A Thing Goin' On

Coolio

We meet every single day at the same old place
At the same old time, with the same state of mind
Me and her together but we know it ain't forever
We just happy for the time, the weed and the wine
The walks in the park, escapades in the dark
We knew how it had to be right from the very start
'Cause I got obligations and she's in the situation
That she came to state so this is our fate
Holding hands, a smile, a glance
A kiss and a dance but we can't take a chance on
Gettin' caught, so we stick to a plan
'Cause we both got another and they wouldn't understand it
Me and Mrs. Jones got a thing going on
I wouldn't call it love but it damn sure strong
It ain't about doin' dirt or living like a flirt
But what they don't know don't hurt
Me and Mrs. Jones
Me and Mrs., Mrs., Mrs., Mrs. Jones
Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Jones
Me and Mrs., Mrs., Mrs., Mrs. Jones
Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Jones
The very first time I met her, I saw her from across the room
And instantly we both became consumed by the thought
Of she and I being together, so I headed in her direction
For some closer inspection
I intentionally brushed her hand, her skin had a satin texture
The feeling she gave me was more than I could measure
And right away I knew I had to have her with me
If not with me, then maybe just to hit me
She got pinpoint skill and precision in the walk
And the way that she talk make my mouth turn to chalk
She give me everything that I don't get at home
And it seems like I'm a man 'cause hers is always gone
Now, tell me what love got to do with it?
Loc, as we both feel good when we kickin' it
Some might say that I'm wrong and I should leave her alone
But me and Mrs. Jones got a thing goin' on
Me and Mrs., Mrs., Mrs., Mrs. Jones
Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Jones

Me and Mrs., Mrs., Mrs., Mrs. Jones
Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Jones
It's been about a year since we've been seeing each other
We're a whole lot more than just part time lovers
'Cause when I got a problem she do everything she can to solve 'em
But her life is not revolved around how revolving
I'm the Shaka Zulu and she's my fantasy
But deep down inside we know that we could never be
Any more than what we are, a phone call in the car
Bite to eat, with a movie and a drink at the bar
When all of a sudden right out of the blue
My lady got a clue on what we was up to
And wait a minute, damn, from what I understand
It seems that my woman's been talking to her man
Since we both in love with the people at home
It looks like, we just gone have to leave it alone
'Cause I got a woman and she's got a man
So that's how it goes and that's how it is
Me and Mrs., Mrs., Mrs., Mrs. Jones
Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Jones
Me and Mrs., Mrs., Mrs., Mrs. Jones
Mrs. Jones, oh yeah
We used to meet at the same place, same time
Used to sit and talk it over, talk it over
Me and Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Jones
Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Jones

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