

# Could it Be

## Alice Marie

Could it be, you and me?  
Could it be? (heh heh)  
Could it be that I'm lost  
Gettin' soft and just fallin' in love(fallin' in love heh heh)  
Could it be, you and me? (for my thugs y'all, nigga)  
Very sleek, gotta sneak  
Peepin', creepin'  
Turn it up my homeboy  
Tellin' lies, to the guys, like nigga I'm goin' home boy  
Hittin' the back streets, wanna see my boo  
Gotta gift for two, for you  
And something for your mama too  
Thinkin' 'bout ya all day, in a thug way  
What a homie do with moms, with a moms and it can't wait  
Tongue tied, bitch ain't lie  
She in love to the lil' guy, and ya know  
Showin love to the lil' guy  
Suckin', fuckin', touchin' one another  
On top of the covers  
Let's get some air up in this mutha fucka  
And she was callin' my name, and tellin' me thangs  
I can't explain  
So for ever we should always be together.(shit)  
Sweet love, slow tongue kissin', and hugs  
I'm on a mission, wishin', kissin' that belly button  
She hum a song, that got me on  
And it won't be long before I reach the zone  
Move along, how ever long  
To eat the zone, pressure stones, when you reach that zone  
The bitch go home and leave them crooked bitches alone  
Make your kids, and your wife, and your whole life  
It'll be hard at first but hold tight  
Could it be that I'm lost  
Gettin' soft and just fallin' in love(am I fallin' in love, oh no)  
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Could it be that I'm lost in myself

Cought up in my self, tryin' to keep it real  
But all that wilin' is costin' myself  
Could it be I'm scared of the love

Y'all want a turn to get so scandalous  
This thug nigga just can't handle this

But the I neva met a girl that could role a philly like you  
You could see I like you, when I kick my flow who feel it like you  
You was lookin' so sexy when you got out yo' white

Checkin' out yo' thigh  
The dreams of a fine girl, I see out my eye  
She about yo' size

Don't really seem like the type that'll really mutha fuck with drama  
So nigga done just put up with a little trauma, so it's me she seem to hona

These other hoes don't get showed lately, me and her been hangin'  
Smokin', drankin', keepin' her shit tight

Swangin' all in a midnight bangin'

Never trippin', but I'm tippin', or just kickin' it with my dawgs

We ball with them niggas tellin' me my nose been open

Ever since I hit them drawls

I tell them I'm still a pimp

I don't really want ya but I just pretend

'Cause I damn near kick it with you the same way I be trippin' out with them

Trick daddy won't rat on me, he told me, ?twista

Don't kick it how we get what, long as you handle your business, mista?

So I sit back and say, ?fuck it?pick up the phone and call my bitch up

Started thankin', is it all in the bud or am I fallin' in love

(Fallin' in love, fallin' in love, fallin' in love

Fallin' in love, fallin' in love, fallin' in love

Fallin' in love, fallin' in love,)

(Could it be, you and me, you and me, could it be

You and me, this that thug shit, what, say it.)

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