

# Under the Sheets

## HOMESHAKE

(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

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlrics.com/>