

David Wade f/ Baby Bash**"Creepin'"**

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[David Wade] Whoo! Here's another one Mike C. David Wade Baby Bash 2004 Creepin' Remix Come here, girl Come here, girl Let me tell you little somethin' 'bout your ass I see what you doin', I see what you doin' Let me tell you [Main Verse: David Wade] Thought that you were home Talkin' on the phone Tellin' me you love me and miss me But you knew all along That you was doing wrong You was out there creeping, creeping Deep inside, I knew, that you Let go Cause I can feel you, babe And I believe it's better off This way So save your lies for another day Chorus: David Wade When I was home sleepin' (Hah) You was on the block, creepin' (Hah) Said you love me, now you cheatin' (Hah) Pack your thangs, get out the door, it's time to go Always out up on the weekends (Hah) Up in the club, freakin' (Hah) So tell me why you creepin' (Hah) No, I don't need you no more, so now you gone fa' sho Repeat Chorus [Rap Verse: Baby Bash] You out there when I'm sleepin', hun Out there, just creepin', hun Out there, just cheatin', hun Well guess what, you leavin', hun Out the door Pack your bags Leave what you can with, pack your rags Tell your girlfriends, they can have you back While me and the homeboys smash these Jags I sacrificed my party life Tryin' to be a good daddy, keep the wife But now I'm back in the game, and I'm oh-so throwed Baby Bash, mayne, don't you know Oh yeah It's goin' down With your best friend, how I tow it down You didn't know then, but you know it now And bye-bye's where you goin', now Repeat Chorus Twice Bridge: David Wade Gotta get up out my house And leave all my thangs Even the Benz That's rolling on them chrome thangs Gotta get up out my house And leave all my thangs Even the Benz That's rolling on them chrome thangs {*David Wade harmonizing*} Repeat Chorus Twice [David Wade] Naw, never again (Sleepin') When I was at home sleepin, you was out (Creepin') You was on the block just (Cheatin') Oh, I got some for you alright But let me figure this one out Weekends Now you can just pack all them rags you came with (Freakin') And jump in your broke down ass Pinto, girl (Creepin') Cause you (Gone fa' sho)

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