

# Who Dis

Chris Brown

True story (Woo)

Attention, my baby's comin' over  
I'ma need everyone to go  
Take what you need and get to steppin'  
No, you don't need to wait up  
Traffic, I hear it's kinda crazy  
More time for me to clean up  
She might think there is something shady  
Really, seriously, you need to hurry up  
If you only knew about the way she drive  
You would understand, I ain't fucking around  
If she come through the front door, and you gotta hide  
Gotta hide, she be like

Who this bitch all up in my house?  
Why she hiding behind the couch?  
Ho don't know me, no, you don't know me  
No, don't get up, fuck around and I'ma lay you out (Hey, hey, hey, hey)  
She like, who this bitch all up in my house? (Yeah)  
Why she hiding behind the couch? (Yeah)  
Hold on, no me, no, you don't know me  
No, don't get up, fuck around and I'ma lay you out (Out)  
Who this? Who this is?  
Who this? (Ah, ah) Who this is?  
Who this? Who this is, yeah?  
Who this? (Ah, ah) Who this is, yeah?

Jump, jump, jump out the way (Ayy)  
Jump, jump out the place (Ayy)  
If she pull a blade and point it at me  
I might catch a case (Ayy)  
Baby, I know I was wrong  
That's the whole reason I'm singing this song (Ayy)  
Can we all get along, get along, get along?  
I know you trippin' and pointin' them fingers  
What if I told you that this was my sister (Woo, damn)  
Trapped in the closet? (Ayy) but it ain't  
Lying trying to stall her so that she can get away  
What she say?

Who this bitch all up in my house? (Who that bitch?)  
Why she hiding behind the couch? (Please don't hurt her now)  
Ho don't know me, no, you don't know me (Know me)  
No, don't get up (Hey), fuck around (Hey) and I'ma lay you out (Hey, hey, he  
y, hey)  
Who this, who this, who this is?  
She like, who this bitch all up in my house? (Yeah)  
Why she hiding behind the couch? (Yeah, oh, no, no, no)  
Hold on, no me, no, you don't know me  
No, don't get up (Hey), fuck around and I'ma lay you out (Out)  
She like, who this? What's that bitch name?  
Who this is? What's her name?  
Who this? What's that bitch name?  
Who this is? What's her name?  
Who this? What's that bitch name?  
Who this is? Yeah, tell me her name

Who this? What's that bitch name?  
Who this? What's that bitch name? (Ow!)

Not the regular predicament  
Can't even play like I'm innocent  
Every night I fuck a different bitch  
I'm the man, you the woman, it's different  
You fuckin' niggas for fame (Wow)  
Bitches heartin' on my Instagram  
I see that look on her face  
Know she gon' fuck her up, I'ma just pop a Xan'  
I'm under pressure  
Came into here, she gon' leave in a stretcher  
I shouldn't have let her  
I shoulda known better, she gon' teach me a lesson  
She a lethal weapon with the .45 with the compressor  
Don't pull it, don't pull it, don't pull it  
Blood all over the wall and dresser  
And if I have the chance would I save her life?  
If I never cheated, she wouldn't have died  
No, I don't see no soul, only hear her cry  
Literally thinking that I'm dead wrong  
What she say?

Who this bitch all up in my house? (Ooh, who is? Yeah)  
Why she hiding behind the couch? (Couch)  
Ho don't know me, no, you don't know me (Don't know me, oh)  
No, don't get up, fuck around and I'ma lay you out (Hey, hey, hey, hey)  
She like who's this bitch all up in my house?  
Whats her name? Whats her name? (Yeah) Ooh  
Why she hiding behind the couch? (Was gonna fuck her 'fore you came, ha)  
Hold on, no me, no, you don't know me  
No, don't get up, fuck around and I'ma lay you out (Lay you out, bow!)  
She like, who this? Who this is?  
Then she said, who this? (Ah, ah, ha) Who this is?  
Them she said, who this? Who this is, yeah? (Yeah)  
Who this? (Ah, ah, ha) Who this is, yeah? (Hey!)