

# UFO

Timbaland

I think my girl might be cheating on the low  
She say she need her space and she say she need to go  
Oh man, I think my girl might be cheating on the low  
I really hate to say it, but tonight I need to know  
Need to know, are you fucking other niggas? UFO, UFO  
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I think my girl might be cheating...UFO, UFO

She say she want somebody she can talk to  
I always say I will but I never do  
She say she need somebody she can count on  
And when she dial my number, I don't pick it up  
Alright, alright, girl  
Now I gotta catch my flight  
Alright, alright, girl  
I can't be that somebody  
Every day she say she find somebody and it ain't me  
And I'm getting the feeling that she finna creep  
(Boy give me a call back)  
That's what the message said  
That shit stuck in my head  
She said I never did  
(Boy give me a call back)  
She could be in his arms  
She 'bout to break my heart  
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He could be alone with a dancer  
Hear it in his tone when he answer  
Four or five hoes in a week  
But if I go out to cheat  
Then I have no standards  
But for tonight I'mma leave  
Find me someone in these streets  
Frequent them slowly and not feel emotion  
Cause he would do the same to me no doubt  
So I'mma get even, I never believed in you telling me a lie  
I'mma get busy and find me a nigga to lay with tonight  
Pimpin' ain't nothing but game, treat all these hoes the same  
Niggas and women, we all lie about how we living  
We all lie about where we staying  
We all lie about who we laying, we all do  
We all lie about who we cuffing  
We all lie about who we fucking, we all do  
Baby don't worry about me, I be on the run like B  
You ain't gotta hide your face cause I'm probably in the room right next to  
your suite

Where your heart went? you must lost it in a coffin, hey-ey-ey  
I'm smoking, taking me loses, I can't cry about you, no way-ay-ay  
I'm a player but it caught me off guard, I'mma say-ay-ay  
Bitches don't cheat on niggas this rich, bitch you must be misfit  
I'm drinking fucking up my kidney, you got me going ballistic  
Don't tell me you kissing niggas with my favorite lipstick  
Not my bitch  
Mamacita, no love lost, used to moving them drugs only  
Where young nigga sorry they come back and run up in your drug house  
You lying bitch, who you lying to, tell me who you lying to  
You rather tainted my impression, how I look at you, how I honor you  
We spent days up, I'm just thinking, did you get laid up?  
Talking and conversating, I hoping you tell me the truth  
I thought I was bulletproof, until I found out a clue  
You might be fucking him and him and every brother around this bitch  
I never knew until I thought I knew  
He can't fuck you like me any way, you must be getting back at me  
Maybe my mind's playing tricks on  
I'm feeling guilty cause these hoes on me

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