

Bob The Builder

"Bewteen Me and You"

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[Vita]

Come on murda
Come on
Come on
Oooh

[Vita]

You wanna wine me, dine me, slide behind me
Scratch my back, grab my neck and call me mami
Now you slept with her, through the dos and don'ts boo
Crept with her for your needs and wants
So the kinky little things that you do, Rule
Finally caught back up to you, true
If you knew what I knew, ooh
You better watch who you screw baby

[Tah Murdah]

First things first
Ma, let's keep it on the low and out the hood
Cuz if our buisness is everybody's, that ain't good
I got a spot where we could lay M-I-A
By the water, a beach house in Mi-a-mi
Yea, even the hunnies play they know how the game go
I don't tell, and you won't tell, and nobody'll know
Hunnies holla, and at the end of the night
I give em a first class ticket to paradise
I twist backwards, Ma u wanna fly?
Believe it's that good and mami I ain't gon' lie
If you give it to Tah, shhhh nobody'll know
Keep it low, the only way to keep it
Murdah be creepin fa sho
Soon as he hit the tunnel I through in the Hummer
With the E flights of the O and the fire dro
Even though (We Murderers Baby) it's all gravy
As long as it don't get back to my lady
Murdah mack and I'm crazy

[Chorus: Christina Milian]

Now every little thing that we do (that we do)
Should be between me and you (me and you)
The freaky things that we do (that we do)

Let's keep between me and you (me and you)
Cause every little thing that we do (that we do)
Should be between me and you (me and you)
The freaky things that we do (that we do)
Let's keep between me and you, ba-byyy

[Black Child]

It's deep, when you murda mami from the street
When it's beef, she know how to raise the heat
And when we creep, we might never get caught
Cuz she know I'll put her man on life support
Picture me and my mami in court, never God
I got a street freak, all night we fought
Then we crush, when we finish fightin it's so exciting
Had her doin the dyke thing with my dove from
Dikeman
Aight then, gettin hot when the is dog bitin
It's tight then, better feelin then I get from writin
I like when, you and me about to get it on
And that dance that you do when I throw on the Thong
Song

[Chorus]

[Ja Rule]

Holla, if you hear a nigga hollerin at cha
Just between me and you, I'm really diggin you
And this is what you should do, let's do some creepin
Love your man all week, and see me on weekends
I'm your part time freak-er
All Rimmied up, on extasy and wifey free
Sex with me could get a little crazy at times
Once I start and I sweat, it's the heart of the grind
I'm lookin down at my watch, it's about that time
Your man calls, and you start to lie
And it seems like everytime I'm in bed with you, baby
Homey be checkin up on you, baby
That nigga must be, crazy, broke, and lazy
No wonder you fuckin me
Baby, it's just me and you and nobody got a clue
About that freaky little thing that we do

[Chorus]

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