

Zucchero

"In My Bed"

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Jermaine Dupri:

You wanna dance?
Ha, I'ma make you dance
You wanna move?
Ha, I'ma make you move
Dru Hill come on

Dru Hill:

I got this feeling
I can't turn it loose
That somebody else is getting next to you
Can't walk around
Like I was your fool
Cause being who I am I can't lose my cool
My friends keep telling me bout things going on
But deep in my heart babe
I hope that I'm wrong

Chorus:

Somebody's sleepin' in my bed
Messin' with my head
Takin' my place
(Somebody's sleepin' in my bed)
Sleepin' in bed
Messin' with my head
Takin' my place
(Takin my place, Oh oh)

I come home early expecting your warm embrace
But something's wrong cause it's written on your face
(Written on your face)
Cause it hurts so bad when I walk through the door
But you know one thing
I ain't comin' back no more
Don't try to tell me things are still the same
Cause when we made love I heard you call out his
name

Chorus

What else did you want?
What else did you need?
Giving you everything plus my heart
I gave you the world (Yes I did)
Cause you were my girl (Oh yes I)
But you still ran out on me

JD: Uh, fly shit, differnt colors whips
I got plenty big hits, all kinda dips
Got too many
Da Brat:My life ain't complete if I ain't got no buzz
And can't nobody do it like we does
It's a must brat bust and the mike you hand to me
And represent for the rest of the family
JD: Well I'm known for makin' moves on my own big
songs
And now I keep it commin' stong till the early morn
Da Brat:Lemme interrupt
Your regular schedule
Twistin' off high levels of bubonic
Chokin' amateurs till they vomit
JD: I make em sick cause I'm the williest
Da Brat:Too much for you to deal with
My niggas that ride quick
Survive or die bitch
JD: Why switch this remix hurts everyday
It's like this and I never stop puttin it in work
I rock from L.A. to Dru Hill
Something you can feel
All I'm about is that dolla dolla bill
What the deal?
Da Brat:Funkier than parliment
Stay bent behind tent
And keep a nigga payin' my rent
My goldier scent lingers
VVS describes best what's on the fingers
JD: We make believers out of dreamers

Repeat Chorus till fade

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