow two

C#m7 G#m7 Amaj9 C#m7 F#m7 G#7 G#7/Bb

C#m7 G#m7 Amaj9 C#m7 F#m7 G#7 G#7/Bb

Chan-té's got a man at home. And he's so good to

C#m7 A6/9 G#7#5(b9) G#7#5(b9)

me... I'm sor-ry that your man ain't home.

C#m7 A6/9 G#7#5(b9) G#7#5(b9)

me... Now why'd you let him beat you down?

C#m7 A6/9 G#7#5(b9) G#7#5(b9)

I'm sor-ry that he all left you a lone. What's up with that?

I'm sor-ry that there's good men a round.
Mm.
It's such a shame — your man is playing games.
Don't you know how beautiful you are inside, girl.

And don't you let nobody go and steal your pride.

all the same. No no no. No no no. It's not the truth, girl. 'Cause I got

proof, girl. I got a man at home.
Chante's got a man at home. It hurt me your man's leaving you all alone. I can't help it that your baby's been creepin' out and cheatin' on you. Beatin' on you. Chante's got a man at home. And he's so good to
he's so good to me. I once was where you are. Thought men were all the same.

But I never gave up hope and now my life has changed.

Listen to me, girl. One bad apple don't spoil the whole bunch, girl. He always treats me right. We never fight. He
sends me flowers. He wines and dines me. Took me home to meet his mama.

How he loves me. One bad apple don't spoil the whole bunch, girl. Oh, if you give it one more try.

before you give up on love. (Spoken:) That's my man calling me.
C#m7 G#m7 Amaj9 C#m7 F#m7
Chan-té’s got a man at home. It hurts me your man’s
C#m7 G#m7

Amaj9 C#m7 F#m7
leaving you all alone. I can’t help it that your
C#m7 G#m7

Amaj9 C#m7 F#m7 G#7#5(9)
baby’s been creepin’ at and cheatin’ on you, beatin’ on you.
G#m7

Repeat and Fade

Optional Ending
C#m7 G#m7 Amaj9 C#m7 F#m7
Chan-té’s got a man at home.
Count on me through thick and thin, a friend...

- ship that will never end. When you are weak, I will be strong.

helping you to carry on. Call on me, I will be there.
Don't be afraid. Please believe me when I say,

I can see it's hurting you.

I can feel your pain. It's hard to see the sunshine through the rain.

I know sometimes it seems as if it's
never gonna end, but you'll get through it, just


Chorus:

D

Em7
don't give in. 'Cause you can count on me through thick and thin, a friend-

D/F#

Gmaj13

D/A

A/G

ship that will never end. When you are weak, I will be strong,

D(9/F#)

G(9)

Dmaj7/F#

Bm

helping you to carry on. Call on me, I will be there.
Don't be afraid. Please believe me when I say,

count on, you can count on me. Ah,

yes you can. I know.

Bridge: sometimes it seems as if we're standin' all alone. But
we'll get through it, 'cause love won't let us fold.

Coda I

count on. There's a place inside of all of us where our

faith in love begins. You should reach to find the truth in love, the

answer's there within. I know that life can make you feel it's much
harder than it really is, but we'll get through it, just don't, don't give in.

Coda II

count on, count on, count on, count on, count on, count on, count on me.

Ah, yes you can, know I can, oh yeah. So glad I can, count on me.
DON'T TAKE IT PERSONAL
(Just One of Dem Days)

Words and Music by DALLAS AUSTIN, DEREK SIMMONS,
QUINCY D. JONES III and LL COOL J

Moderately
N.C.

It's just one of dem days when I wanna be all alone. It's just one of dem
days when I gotta be all alone. It's just one of dem days, don't take it

person-al. I just wanna be all alone when you think I treat you wrong.
I wanna take some time out to think things through. I know it always feels like I'm doin' you wrong, but I'm so in love with you. So,

understand that I'm only in love. You're the only one I need. So, have

no thought that I want to leave, and baby, trust me, please. Just one of dem
days that a girl goes through. When I'm angry inside, don't wanna take it out on you. Just one of dem things don't take it personal. I just wanna be all alone when you think I treat you wrong. Don't take it personal.

Baby, baby, baby, baby, baby.
Don't take it personal.
I sit and think about everything we do and I
swing back mood to mood it's not because of you.

find myself in misery and that ain't cool. Hey now,
I never want you to be insecure. So, won't you

I really wanna be with you the whole way through 'cause the
understand that I'm only in love. You're the only one I need. I'll be

way you make me feel inside leaves me confused. As I
there for you when you need me, boy. So, baby, don't you leave. Just one of dem
days that a girl goes through. When I'm angry inside, don't wanna take it

Instrumental solo

out on you. Just one of dem things, don't take it personal. I just

wanna be all alone when you think I treat you wrong. I just

Solo ends

Just one of dem
days that a girl goes through. When I'm angry in-
side, I don't wanna take it out on you. Just one of dem
things, don't take it personal. I just
wanna be all alone when you think I treat you wrong. Don't take it
personal

Baby, baby, baby, baby, baby. Don’t take it

D.S. al Coda

personal

CODA

personal, baby, personal, baby.

Repeat and Fade

personal, baby, personal, baby.
EXHALE (SHOOOP SHOOOP)  
from the Original Soundtrack Album WAITING TO EXHALE

Words and Music by  
BABYFACE

Easy R&B ballad

F(add9)  
C/E

1. Ev'ry one falls  
in love some times.  

2. 3. laugh,  
some-times you'll cry.  

Dm7  
C

wrong  
and some-times it's right.  
tells us  
the whens or whys.  


F(add9)  
C/E

win  
some-one must fail,  
friends  
to wish you well,  

but there comes a  
you'll find a  


Copyright © 1995 Sony/ATV Songs LLC, ECAF Music and Fox Film Corporation  
All Rights on behalf of Sony/ATV Songs LLC and ECAF Music Administered by Sony/ATV Music Publishing, 8 Music Square West, Nashville, TN 37203  
International Copyright Secured. All Rights Reserved
point when you will exhale, yeah, yeah. Say,


doo. Shoop shoop shoo be doo. Shoop shoop shoo be doo. Shoop shoop shoo be doo.

Sometimes you'll
Hearts are often broken when there are words unspoken.

In your soul there's answers to your prayers.

If you're searching for a place you know, a familiar face, somewhere to go, you should

look inside your soul, you're halfway there. Sometimes you'll
DOO WOP
(That Thing)

Written by LAURYN HILL

Moderately

Girls, you know you better watch out. Some
guys, some guys are only about that thing, that thing, that

thing, that thing, that thing, that thing.
2,3

Gm  Bb  Am  Gm7/D  Am

Gm

Am  Gm

N.C.

Bb  Am  Gm7

Come a-

Bb  Am  Gm

Bb  Am  Gm

Bb  Am  Gm

gain.  When, when,} come a-gain.  Freight train, come a-gain.  {My friend,} come a-

Yo, yo, come a-gain.

N. C. string, come a-
gain. Yeah, yeah. Guys, you know you better watch out. Some

girls, some girls are only about that thing, that thing, that

thing, that thing, that thing, that thing.

Watch out, watch out. Look out, look out.
Watch out, watch out. Look out, look out. Watch out, watch out.

Look out, look out. Watch out, watch out. Look out, look out.

Girls, you know you better watch out. Some guys, some guys are only

about that thing, that thing, that thing.
Rap 1:
It's been three weeks since you've been lookin' for your friend,
The one you let hit it and never called you again.
'Member when he told you he was 'bout the Benjamins.
You act like you ain't hear him, then give 'em a little trim.
To Begin, how you think you really gon' pretend?
Like you wasn't down, then you called him again.

Plus when, you give it up so easy you ain't even foolin' him.
If you did it then, then you probably fuck again.
Talkin' out your neck sayin' you're a Christian,
A Muslim sleepin' wit' the gin.
Now that was the sin that did Jezebel in.
Who you gon' tell when repercussion spin?

Showin' off your ass 'cause you're thinkin' it's a trend.
Girlfriend, let me break it down for you again.
You know I only say 'cause I'm truly genuine.
Don't be a hard rock when you really a gem.
Baby girl, respect is just the minimum.
Niggas fucked up and you still definin' 'em.

Now, Lauryn is only human.
Don't think I haven't been through the same predicament.
Let it sit inside your head like a million in Philly Penn.
It's silly when girls sell their souls because it's in. Look at where you bein.
Hair weaves like Europeans, fake nails done by Koreans.

Rap 2:
The second verse is dedicated to the men
More concerned wit' his rims and his tims than his women.
Him and his men come in the cub like hooligans.
Don't care who they defend, popping Yang like you got yen.

Let's not pretend,
They wanna pack pistol by they waist men.
Cristal by the case men, still they in they mother's basement.
The pretty face men claimin' that they did a bid men.
Need to take care of their three and four kids, men.

They facin' court case when the child support's late.
Money takin', heart breakin. Now you wonder why women hate men.
And the sneaky, silent men, the punk domestic violence men.
The quick to shoot the semen stop actin' like boys and be men.

How you gon' win when you ain't right within? (3x's)
Uh-uh, come again.
THE FIRST NIGHT

Words and Music by TAMARA SAVAGE, JERMAINE DUPRI, MARILYN McLEOD and PAMELA SAWYER

Slowly

Dm

Bb/C

G

Dm

Ba- by, ba- by, tell me what's up? Can you hear me? A-do-

what do I need to turn it up, huh, {huh?} what? up, huh? *Boy, this eve-

-ning, was it only me feelin' complete-ly down to be o-
in' watchin' your T V. I felt it was com- in' the clos-er that you got to

Original key: Eb minor. This edition has been transposed down one half-step to be more playable.

*Vocal written one octave higher than sung.
pen, down to be open for some satisfaction? Didn’t wanna say yes, me. Wanted to touch you, wanted to kiss you and somehow in one

pray your reaction. I knew it was wrong for feelin’ this way, night discover I love you. Felt so right, but it felt so wrong.

especially the thought of givin’ in on the first date. Couldn’t let go, And look how you’re carryin’ on, tryin’ to say

it stayed on my mind. At the end of the night I had to decide... things to get me to stay, but my watch tells me it’s gettin’ too late...
I was thinkin', I should make a move, but I won't. I know you're probably thinkin' somethin' is wrong, knowin' if I did that it wouldn't be right. I don't get down on the first night. I should make a move, but I won't. I know you're probably thinkin' somethin' is
wrong, know'in' if I do that it won't be right.
I wanna get

down, but not the first night.
Oh, we're chill.

If you want me you got

to know me.
And if you want my love
you gotta wait, my love.

baby, that's the way it's got to be.

Get to know me so we can do this.

I should make a move, but I won't. I know you're prob'ly thinkin' some-thin' is

Lead vocal-ad lib.
wrong, know-in' if I do that it won't be right. I don't get
down on the first night. I should make a move, but I won't. I know you're
pro-b'ly think-in' some-thin' is wrong, know-in' if I do that it won't be right. I wan-na get
down, but not the first night. down, but not the first night.
4 SEASONS OF LONELINESS

Words and Music by JAMES HARRIS III
and TERRY LEWIS

Original key: D♭ major. This edition has been transposed up one half-step to be more playable.
when you were mine. But now—

those days are memories in time.

Life's emptiness without you by my side.
Remember the nights when we closed our eyes.

My heart belongs to you and I would
mat - ter what I try. When I get the
be in love for all time. Any time I

cour-age up to love some - bod - y new, it al - ways falls a -
think a - bout these things I shared with you, I break down and

part 'cause they just can't com - pare to you. Your love won't re -
cry 'cause I get so e - mo - tion - al. Un - til you re -

lease me, I'm bound un - der ball and chain, reminisc - ing our love as I
watch four seasons (1, 2) change.
(3) gain.
(1-3) In comes the winter breeze that chills the air and drifts the snow.

And I imagine kissing you under the mistletoe.
When spring-time makes its way here

lilac blooms remind me of the scent of your perfume.

When summer burns with heat I always get the hots for you.
Go skinny dip-pin' in the
ocean where we used to do. When autumn sheds the leaves the trees are bare when you're not here. It

doesn't feel the same. Doesn't feel the same.

This loneliness has crushed my heart. Please let me love again 'cause I need your
love to comfort me and ease my pain, or four seasons will bring the
loneliness as doesn’t feel the same.

Remember the warmth of days gone by.
When I'm looking at you I keep thinkin': Why can't she be like you? So I'm scheming. I can't go on like this, believing that her love is true. Standing on the
dance floor while she's trick - in, you are all I want, girl. She's a chil-

cken. We might be to - geth - er, but love is miss - ing. Girl I want you,

so what can we do? Girl, if its al - right let's go some-

where and get it on to - nite. I've got a girl but you look good to - nite. You should'n't have to be a lone to - nite.
It's one on one to-night.

Girl if it's all to-night. Now she's lookin'

at me, but keep talkin'. Oh, now she's tryin' to ice you; let's start walk-

Over on the dance floor it's her fault, but what can she do?
Tell me baby. Girl if you're ready (I'm ready.)

we can get it on. (We can get it on.)

(She's where you went wrong.)

Girl, if I could find the words to say...
C7

Ebm

I've gotta get away from a love that

Fm/C

N.C.

D.S. al Coda
(with repeats)

kills me every day.

(I'd gladly say to)

CODA

C7sus  Csus  Fm

tonight.

C7
Ebm

1

Eb/Bb F5/C

F/C

Girl, if it’s al -

Eb/Bb F5/C

Ebm 11

F/C

right, let’s go some - where and get it on to - nite.

Eb/Bb F5/C

Ebm

C7

I’ve got a girl but you look good to - nite.
It's one on one tonight.

Girl, if it's alright...
My baby's stressing me.

You need to come with me;
we need to

Girl, if it's alright...
right,
let's go some-where and get it on to-nite.

I've got a girl but you look good to-nite.

It's one on one to-nite.

Girl, if it's all-right.
GETTIN' JIGGY WIT IT

Words and Music by NILE RODGERS, BERNARD EDWARDS, WILL SMITH, SAMUEL J. BARNES and J. ROBINSON

Medium dance groove
F#m
Bm7
C#m7
F#m

LOOPS

Intro
(Loop) Bring it.
Whoo!
Unh, unh, unh, unh
Hoo cah cah.
Hah hah, hah hah.
Bicka bicka bow bow bow,
Bicka bow bow bump bump.
What, what, what, what?
Hah hah hah hah.

Rap 1:
(Loop) On your mark, ready, set, let's go.
Dance floor pro, I know you know
I go psycho when my new joint hit.
Just can't sit,
Gotta get jiggy wit it,
Ooh, that's it.
Now, honey, honey, come ride,
DKNY all up in my eye.
You gotta Prada bag with alotta stuff in it,
Give it to your friend, let's spin.
Everybody lookin' at me,
Glancin' the kid,
Wishin' they was dancin' a jig
Here with this handsome kid.
Ciga-cigar right from Cuba-Cuba,
I just bite it.
It's for the look, I don't light it.
Illway the an-may on the ance-day oor-flay.
Givin' up jiggy, make it feel like foreplay.
Yo, my car-dee-o is Infinit-
Ha, ha.
Big Willie Style's all in it,
Gettin' jiggy wit it.
Refrain: Na na na na na na na, nana
(Loop) Na na na na nana.
Gettin’ jiggy wit it.
(Repeat 3x)

Rap 2: What? You wanna ball with the kid?
(Loop) Watch your step, you might fall
Trying to do what I did.
Mama-unh, mama-unh, mama come closer
In the middle of the club with the rub-a-dub, uhn.
No love for the haters, the haters,
Mad cause I got floor seats at the Lakers.
See me on the fifty yard line with the Raiders.
Met Ali, he told me I’m the greatest.
I got the fever for the flavor of a crowd pleaser.
DJ, play another
From the prince of this.
Your highness,
Only mad chicks ride in my whips.
South to the west to the east to the north,
Bought my hits and watch ’em go off, a-go off.
Ah yes, yes y’all, ya don’t stop.
In the winter or the (summertime),
I makes it hot
Gettin’ jiggy wit ’em.

Refrain

Rap 3: Eight-fifty I.S.; if you need a lift,
(Loop) Who’s the kid in the drop?
Who else, Will Smith,
Livin’ that life some consider a myth.
Rock from South Street to One Two Fifth.
Women used to tease me,
Give it to me now nice and easy
Since I moved up like George and Wheezy.
Cream to the maximum, I be askin’ ’em,
“Would you like to bounce with the brother that’s platinum?”
Never see Will attackin’ ’em,
Rather play ball with Shaq and um,
Flatten ’em,
Psyche.
Kiddin’,
You thought I took a spill
But I didn’t.
Trust the lady of my life, she hittin’.
Hit her with a drop top with the ribbon,
Crib for my mom on the outskirts of Philly.
You, trying to flex on me?
Don’t be silly,
Gettin’ jiggy wit it.

Refrain
HEARTBREAK HOTEL

Relaxed R&B groove

This is the Heart-break Hotel. This is the Heart-break Hotel. This is the Heart-break Hotel. This is the Heart-break Hotel.

Original key: Eb minor. This edition has been transposed up one half-step to be more playable.

© 1998 EMI APRIL MUSIC INC., MARSHAL PUBLISHING, EMI BLACKWOOD MUSIC INC., JUNGLE FEVER MUSIC and SOULVANG MUSIC All Rights for MARSHAL PUBLISHING Controlled and Administered by EMI APRIL MUSIC INC. All Rights for JUNGLE FEVER MUSIC and SOULVANG MUSIC Controlled and Administered by EMI BLACKWOOD MUSIC INC. All Rights Reserved. International Copyright Secured. Used by Permission
Am7

- ing not to cry_

__that I would'-n't find out

__ask ing my self

that you were cheat ing on

Em7

why me.

How could you do this to me, mmm,

Am7

ah, ba by.

Since you're not around for me to tell you, ba by, face

F#m7b5

to face.__

I'm writ ing you this let ter and

F#m7b5
this is what I have to say:

All I really wanted was some of your time. Instead, you told me lies when someone else was on your mind. What you do to me, what you do. Look what you did to me, oh, baby.

I thought that you were someone who would
do me right — un — til you played with my emo — tions and you made me cry. — What you do

to me. Can't take what you did — to me.

Now, I

Heart — break

Hotel. This is the Heart — break Hotel. This is the
Heartbreak Hotel

This is the Heartbreak Hotel

All I really wanted was some lead vocal - ad lib.

of your time. Instead, you told me lies when someone else was on your mind. What you do
Look what you did to me.

I thought that you were someone who would do me right until you

played with my emotions and you made me cry. What you did to me.

Can't take what you did to me.
gim-me your love, gim-me your love, gim-me your love, gim-me your love. Boy, your

love's so good: I don't wanna let go, and although I should, I can't
shame to be so euphoric and weak when you smile at me and you

leave you alone 'cause you're so disarming. I'm caught up in the midst of you
tell me the things that you know persuade me to relinquish my love to you

and But I cannot resist at all.

(1, 2) (Boy, if
I do the things you want me to, the way I used to do, would you love me baby, or leave me feeling used? Would you go and break my heart? Heart-break-er, you've got the best of me, but I just keep on coming back incessantly. Oh, why did you have to run your
game on me? I should have known right from the start you'd go and break my heart.

Gim-me your love, gim-me your love, gim-me your love, gim-me your love.

Gim-me your love, gim-me your love, gim-me your love, gim-me your love. It's a

C

2 C

did you have to run your game on me? I should have

Male, Spoken: I'm almost ready.
known right from the start you'd go—and break my heart.

O-kay, cool. All right go.

Rap: (See rap lyrics) (Rap continues)

Play 7 times

Heart-break-er, you've got the best of me but I just

keep on coming back incessantly. Oh, why did you have to run your
Am I should have known right from the start you'd go and break my heart.

C Heart-breaker, you've got the start you'd go and break my heart.

Am (Boy, if)

C best of me, but I just keep the things you want me to

Am (C) cessantly. Oh, why did you have to run your

C way I used to do, would you love me.
She wanna shout with Jay, play box with Jay.
She wanna pillow fight in the middle of the night.
She wanna drive my Benz with five of her friends.
She wanna creep past the block, spying again.
She wanna roll with Jay, chase skeeos away.
She wanna fight with lame chicks, blow my day.
She wanna respect the rest, kick me to the curb
If she find one strand of hair longer than hers.

She want love in the jacuzzi, rub up in the movies,
Access to the old crib, keys to the new, please.
She wanna answer the phone, tattoo her arm.
That's when I gotta send her back to her mom.
She call me “heartbreaker.” When we apart, it makes her
Want a piece of paper, scribble down “I hate ya.”
But she knows she love Jay, because
She love everything Jay say, Jay does, and uh,...
I GET LONELY

Words and Music by TERRY LEWIS, JAMES HARRIS III, JANET JACKSON and RENE ELIZONDO JR.

Slow R&B ballad

Dm9  Cm7  F7  Bbmaj7

A7  A7/C#  Dm

G7  Cm7  F7  Bbmaj7

Gm9  Fmaj7  Em9  A7#5(b9)

Dm7  Cm9  F7  Bbmaj7

you.  |  I  get  so  lone - ly.  |  I  can't  let  just

G7  Cm7  F7  Bbmaj7

A7  A7/C#  Dm7  G7

an - y - bod - y hold  me.  You  are  the  one  that  lives  in  me.  my  dear.
I want no one but you. I get so lonely.
I can't let just anybody hold me. You are the one that lives in me, my dear.

The one that lives in me, my dear.

I still remember to the day,
I'm all alone with my fears,
in fact it was a third Monday,
you came along to be_

to do without 'cha,
the one for me
and now I'm so alone.

why.
I fell asleep late last night
I'm sitting here by the phone
Crying like a
Call to say that

new born child, holding myself close, pretending my arms are yours.
you're okay so that I'll have a chance to beg you to stay.
I want no one but
I want no one but

CODA

you. Ev'ry-time I see your face, ba - by, ev'ry-time I

hear your name. { I do be - lieve that you and me are no

You're all the love that lives in me, babe.

long - er. } I want no one but

Gonna
break it down, break it down, break it down.
Gonna break it down, break it down,

break it down.

Whoo.

You know that I know that I

Get so lonely. Love you, hoo hoo.

No,
N.C.

Dm7
Cm7
F7
Bbmaj7

you.

I get so lonely.
I can't let just

A7
Dm9
G7
Cm7
F7
Bbmaj7

anybody hold me.
You are the one that lives in me, my dear...

Repeat and Fade
Gm9 FMaj9 Em9 A7♯5(b9)

Optional Ending
Gm9 FMaj9 Em9 A7♯5(b9) Dm7

rit.

I want no one but want no one but you.
I'LL BE MISSING YOU

Written and Composed by
STING

Moderately
G(add9)

Em(add9)

Spoken: Yeah.

This right here goes out to everyone that has

C6sus2

Dsus2


G(add9)

G(add9)

lost someone that they truly love. Check it out.

Rap 1:
Rap 2:
Rap 3: (See rap lyrics)
Rap 4:

© 1997 G.M. SUMNER
Published by MAGNETIC PUBLISHING LTD. and Administered by EMI BLACKWOOD MUSIC INC. in the USA and Canada
All Rights Reserved International Copyright Secured Used by Permission
Ev'ry step I take,
ev'ry move I make,
ev'ry single day,
Every time I pray I'll be missing you.

Thinking of the day when you went away,

What a life to take, what a bond to break.

I'll be missing you.
CODA

G(add9)

_some - body tell me why_

Em(add9)

On that morn - ing, when this life is 

Csus2

C__over, I__know I'll__see your

Dsus2

G(add9)

face. Ev-ry night I pray, ev-ry step I take,
Ev'ry move I make, ev'ry single day. Ev'ry night I pray,

Ev'ry step I take, ev'ry move I make, ev'ry single day. Ev'ry night I pray, We miss you. Ev'ry step I take,

(1, 3, 5) take, ev'ry move I make, (2, 4) day when you went away.
Rap Lyrics

Rap 1: Seems like yesterday we used to rock the show.
I laced the track, you locked the flow.
So far from hangin' on the block for dough.
Notorious, they got to know that life ain't always what it
Seemed to be. Words can't express what you mean to me.
Even though you're gone, we still a team.
Through your family, I'll fulfill your dreams.

Rap 2: In the future, can't wait to see if you open up the gates for me.
Reminisce sometime the night they took my friend.
Try to block it out, but it plays again.
When it's real, feelin's hard to conceal.
Can't imagine all the pain I feel.
Give anything to hear half your breath.
I know you're still livin' your life after death.

Rap 3: It's kinda hard with you not around. Know you're in heaven smilin' down
Watchin' us while we pray for you.
Ev'ry day we pray for you.
Till the day we meet again, in my heart is where I keep you, friend.
Memories give me the strength I need to proceed,
Strength I need to believe.

Rap 4: My thoughts, Big, I just can't define.
Wish I could turn back the hands of time,
Us and a six, shop for new clothes and kicks,
You and me take in flicks.
Make a hit, stages they receive you on.
Still can't believe you're gone.
Give anything to hear half your breath.
I know you're still livin' your life after death.
night you and your boys went out to eat.
bags so you can leave town for a week.

Ah.
Yes, I am.

Then they hung out,
but you came home around
The phone rings,
and then you look at me.

three.
Yes, you did.

If six of
You said it

y'all was
went out,
one of your friends
uh.
then
four of you are really cheap. Yeah. 'Cause only
down on fifty fourth street, boy.

two of you had dinner; I found your credit card receipt.
why did 2 1 3 show up on your caller I. D.?

It's not right, but it's okay. I'm gonna

make it any way. Pack your bags up and
leave. Don't you dare come running back to me. It's not right, but it's okay. I'm gonna make it any way. Close the door behind you, leave your key. I'd rather be alone than unhappy. Yeah. Ah. Ah.
Ah. Yeah ah. I'm pack-in'

py. yeah. I have been through all of this before. I've been through

all this before. So how could you think Don't

think about it, don't think about it.
Get gone, get gone. Things are gonna change.

'Cause I won't be a fool anymore. You don't

That's why you have to leave. I say

So don't turn a round to see my face.

yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah

Don't you turn a
There's no more tears left here for you to see.

Was it really worth you going out like that?

Tell me...

Was it really worth you going out like that?

See I'm moving on.
and I refuse to turn back, yeah.

See, all of this time

I thought I had some-body down for with me.

It turns out
you were making a fool of me, ah.

Oh.

D.S. al Coda

It's not

CODA

Cm

py. oh oh.
IT'S SO HARD TO SAY GOODBYE TO YESTERDAY

Words and Music by FREDDIE PERREN and CHRISTINE YARIAN

Slowly

E(add2)
B sus
B/A
F#m7/G# E/G#

N.C.

How do I say good-bye to what we had?

know where this road is going to lead.

mf

With pedal

E/F# F#m7 A A6 E(add2) E

The good times that made us laugh out-weighed the

All I know is where we've been and what we've

been through.

bad.

I thought we'd get to see for-

If we get to see fo-
ev - er, but for - ev - er's gone a -

mor - row, I hope it's worth all the

way.)
pain.) It's so hard to say good-bye to yes - ter - day.

I don't And I'll take with me the

mem - o - ries to be my sun - shine af - ter the rain. It's so
It's so hard to say good-bye to yesterday.

And I'll rain.

It's so hard to say good-bye.
MY WAY

Words and Music by JERMAINE DUPRI, MANUEL SEAL and Usher Raymond

Moderately slow

Spoken: Yo!  Yo!  Yo, yo, yo, yo!  Yo!

See,

it's rare that you find people like us, heh, 'cause all your other look out there doing what I'm doing,

or trying to do what I'm doing. But you can't, 'cause I do what I do my way. What about you? Huh? Huh? C'mon!

© 1997 EMI APRIL MUSIC INC., SO SO DEF MUSIC, URBAN MUSIC, BMG SONGS, INC. and SLACK A.D. MUSIC
All Rights for SO SO DEF MUSIC and URBAN MUSIC Controlled and Administered by EMI APRIL MUSIC INC.
All Rights for SLACK A.D. MUSIC Administered by BMG SONGS, INC.
All Rights Reserved International Copyright Secured Used By Permission
I do any and every-thing you want to. Make your girl say,

"Ooh, ooh, why's he so fly?" She beeps me 'ev-er she wan-na get freak-y. You can get mad if you want to. Say what-ev-er you want, but she's still gonna give it up. She likes it my way, my way. You can't sat-
is - fy her need; she keeps run - ning back to see me do - ing it
my way, my way. And what I say goes, and I'm in control.
Rap: (see additional lyrics)
CODA  Gm
Don't check me.  It was your girl who let me take it this far, then,
whoooooee, she had to have it ev'ry chance that she could get. What you think, you were

ball-er? 'N' I'm gon' call her. Clip that. You can get mad if you

want to. Say whatever you want, but she's still gonna give it up. She likes it

my way, my way. You can't satisfy her need; she keeps run-
Additional Lyrics

Bad ass senoritas, two-scaters for kicks.
New kicks, it's all in the mix.
Don’t turn no tricks, they turn for me.
Catching bricks don’t concern me, so forget it, little midget.

My mind doing seven digits.
Before I pay, heaven and skies to visit.
Now dig it. I’m pulling all stops, locking down all spots,
Saying you can’t front.

So from this day forth, you know I’m all about heat,
And what I do be the major league.
That’s why your girlfriend's paging me.
’Cause she know like he know,
You don’t see her like I see her,
So she’s out the door.

Shotgun in my drop, havin’ fun with the
Dumb system, based on conversation
About how she been chasing me and
Facing me, saying, “Give it to me now, baby.”
NICE & SLOW

Words and Music by JERMAINE DUPRI, MANUEL SEAL, USHER RAYMOND and BRIAN CASEY

Slowly

Spoken: Whatcha doing?

Really?

You know I'm coming over, right? Now you got it hot for me already, baby?

Okay.

(Now baby, tell me what you wanna do with me.)

Be there by, uh, give me ten minutes. Be ready. Hey, wear that little thing I like.

Sung: It's seven o'clock.

(Now baby, tell me what you want to do with me.)

© 1997 EMI APRIL MUSIC INC., SO SO DEF MUSIC, UR-IV MUSIC, BMG SONGS, INC., SLACK A.D. MUSIC and THEM DAMN TWINS
All Rights for SO SO DEF MUSIC and UR-IV MUSIC Controlled and Administered by EMI APRIL MUSIC INC.
All Rights Reserved International Copyright Secured Used by Permission
on the dot; I'm in my drop top, cruising the streets,

real pretty, pretty little thing that's waiting for me. I pull up.

anticipating good love. Don't keep me waiting; I got plans.

to put my hands in places I've never seen, girl, you know, what I mean. Let me
take you to a place real nice and quiet. There ain't no one there to interrupt, ain't got to rush.

I just wanna take it nice and slow. See, I been

Spoken: (Now baby, tell me what you wanna do with me.)

waiting for this for so long, we'll be mak-in' love un-til the sun comes up. Baby,

I just wanna take it nice and slow. (1.) Now here we are

Spoken: (Now baby, tell me what you wanna do with me.) (2.) Now
driv-in' round town, con-tem-plat-ing where I'm gon-na lay you down. Girl, you've got me say-ing

my, my, my, I wish that I could pull over and get this thing started right now.

I wan-na do some-thing freak-y to you, babe. I don't think they heard me.

I wan-na do some-thing freak-y to you, babe, so call out my name.
Rap: (See Rap lyrics)

CODA

tell me, do you wanna get freaky?

I'll freak you right, I will. I'll freak you right, I will. I'll freak you like no one has ever, ever made you feel.
I'll freak you right, I will. I'll freak you right, I will. I'll freak you, freak, you like no one has ev'er made you feel... yeah...

Spoken: Now baby, tell me what you wanna do with me.

Rap Lyrics

They call me U-s-h-e-r R-a-y-m-o-n-d.
Now baby, tell me what you wanna do with me.
Gotta nigga feenin' like Jodeci
Every time that you roll with me, holding me,
Trying to keep control of me nice and slowly.
You know never letting go, never lessen up the flow.
This is how the hook go, come on.
Moderately slow

No matter what they tell us, no matter what they do,
If only tears were laughter, if only night was day,

No matter what they teach us, what we believe is true,
If only prayers were answered then we would hear God say.

All Rights for The Really Useful Group Ltd. in the United States and Canada Administered by Universal - PolyGram International Publishing, Inc.
International Copyright Secured All Rights Reserved
No matter what they call us, however they attack.
No matter what they tell you, no matter what they do,

Bm/A
Bm
D/E
E

no matter where they take us, no matter what they teach you,

Esus
E
A

we'll find our own way back. I can't deny what I believe is true. And I will keep you safe.

A7
D

I can't be what I'm not. I can't believe and strong. and sheltered from the storm.
I know our love's forever.
No matter where it's barren
I know no matter what our dream is being born.
No matter who they follow, no matter where they lead,

no matter how they judge us I'll be every one you need.

No matter if the sun don't shine,
or if the skies are blue.

No matter what the
ending, my life began with you. I can't deny what I believe. I can't be what I'm not.

I know this love's forever. That's all that matters now no matter what.

No matter no. No matter what. No matter no.
ON AND ON

Words and Music by ERICA WRIGHT
and JAMAL CANTERO

Funky beat (\(\text{\(\text{\(\frac{3}{4}\)}}\))\)

\(B7\#5\) \(Em9\) \(B7\#5\) \(Em9\) \(B7\#5\) \(Em9\)

\begin{align*}
\text{Oh, my my my...} & \quad \text{I'm feelin' high...} \quad \text{My money's gone...} \\
\text{mf} & \\
\text{I'm all alone...} & \quad \text{Too much to see...} \quad \text{The world keeps turnin'...} \\
\end{align*}

\(B7\#5\) \(Em9\) \(B7\#5\) \(Em9\) \(B7\#5\) \(Em9\)

\begin{align*}
\text{Oh, what a day...} & \quad \text{What a day, what a day...} \\
\end{align*}

\(B7\#5\) \(Em9\)

Copyright © 1997 by BMG Songs, Inc., Tribes Of Kedar, Divine Pimp Publishing, Songs Of Universal, Inc. and McNooter Music
All Rights for Tribes Of Kedar and Divine Pimp Publishing Administered by BMG Songs, Inc.
All Rights for McNooter Music Controlled and Administered by Songs Of Universal, Inc.
International Copyright Secured All Rights Reserved
Peace and blessings manifest with every lesson learned.
man that knows something knows that he knows nothing at all. Does it seem
rush into destruction 'cause you don't have nothin' left. The

If your knowledge were your wealth, then it would be well earned.
colder in your summertime and hotter in your fall? If
mother ship can't save you, so your ass is gonna get left.

we were made in His image, then call us by our names. Most intelle

lects do not believe in God, but they fear us just the same. Oh,
on and on and on and on. My cipher keeps movin' like a rollin' stone. Oh,

on and on and on and on. All right until the break of dawn. 
{All night until the vultures swarm.}
{You can't with me so just leave me alone.}

on and on and on and on. My cipher keeps movin' like a rollin' stone.

To Coda

On and on and on and on. Damn it, I'm a sing my song.
I was born under water

with three dollars and six dimes. Yeah, you may laugh 'cause you did not do your math.

Like one two three. Damn, you all feel that? Like one two three.

Mad props to the god Ja-Bone... am feel-in' kind of hungry
'cause my high is comin' down. Don't feed me yours.

'cause your food does not endure. I think I need a cup of tea.

The world keeps burnin'. Oh, what a day.

What a day, what a day. You

CODA

On and on and on.
NO SCRUBS

Words and Music by KANDI L. BURRUSS, TAMEKA COTTLE and KEVIN BRIGGS

Moderately

\[ Cm7 \quad Gm \quad D7 \]

\[ Gm \quad D7 \quad G5 \]

\[ Cm7 \quad Gm \]

scrub is a guy that thinks he's fine. It's weak and I

(also known as a bust-up, always talkin' bout)

know that he cannot approach me, 'cause I'm lookin' like class and he's
what he wants—and just sits on his broke ass.

So,

no, I don't want your number. No, I don't wanna

give you mine and no, I don't wanna meet you nowhere. No, don't want

none of your time and no, I don't want no scrub. A scrub is a guy that can't
get no love from me, hang-in' out the passenger side of his
best friend's ride, try'n to holler at me. I don't want no scrub. A
scrub is a guy that can't get no love from me, hang-in' out the
passenger side of his best friend's ride, try'n to holler at A
try'n to hol-ler at me.  
If you don't have a car and you're walk-in', oh, yes,

---
son, I'm talk-in' to you.  
If you live at home wit' your

---
ma-ma, oh, yes, son, I'm talk-in' to you.  
If you

---
have as-sured me that you don't show love, oh, yes, son, I'm
talkin' to you. Wanna get with me with no money, oh

no. I don't want no. No.

Gm7  C7

D7/F♯  Cm7

Gm  D7  Gm

Cm7  Gm  D7  G5

No  no.
No, no. I don't want no scrub. A scrub is a guy that can't get no love from me, hangin' out the passenger side of his best friend's ride, try'n to hol-l'er at me.
N.O.B.O.D.Y.
Words and Music by FITZGERALD SCOTT and KEITH SWEAT

Slowly
N.C.

I wanna tease.

Fmaj7
Em7
Dm7

you.
I wanna please you.

Em7
Dm7

for me and you.
I wanna show you.

Em7
Dm7

So come here, ba-

you baby,
that I need you.

I want your bod-

Em7
Dm7

by,
and let me do it to you.

Don't be a-fraid.

Fmaj7
Em7
Dm7

'til the very last drop,
'cause I won't bite.

I want you to hol-

I promise to give.
Em7

no-bod-y, No-bod-y, ba-by.

nig short long?

Dm7

no-bod-y, no-bod-y.

I want the night.

Dm7

no-bod-y, no-bod-y.)

and the band keeps play-in' on. Bow wow wohn-in-on wohn,

Dm7

bow wow wohn-in-on wohn, bow wow wohn-in-on wohn. No-bod-y, ba-by.

Fmaj7

Em7

Dm7

I (And may-be I, want you right now for my lov-

Place no one above ya.

If you need a love,
I'll be right there,
(If you need my love,)
I'll come runnin', oh baby.

Oh, yes, I will.
Yes, I will, baby.

Lead vocal ad lib
(No-bod-y,

Repeat and Fade
no-bod-y,
no-bod-y,
no-bod-y, but me.)
SATISFY YOU

Words and Music by SEAN “PUFFY” COMBS, ROGER GREENE, KELLY PRICE, R. KELLY, JEFF WALKER, JAY KING, DENZIL FOSTER and THOMAS McELROY

Relaxed

LOOP

N.C.

Original key: B♭ minor. This edition has been transposed up one half-step to be more playable.
CHORUS

He don't understand you like I do.

No, he'll never make love to you like I do. So, give it to me.

'cause I could show you 'bout a real love and I can
promise anything that I do is just to satisfy you.

BRIDGE

N.C.

Don't let him sing you a sad song.

waiting for love like this

too long. All that you
LYRICS

Intro: (Spoken:) All I want is somebody who’s gon’ love me
(Loop) for me, somebody I could love for them. All this money don’t
mean shit if you ain’t got nobody to share it with. Love rules
the world. You feel me?

Chorus:

Rap 1: When it hurt, I ease the pain, girl, caress your frame.
(Loop) Get them worries off your brain, girl. I’m in your corner.
Do what you want. It’s your thing, girl.
I’ll persist and try, but we one in the same, girl.
It ain’t a game. So, I can’t play wit you. I wanna lay wit you,
stay wit you, pray wit you, grow old and grey wit you.
In good and bad times, we’ll always make it through
’Cause what we got is true, no matter what they say to you.
(Sung: Ooh, can I be your baby?)
I could straight-lace you, not just appearance,
Stimulate your mind, strengthen your spirits,
Be the voice of reason when you ain’t try’n to hear it.
You want it, but you fear it, but you love it when you near it.
(Sung: Ooh, treat you like a lady.)
Sittin’ on the sofa, gettin’ to me closer.
Touch you right. Do it like a man’s supposed to.
Knew you was the one, that’s why I chose ya
’Cause you get down for yours and ride like a soldier.

Chorus:
Rap 2: (Loop)  
Your soul ain't a toy, you ain't dealin' wit a boy,  
Feel emptiness inside? I can feel that void.  
When you spend time wit your woman and listen,  
It shines more than any baguette diamond can glisten.  
I can't impress you wit the cars and the wealth  
'Cause any woman wit will and drive can get it herself.  
I'd rather show you it's heartfelt, make your heart melt  
And prove to you you're more important than anything else.  
(Sung: Ooh, can I be your baby?)  
Worthwhile, special like my first child.  
When I see your face, it's always like the first time  
Our eyes met. I knew we be together in a trijet  
I wanna give you things that I didn't buy yet.  
(Sung: Ooh, treat you like a lady.)  
Hold you, mold you. Don't know? Let me show you.  
Ain't no tellin' what we could grow to.  
Let it be known I told you.  
And I'm 'a be there for whatever you go through.  
My love is true.

Chorus:

Bridge:

Rap 3: (Loop)  
I'm that light when you can't see.  
I'm that air when you can't breathe.  
I'm that feelin' when you can't leave.  
Some doubt, some believe. Some lie, cheat, and deceive.  
So, it's only you and me. When you weak, I'll make you strong.  
Here's where you belong. I ain't perfect, but I promise  
I won't do you wrong. Keep you 'way from harm.  
My love is protected. I'll wrap you in my arms so you never feel neglected.  
I'll just make you aware of what we have is rare.  
In the moment of despair, I'm the courage when you scared.  
Loyal, down for you, soon as I saw you  
Wanted to be there 'cause I could hold it down for you,  
Be around for you. Plant seeds in the soil.  
Make love all night, bendin' bed coils.  
You a queen, therefore I treat you royal.  
This is all for you, 'cause I simply adore you.

Chorus:  
(Repeat and Fade)
SITTIN' UP IN MY ROOM
from the Original Soundtrack Album WAITING TO EXHALE

Words and Music by
BABYFACE

Moderately

Em7

Seems like ever since the first day we

in my happy place...

Original key: Eb minor. This edition has been transposed up one half-step to be more playable.
there is no one else I think of more than
All it takes is just one simple call from
you. Can't seem to forget, can't get you out my
head. Guess the verdict's in, I'm crazy over
ground. Pretty baby, please tell me if I'm getting
you. How can one be down? Tell me where to start, 'cause ev'ry time you
through. Tell me what is up, you see I need to know. Tell me if I'm
smile, I feel trem-ors in my heart. I have but one con-cern; how can I get wit’ you? 'Til my day comes, here’s what I’m gon’ do. Sit-tin’ up in my room. back here think-in’ bout you. I must con-fess, I’m a mess for you. Sit-tin’ up in my room, back here think-in’ bout you. I’m just a
mess with a thang for you. Pray that you'll in you.

How can one be down? Tell me where to start, 'cause ev'ry time you smile, I feel tremors in my heart. I have but one con
How can I get wit' you? 'Til my day comes, here's what I'm gonna do... Sit-tin' up in my room, back here thinkin' 'bout you. I must confess, I'm a mess for you. Sit-tin' up in my room, back here thinkin' 'bout you. I'm just a mess with a thang for you. Sit-tin' up in my room, back here thinkin' 'bout you.
(Spoken:) Are you for me like I am for you? Can we share love to last forever? And if so, let me know. Tell me it's real... this feelin' that we feel. Tell me that it's real...
Don't let love come just to pass us by. Try is all we have to do.
It's up to me and you.

to make this special love last forever more.
Baby, you told me that you loved me and you'd never leave my side.

Till the bitter end, through the thick and thin, you promised me, baby, that you wasn't goin' an-
Tell me it's real.
know just how you feel.
this feelin' that we feel.
Tell me that it's real.

Don't let love come just to pass us by.
Try is all we have to do. It's up to me and you to make this special love last forever more. I can't explain the way you make me feel every time that you told me that you
I loved me. And you knew you did so many times.
Just when I thought that love could never be a part of me, that's when you came along and showed me happiness. Baby, you are the best.
I think you're different from the rest and I really love you. Tell me it's real.
CODA I  Bb/Ab  Gb  Ebm7

last forever more. Tell me it's real, this

Abm7

feelin' that I feel. Tell me it's real.

D.S.S. al Coda II

For your love, I will do anything.

CODA II

Eb  Ab  Bb/D  Bb7/F

This feelin' that we feel,

Do you really love me? Do you really

Ab/C  Cb/Db
Tell me that it's real
Don't let love care?

You promised that you'd never leave my side.

Come just to pass us by.

You promised that you'd always be there. Try is

all we have to do.

It's up to me... and you

to make this special love.
This feelin' that we feel

last forever more

I'll be there for you, baby,

tell me that it's real.

if you'll be there for me, sweet heart.

I thought that we were

meant to be for eternity.

I thought you loved me, baby.

Try is all we have to do.

It's

And ma-ma told me take it slow.

Boy, you just don't know any
up to me and you


to make this


thing a bout love.


If you and I were meant to be then you would


know.


It would show by the end of this song.
TOGETHER AGAIN

Words and Music by TERRY LEWIS, JAMES HARRIS III and JANET JACKSON

Dance beat
N.C.

There are times when I look above and beyond;
Always been a true angel to me. Now above,

there are times when I feel your love around me, baby.
I can't wait for you to wrap your wings around me, baby.

© 1997 EMI APRIL MUSIC INC., FLYTE TYME TUNES INC. and BLACK ICE PUBLISHING
All Rights for EMI APRIL MUSIC INC. Controlled and Administered by EMI APRIL MUSIC INC.
All Rights Reserved International Copyright Secured Used by Permission
I'll never forget my baby, wrap 'em around me, baby.

When I feel that I don't belong, draw my strength from the words when you said, "Hey, it's about you, baby, will you ever see now, baby."

I'm so happy for you, baby,"

Dream about us together."
er again,

What I want, us to-gether a-gain, ba-bby.

But I know we'll be to-geth-er a-gain, 'cause ev-'ry where I go,

ev-'ry smile I see, I know you are there

smil-in' back at me. Dan-cin' in moon-light.
Am7  G6  Fmaj7  C/E

I know you are free 'cause I can see your star

Dm9  Fmaj7/G  N.C.

shin-in' down on me.

G/A  Em7

Together again, hoo,

Fmaj7/G  Dm9  G/A  Em7

(Together again, hoo,

Good times we'll share again, (together again, hoo,

...
(_makes me wanna dance._) (Together again, hoo._)

(_Say it loud and proud._) (Together again, hoo._)

(_all my love's for you._) (Together again._)

(all my love's for you._) There are times when I
look above and beyond; there are times when I feel you smile upon me, baby.

I'll never forget my baby.

What I'd give just to hold you close. As on earth,
in heaven we will be together, baby.
together again, my baby.

Every where I go, every smile I see, I know you are there

smilin' back at me. Dancin' in moonlight, I know you are free

'cause I can see your star shinin' down on me. shinin' down on me.
UNPRETTY

Words and Music by DALLAS AUSTIN
and TIONNE WATKINS

Medium steady beat

C          G/B        C/G         F          F/A       G

C          G/D        C/B         F/A        G          C          G/B      C/G

F          F/A        G          C          G/D      C/B  F/A      G

C          G/B        C/G         F          F/A       G

I wish I could tie you up****** in my*** shoes,****** make you feel un - pretty, too.
Never in - se - cure un - til I met you. Now I'm be-in' stupid.

* Vocal line is written an octave higher than sung.
I was told I was beautiful.
I used to be so cute to me.

What does that mean to you?
just a little bit skinny.

Look into the mirror. Who's inside there?
Why do I look to all these things to keep you happy?

Same old me again today...
May-be get rid of you and then I'll get back to me.

My outsides look cool. My insides look blue.
Ev'-ry time I think I'm through it's be-
cause of you. I try different ways but it's all the same. At the end of the day I have myself to blame. I'm just trippin'.

You can buy your hair if it won't grow. You can fix your nose if he says so.

You can buy all the make-up that man can make. But if
C G/B C/G F F/A G
you can't look inside you, find out who am I, too.

C G/D C/B F/A G C G/B C/G
Be in the position to make me feel so damn un-pretty.

F F/A G C G/D C/B F/A G
Yeah, I make you feel un-pretty, too.

2 F/A G C G/B C/G
feel so damn un-pretty. You can buy your hair if it won't grow.
You can fix your nose if he says so.
You can buy all the make-up the man can make.
But if you can't look inside you, find out who am I, too.

Be in the position to make me feel so damn unpretty.

I make you feel unpretty, too.
I make you feel un-pret-ty...

Oh, oh, oh.
Oh, oh, oh, oh._

You can buy your hair if it won't grow._

You can buy all the make-up that

man can make._ But if you can't look inside you._

Be in the position to make me feel so._

Repeat and Fade Optional Ending
Slowly

Man-y nights we've prayed, with no proof any-one could hear.

In our hearts a hope-ful song we bare-ly un-derstood. Now

we are not a-fraid, al-though we know there's much to fear.
We were moving mountains long before we knew we could.

There can be miracles when you believe. Though hope is frail, it's hard to kill. Who knows what miracles you can achieve?

When you believe, somehow you will. You will when you believe.
In this time of fear, when prayer so often proves in vain, hope seems like the summer birds, too.

swiftly flown away... Yet now I'm standing here, my heart so full... I can't explain... seeking faith and speaking words... I
never thought I'd say:
There can be miracles,
when you believe.
Though hope is frail, it's hard to kill.
(When you believe.)

Who knows what miracles you can achieve?
(You can achieve?)

When you believe, somehow you will.
You will when you believe.

They don't always happen when you ask.

And it's easy to give in to your fear.

But when you're blinded by your pain, can't see
— your way clear through the rain, a small but still resilient voice says

help is very near.

There can be miracles, when you believe.

cresc.  

Though hope is frail, it's hard to kill.

Who knows what miracles

you can achieve?

When you believe, somehow you will,
now you will. You will when you believe.

---

You will when you, you will when you believe, just believe. You will when you believe.
YOU MAKE ME WANNA...

Words and Music by JERMAINE DUPRI, MANUEL SEAL and USHER RAYMOND

R & B Ballad

Cm

Fm7

Ab

This is what you do.

mf

1

G/B

This is what you do.

2

G/B

You make me wanna leave the one I'm with.

Cm

start a new relationship with you.

This is what you do.

Think about a ring and all the

© 1997 EMI APRIL MUSIC INC., SO SO DEF MUSIC, URBAN MUSIC, BMG SONGS, INC. and SLACK A.D. MUSIC
All Rights for SO SO DEF MUSIC and URBAN MUSIC Controlled and Administered by EMI APRIL MUSIC INC.
All Rights for SLACK A.D. MUSIC Administered by BMG SONGS, INC.
All Rights Reserved. International Copyright Secured. Used by Permission
things that come along with. You make me, you make me. You make me wanna

leave the one I'm with, start a new relationship with you.

This is what you do. Think about a ring and all the things that come along with.

To Coda

— You make me, you make me. Before anything began between us, she was
Now what's bad is you're the one that hooked us up.
like my best friend, knowing it should've been you. And what's sad is that I love her, but

---

I'm falling for you. What should I do?

---

You used to say it'll be o.k., suggest little things I should do, exactly what I feel inside? 'Cause I,

---

You used to say it'll be o.k., suggest little things I should do, exactly what I feel inside? 'Cause I,
Cm

I don't wanna go, don't need to stay, but I

A♭

think about was you and how you make me wanna

G

G/B

really need to get it together. You make me wanna

A♭maj7

G/B

you make me. At this point,
the situation's out of control.

I never meant to hurt her, but I
gotta let her go. And if she may not
understand it while all of this is going on.
I tried, I tried to fight it, but the

feeling's just too strong. You make me wanna, wanna, wanna...

You make me wanna...

You make me wanna...
You make me wanna, Come along with, you make me.

You make me wanna leave the one I'm with, start a new relation-ship with you. This is what you do. Think about a ring and all the things that come along with. You make me, you make me. You make me wanna
WILD WILD WEST
from the Warner Bros. Film WILD WILD WEST

Moderate Rap groove

Words and Music by STEVIE WONDER, WILL SMITH and MOHANDAS DEWES

Original key: E♭ minor. This edition has been transposed up one half-step to be more playable.

© 1999 BLACK BULL MUSIC and JOHNNY MUSIC CO., INC. on EMI APRIL MUSIC INC., TREYBALL MUSIC and ZOMBA ENTERPRISES INC.
All Rights Reserved International Copyright Secured Used by Permission
- contains elements of "I Wish"
The wild, wild West, when I roll into the wild, wild West, when I bounce into the wild, wild West. The wild, wild West... Now.
straight to the wild, wild West... We're go-in'

wild, wild West, when I roll in to the wild, wild West, when I stroll in to the

wild, wild West, when I bounce in to the wild, wild West...

The

2

N.C.

wild, wild West... Break-down! Do, do, do, do, do. Do, do, do, do, do.
Do, do, do, do, do, do, do, do, do, do, do, do, do,

2nd time only Rap: To any outlaw tryin' to draw,
thinkin' you're bad, any draw in the West, that's with a pen and a pad. Don't even think about it. Six gun weighin' a ton. Ten paces and turn just for fun, son. Up to sun-down, rollin' a round. See where the bad guys ought to be found and make 'em lay down.
Em7

A7

They’re defend-ers of the West, crush-in’ all pret-end-ers in the West. Don’t mess with us, ’cause we in the	

Em7

A7

wild, wild West, when I roll in-to the wild, wild West, when I stroll in-to the	

Em7

A7

(Female:) We’re go-in’

wild, wild West, when I bounce in-to the wild, wild West.

The	

Em7

A7

straight to the wild, wild West. We’re go-in’

wild, wild West, when I roll in-to the wild, wild West, when I stroll in-to the
Rap 1:  West, Jim West, desperado. Rough rider, no you don't want nada.
None of this six-gunnest brother runnin' this.
Buffalo soldier. Look, it's like I told ya.

Any damsel that's in distress be outta that dress when she meet Jim West.
Rough neck, so go check the law and abide.
Watch your step, will flex and get a hole in your side.
Swallow your pride. Don't let your lip react.

You don't wanna see my hand where by hip be at.
Wit' Artemis from the start of this runnin' the game.
James West tamin' the West, so remember the name.

Now, who you gonna call? Not the G.B.'s.
Now, who you gonna call? J. Dub 'n' A.G.
If you have a rift with either one of us,
Break out before you get bumrushed at...

Chorus:

Rap 2:  Now, once upon a time in the West,
Madman lost his damn mind in the West.
Loveless, gettin' half a dime, nuttin' less.
Now I must put his behind to the test.
Then through the shadows, in the saddle, ready for battle.
Bring all your boys in, here come the poison.
Behind my back, all that riffin' you did.

Front and center, now where your lip at kid?
Who that is? A mean brother bound for your health.
Lookin' damn good though, if I could say it myself.
Told me Loveless is a madman, but I don't fear that.

He got mad weapons, too? Ain't tryin' to hear that.
Try'n to bring down me, the champion?
When y'all clowns gon' see that it can't be done?
Understand me, son, I'm the slickest there is.
I'm the quickest there is. Did I say I'm the slickest there is?
So, if you barkin' up the wrong tree we comin'.
Don't be startin' nothin'. Me and my partner gonna
Test your chest, Loveless.
Can't stand the heat? Then get out the wild, wild... (See chorus)

Chorus:
YOU'RE MAKIN' ME HIGH

Moderately slow funk

Words and Music by BABYFACE
and BRYCE WILSON

Copyright © 1995 Sony/ATV Songs LLC, ECAF Music, Almo Music Corp. and Groove 7B Music
All Rights on behalf of Sony/ATV Songs LLC and ECAF Music Administered by Sony/ATV Music Publishing, 8 Music Square West, Nashville, TN 37203
International Copyright Secured All Rights Reserved
I'll always think of you inside of my private thoughts.
Can't get my mind off you, I think I might be obsessed.

I can imagine you touching my private parts.
The very thought of you makes me want to get undressed.

And just the thought of you, I can't help but touch myself.
I wanna be with you in spite of what my heart says.

That's why I want you so bad.
I guess I want you too bad.
Just one night of
All I want is
(1.) moon light with you there beside me, all night,

(2., D.S.) moon light with you there inside me, doin' it again and again.

You know I want you so bad, baby, baby, baby,

baby, baby, baby, baby. Ooh, I get so high
when I'm around you, baby. I can touch the sky.

You make my temperature rise.

You're making me high,

baby, baby, baby, baby, baby, baby, baby.
I want to feel your heart and soul inside of me.

Let's make a deal. You roll, I lick, and we can go flying into ecstasy. Oh, darlin', you and me.

Light my fire, blow my flame, take me, take me, take me away.
Lord, I really want it,

CODA

ba- by, ba- by, ba- by, ba- by.
Ooh, I get so high when I'm around you, baby.

I can touch the sky. You make my temperature rise.

You're makin' me high,

Repeat and Fade

baby, baby, baby, baby.