

# Under The Sheets

## Chiddy Bang

(Ellie Goulding sample)  
You left a blood stain on the floor  
You set ur sights on him  
You left a hand print on the door  
Like all the boys before >2 This is our luck baby running out  
Our clothes were never off  
We still have our roads to run about  
To scale the map, scale the map  
To get us back on track  
I've seen you in a fight you lost, I've seen you in a fi-i-i-ght  
Were under the sheets and you're killing me  
In our house made of paper, you're words all over me  
We're under the sheets and you're killing me  
(Xaphoon u crazy yo,  
this that type of shit u can move to, uh)(Chiddy)  
il aint worried bout the critics  
But why you tell your friends that I hit it and quit it  
I'm just laid back  
Don't think I'm a party guy and if you look at me,  
I bet I had u starry eyed  
What kinda car you drive, don't even know  
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 know im gonna bang though  
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 you say  
my last shawty, she was down to ride  
and I killed her under the sheets  
it was homicide(sample)  
were under the sheets and you're killing me  
In our house made of paper, you're words all over me  
Were under the sheets and you're killing me  
Were in a mess babe >2  
Your more is less babe (oh, oh)  
Were in a mess babe >2  
Your more is less babe (oh, oh)(Chiddy)  
Let me tell you what was crazy though  
I fell in love with a shawty 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  
Tell you kno how it is  
No ghost, I interveneI flow and get the cream and i take it apart  
and every-time 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 apartShawty don't leave me  
I make it so easy  
She needs me but I ain't locked down like WeezyI make her give me one on the cheek  
and she aint over me yet  
So i put her under the sheets(sample)  
We're under the sheets and you're killing me  
In our house made of paper, you're words all over me  
Wer'e under the sheets and you're killin me  
killin me, killin me, killin me  
killin me, killin me, killin me

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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