

Down Low (Nobody Has to Know)

R. Kelly

Down low, down low ... down low, down low
Down low, down low ... down low, down low

You say you want me, but he needs you baby
Tell me, what am I gonna do
About this f*ckin' threesome love affair
If Mr. Biggs comes in and catches, oh my goodness
He'll be freaked when lookin' at your
Pretty titties in the air
Something about the way you switch that ass
When you're with him
Lookin' at me, I can't believe he trusts us like he do
Bloomingdales and all that shoppin', takin' trips
While I was knockin', ain't no secret
Why I'd end up lovin' you

Down low, down low (keep it)
Down low, down low (gotta keep it on the)
Down low, down low (keep it on the)
Down low, down low (nobody has to know)

Secret lovers, undercover on the DL
Gettin' busy in the back of his Mercedes every night
Answers the phone when he goes home
And let him know that everything is A-OK
Ooh baby, damn this shit is tight
Passin' blunts to one another on 35th street
As you reminisce and tell me what he used to do for you
You makin' plans to be with me while he's at home
Meet you at college, if you want me, this is what we do

Down low, down low (keep it)
Down low, down low (gotta keep it on the)
Down low, down low (keep it on the)
Down low, down low (nobody has to know)

Dom Perignon is what we're sippin'
While we're trippin on the fact that he's not here
It turns us on in every way
You say you stashed away some money for us
When you leavin'
Ooh, don't tell me
When I look to see another day
I try my best to walk away but everytime I think about
That sweetest love you're givin' me, I hesitate
He's out the front, I'm in the back
I locks the front, he's in the back
And I'll be damned, that silly bitch is screamin', "Lady"

Down low, down low (that's what ya get for that downlow shit)
Down low, down low (that's what I kept tellin' myself)
Down low, down low (and of every woman in the world)
Down low, down low (you had to go and mess with Mr. Biggs' girl)
Down low, down low (that's what ya get for that downlow shit)
Down low, down low (hoo yeah)
Down low, down low (nigga, don't think you can keep creepin')
Down low, down low (because what goes around comes right back on around agai

n)

Yes, it does, oh oh oh oh oh oh oh

Ooh, oh oh oh oh oh oh

Sometimes you get lonely, yeah

You get lonely, oh oh oh oh oh oh oh

And sometimes you wanna call somebody up and tell them to

Come comfort you

Yeah, oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oooh oh oh oh oh oh

Yeah, and it feels good, and it feels good, oh yeah, come in