

# Crib (feat. Kedessa)

## Phil Ber

[Verse]

wake-wakin' up, in a lonely bed  
bombs blowin' up  
{sh\*t it's the phone}  
up in, in my headpick up the phone  
{hello?}  
it's those dulcet tones  
telling lies masked as gold  
it's another night you ain't home you've eaten this apple  
right down to the core  
nibbled inside  
ain't got the taste for it no more so while you cruise in the Benz  
I've called 'round my friends we'll break out the Dom  
throw your sh\*t on the lawn  
and celebrate as the rain's pouring down [Chorus]  
baby, I've got class...manners smooth as Ella  
so give me the respect...you'd be giving Oprah when you have integrity...sing it Mary J  
I'll show you beauty...eyes poppin' like it's Beyonce got to keep it in the crib...baby, I've got class  
got to keep it in the crib...so give me respect  
got to keep it in the crib...you need integrity  
got to keep it in the crib...  
to have inner beauty there are only a few words  
you got to learn  
when it's not in the crib  
you'll be out on the curb [Verse]  
stop banging on, on my front door  
got kryptonite  
can't hypnotise me no more you think that love  
that love is a sport  
with the games you play  
dribbling on any old court there's not gonna be  
any goodbyes and cryin'  
do you see the tears  
the mascara ain't runnin when you're all alone  
please remember oh so fondly  
of how much you loved me  
I gave you a taste of heaven  
you'll be craving it always ... [Chorus]  
... [Bridge]

gotta open up  
and talk it out  
but if you can't tell it straight  
then I'll be walking on outgotta love myself first  
not place second in your world  
no consolation prize  
can cover up all the hurtgot the mink coats  
and the mansion home  
and your on the curb stuck on your own[Chorus]  
...

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