

Could It Be U

Don Trip

You know
Your bitches could be in love with me for a lot of reasons
I'm just gonna name a few
Hitmaka

That's what I feel on my chairs
22's on my Beamer
Bad bitches in my crib
Dancin' like she Fatima
That groupie hoe, I don't need her
She love the dick and want real
She lovin' me, she lovin me
Hey, could it be...
Man, could it be...
The way that that bounce back
20K for a drag
I's the boss, Code Red
Fahrenheit in bed
I think really dogs that he could be
There's follow V neck that's a good thing
Too hot for your girl man I could be
Printing dough now we're letting it in a cool breeze
That the way I'm by your crib
Laying by your girl
She goin' bad
Suckin' dick and eating pussy
Sweat a guy, oh me, oh my
Hoe say I shouldn't be so fly
Fucked every girl in the 305
Could've made the cut, girl
But you suck dick and I see eyes

Are you talking bad?
I don't play those games
And these aren't the girls
Don't move the same
Everything you say to me boy
I haven't heard before
Sick are your stories and I just wanna know
Could it be you? Could it be you? Could it be you?
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Could it be you?

OK!
Don Trip, King of Hearts
I know she love me
I know she do
But I'm good too
I'm there for her
No wonder why she's so per-fuming
Pulling out with my new bitches
Like, fly guy, no cocoon
Shine in her heart, I'ma blow a fuse
Missin' marbles, broken screws
Just lightin' through like bowlin' shoes
Not trickin' on her, not tippin', homie

Pimp shit, that's a golden rule
I'm bowlin' that primetime
Sorry, boo, you're a sideline
My flow retarded, she give me brains
Till I start feelin' like Einstein
I don't hit her like a line dry
Still baked when I slide by
My crowd now freakin' fly
Wardrobe is a mile high
And my heart is not for you
On the bright side, I enjoy you
But honestly, I'm a bit surprised
Your best friend, I want you

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