

# Could It Be

Jaheim

Huh, uh yeah  
Bout to put it to 'em  
With some ghetto slick shit, heh  
Check it out, one time  
For your motherfuckin' mind (motherfuckin' mind)  
Yo I'm saying they gon' smell me on this one  
No doubt, he-heh  
Check it out, oh yeah  
Listen

On the cross town with the top down  
Sounds banging out the backstreets (alright)  
Me and shorty two deep  
She's flashing me thighs  
Wind blowing through her hair  
Baby we can take it there (take it there)  
But first I gotta make my rise  
Baby slow down  
My crib's on the other side of town  
But from the look in her eyes  
She was hypnotized  
Rubbed her hands on my chest  
And started getting undressed  
Tell me why

Could it be my chromed out rims?  
Break you neck when you see a nigga dip  
Or could it be the ice you see?  
But you tell me that you're really feelin' me  
Could it be the word on the block?  
I know they told you that a nigga got it locked  
Tell me why you just can't stop  
I'm thinking that it's all about me  
What could it be?

I got the sixty inch flat tv, what?  
Got it like DVD, whatever you need  
I got the bubbles in the tub with the back rub (bathtub)  
Silk sheets baby to make love  
Oh girl I wanna hit it in the worst way  
After that you'll be coming back like every day  
Oh yeah send you back to your girls with something else to say  
How I hit it, split it, had you with it till the break of day

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Could it be the drop top Benz  
That got your friends going out on a limb  
Sliding me numbers when you ain't watching them

Playing me close but I'm not feeling them  
Could it be the time piece flooded with chips?  
You with me cause I flex bridgets around my wrist?  
Or large amounts up in my bank account  
You tell me you love me baby but what's that all about

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