

Björk

"Could it Be"

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[Intro: Trick Daddy]

Could it be, you and me

Could it be (heh heh)

Could it be that I'm lost gettin' soft or just fallin' in love

(fallin' in love, heh heh)

Could it be, you and me

(for the thugs album, nigga)

[Trick Daddy]

Dirty sheets got me sneakin, peepin, creepin

Tryna duck my homeboy, tellin lies to the guys

like "Nigga I'm goin home boy"

Hittin back streets, wanna see my boo

I got - gift or two for you

And then something for your mama too

Thinkin bout cha all day, in a thug way

Wanna hold you in my arms til tomorrow, and I can't

wait

Tongue tied, bitch ain't lie

Showin love to the lil guy

And you know, I'm showin love to the lil guy

Suckin fuckin touchin one another, on top of the covers

Let's get some air off in this motherfucker *breathing*

And she be, callin my name I'm telling her thangs

I can't explain, so forever we should always be together

shit

Sweet love, slow tongue kisses and hugs

I'm on a mission, wishin kissin that belly button

She hum a song, as the come along

And it won't be long, 'fore she reach that zone

Move along, (however long)

To each his own, precious stones, when you reach that

zone

Keep a peaceful home, and leave them crooked bitch

alone

Make your kids and your wife your whole life

It'll be hard at first but hold tight, when in love

[Chorus: Trick Daddy & (Twista)] 4x

Could it be that I'm lost gettin' soft

Or just fallin' in love?

(Am I falling in love, oh nooo)

[Trick Daddy]

Could it be - I'm lost in myself
Caught up in myself, tryna keep it real
but all the wil'in is costin myself
Could it be I'm scared to love
Y'all want a turn to get so scandalous
And this thug nigga just can't handle this

[Twista]

But then I - never met a girl that could roll a Philly like
you
Use a skillet 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 eyes
She about your size little mama
Don't really seem like the type that'll bring a
motherfucker drama
Some nigga done just put up with a little trauma, so it's
me she seem to honor
These other hoes done been short lately, me and her
been hangin
Smokin, drankin, keep her shit tight swangin
All in a midnight bangin
Never trippin but I'm tippin or just kickin it wit my dogs,
we ball
But them niggas tellin me my nose been open ever
since I hit them drawers
I tell em "I'm still a pimp" I don't really want cha but I
just pretend
Cuz I'm down to kick it wit you the same way that I be
trippin out wit them
Trick Daddy won't ride on me, he told me "Twista...
Go head and kick it however you want just handle your
business mister"
So I sit back and say "Fuck it" pick up the phone and
call my bitch up
Steady thinkin: is it all in the bud or I am 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. . .

[Chorus: Trick Daddy & (Twista)] 4x

Could it be that I'm lost gettin' soft
Or just fallin' in love?
(Am I falling in love, oh nooo)

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