Could It Be?

Sara Ramirez

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 backstreet's (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 want to 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
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
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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?
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 brigets around my wrist?
Or large amounts up in my bank account
You tell me you love me baby but what`s that all about
Could it be my chromed out rims?
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