

# Under The Sheets

## Goulding Ellie

(Ellie Goulding sample)  
u left ur blood stain on the floor  
u set ur sights on him  
u left a hand print on the door  
like all the boys before, like all the boys before  
this is our luck baby running out  
her clothes were never off  
we still have hours to run about  
to scale the map, scale the map, to get us back on track  
ive seen you in a fight u lost, ive seen you in a fi-i-i-i-ght  
were under the sheets and ur killing me  
in our house made of paper, ur words all over me  
were under the sheets and ur killin me  
(Xaphoon u crazy yo,  
this that type of shit u can move to, uh)  
(Chiddy)  
i aint worried bout the critics  
but y u tell ur friends that i hit it and quit it  
im just laid back, dont think im a party guy  
and if u look at me, i bet i had u starry eyed  
what kinda car u drive, dont even kno  
hard life, UK shit, twenty below  
and Miss Goulding is exploding  
i rebound Dennis Rodman with a nose ring  
i get braino, hi hater no Maino  
my name Chiddy and she kno im gon bang tho  
and thats word to the UK  
i keep it Kickin and Pushin like i was Lupe  
my definition is high, i thinks its blue ray  
and i still could care less what u say  
my last shorty, she was down to ride  
and i killed her under the sheets  
it was homicide  
(sample)  
  
were under the sheets and ur killing me  
in our house made of paper, ur words all over me  
were under the sheets and ur killin me  
were in a mess babe, were in a mess babe

ur more is less babe (oh, oh)  
were in a mess babe, were in a mess babe  
ur more is less babe (oh, oh)  
(Chiddy)  
let me tell u what was crazy tho  
i fell in love with a shorty up on the radio  
and what did i call her, a queen  
psychadellic shit got all kinds of green  
Chiddy Bang, spam we all on the scene  
used to be academic probation and deans  
now we sewing the machine  
toast to the queen  
let u kno how it is  
no ghost, i intervene  
i flow and get the cream and i take it apart  
and everytime i fix it, i be breakin her heart  
then shit got worse when we made it to the charts  
now its different, niece want to tell them faces apart  
shorty dont leave me  
i make it so easy  
she needs me but i aint locked down like Weezy  
i make her give me one on the cheek  
and she aint over me yet  
so i put her under the sheets  
(sample)  
were under the sheets and ur killing me  
in our house made of paper, ur words all over me  
were under the sheets and ur killin me  
killin me, killin me, killin me  
killin me, killin me, killin me

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