

Could It Be (feat. Twista)

Trick Daddy

Could it be, you and me?
Could it be? (heh heh)
Could it be that I'm lost,
Gettin' soft and just fallin' in love(fallin' in love heh heh)
Could it be, you and me? (for my thugs y'all, nigga)Very sleek, gotta sneak,
peepin', creepin',
Turn it up my homeboy,
Tellin' lies, to the guys, like nigga I'm goin' home boy.
Hittin' the back streets, wanna see my boo.
Gotta gift for two, for you,
And something for your mama too.
Thinkin' 'bout ya all day, in a thug way.
wanna hold you in my arms, lil' mama and i can't wait.
Tongue tied, bitch ain't lie,
She in love to the lil' guy, and ya know,
Showin love to the lil' guy.
Suckin', fuckin', touchin' one another,
On top of the covers.
Let's get some air up in this mutha fucka.
And she was callin' my name, and tellin' me thangs,
I can't explain.
So for ever we should always be together.(shit)
Sweet love, slow tongue kissin', and hugs.
I'm on a mission, wishin', kissin' that belly button.
She hum a song, that got me on.
And it won't be long before I reach the zone.
Move along, how ever long.
To eat the zone, pressure stones, when you reach that zone.
The bitch go home and leave them crooked bitches alone.
Make your kids, and your wife, and your whole life.
It'll be hard at first but hold tight.
Could it be that I'm lost,
Gettin' soft and just fallin' in love(am I fallin' in love, oh no)
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Could it be that I'm lost,
Gettin' soft and just fallin' in love(am I fallin' in love, oh no)Could it be that I'm lost in myself,
Cought up in my self, tryin' to keep it real,
But all that wilin' is costin' myself.
Could it be I'm scared of the love.

Y'all want a turn to get so scandalous
This thug nigga just can't handle this.
But the I neva met a girl that could role a Philly like you
You could see I like you, when I kick my flow who feel it like you.
You was lookin all sexy when you got out yo ride
Checkin' out yo' thigh.
The dreams of a fine girl, I see out my eye,
She about yo' size.
Don't really seem like the type that'll really mutha fuck with drama,
So nigga done just put up with a little trauma, so it's me she seem to hona.
These other hoes don't get showed lately, me and her been hangin'.
Smokin', drankin', keepin' her shit tight,
swangin' all in a midnight bangin',
Never trippin', but I'm tippin', or just kickin' it with my dawgs.
We ball with them niggas tellin' me my nose been open,
Ever since I hit them drawls.
I tell them I'm still a pimp,
I don't really want ya but I just pretend.
Cuz I damn near kick it with you the same way I be trippin' out with them.
Trick Daddy won't rat on me, he told me, ÔTwista,
don't kick it how we get what, long as you handle your business, mistaÔ.
So I sit back and say, Ôfuck itÔ pick up the phone and call my bitch up
Started thankin', is it all in the bud or am I fallin' in love.
(fallin' in love, fallin' in love, fallin' in love,
fallin' in love, fallin' in love, fallin' in love,
fallin' in love, fallin' in love,)(Could it be, you and me, you and me, could it be,
you and me, this that thug shit, what, say it.)Could it be that I'm lost,
Gettin' soft and just fallin' in love(am I fallin' in love, oh no)
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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