

## Koffee Brown "Chick On Da Side"

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[Chorus:]

You say you ain't got nobody (body)  
Thought you was bout it, bout it  
Skeletons in your closet, closet  
Baby what you tryin to hide  
You say you ain't got nobody (body)  
Thought you was bout it, bout it  
Skeletons in your closet, closet  
Bet you gotta chick on da side

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[Verse 1: Girls verse]

check i seen that chick  
With the diamonds all over her wrist  
And the deep dish rims on six  
Dipped on chrome cell phone's on  
Floss all day at the mall  
With your boys at the park balling ball  
Gave you my number  
But you wouldn't call  
Ain't know thang  
Game recognize game

[Verse 1: Guys verse]

See Girl you got some kinda nerve  
You said you lived alone  
That night when I called ya  
Why did a nigga pick up your phone?  
Well I know he wasn't your brother  
Your nephew or your cousin  
So I asumed he was your lover

Tell me what should I think about you

[Chours:]

You say you ain't got nobody, body (nobody)  
Thought you was bout it, bout it  
Skeletons in your closet, closet  
Baby what you tryin to hide  
You say you ain't got nobody (body)  
Thought you was bout it, bout it (bout it baby)  
Skeletons in your closet, closet  
Bet you gotta chick on da side

You say you ain't got nobody (body)  
Thought you was bout it, bout it  
Skeletons in your closet, closet  
Baby what you tryin to hide  
You say you ain't got nobody (body)  
Thought you was bout it, bout it  
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[Verse 2: Girl's verse]

stressed out gotta chill for awhile  
Court date cause your using my child  
Girl I thought you could make me smile  
But it's the same old thang  
Nothing's change  
Situation's got me lost  
God knows I gotta cut her off  
I respected you enough  
Tell me what the deal  
Keep it real

[Verse 2: Guy's verse]

Tints smoked out on your whip  
Saw ya car but I could'nt see in  
You were parked out side of the mo  
Said your wheels are cut  
Ya Paint is scratched up  
Call here cussin me out  
Get your clothes  
cause There all thrown out  
Took my love  
And you thugged it on out  
Said it ain't know thang  
Game recognize game

[Chours:]

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[Bridge]

Were you gon meet  
What you gon do  
How you gon do it  
Beta get to it boy  
You, me  
And she just a friend of mine  
(all)All you do is creep, creep (creep)  
You know chase the paper late at night  
Weep, weep  
You call me back when you get ready  
Can't believe a thing you tell  
Noooooooooooo!  
You, me  
And she was just my baby momma  
All you do is creep, creep  
Always callin me with so kinda drama  
Weep, weep (Yes she was)  
You call me back when you get ready  
Can't believe a thing you tell me  
Bet you gotta chick on da side

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