

# Must Be (feat. Chris Brown)

## Rockie Fresh

Must be, you  
Must be  
Must be, you Must be Shawty, where you goin'?  
Whippin' and swervin', hittin' them curbs  
'Cause I'm on my way to come get ya (Yeah)  
The way that you serving making me nervous  
Nobody gimme this feeling (Feeling)  
We don't do dates 'fore we can relate  
'Cause we just be smokin' and chillin' (Yeah)  
Know you been waitin', gotta stay patient  
We'll be on top in a minute (Minute)  
I saw it in the beginning (Yeah)  
You were bound to give me problems  
Go back and forth like it's tennis (Tennis)  
You got everybody watching  
But I see the stars when I'm in it (In it)  
But I gotta leave when I'm finished  
Gotta get back to my business (Yeah)  
Money and fucking these bitches You must be lonely, you must be sad  
Keep hitting up my phone and asking where I'm at  
You be complicated, but still make me laugh  
She's a real pain in the ass, but she still get the bag  
When I'm mad I still want her, with me  
Like the first day we met, first time we had sex, babe  
Girl, just hold on to me  
Don't be afraid, no, no  
No more lying, no more cheating  
No more spying for no reason  
Cut it out, cut it out  
You know how much I love you  
And how much I need you How much I need you  
I be on my way to come see you, see you  
You got a man we ain't equal, equal  
I would never do you like he do, he do  
Most of these girls be see through, see through  
Why your home girls so evil, evil?  
Ain't none of your friends business  
Ain't none of your friends business 'bout what we do  
You wanna be more than a number two  
I wanna be more than a one night dude  
I'm just tryna chill and fuck on you  
I'm just tryna make you comfortable

I'm just tryna make you comfortable (Oh)  
Hit that block and stunt with you  
Anything you wanna do, anything you wanna do  
(You, oh, woah) You must be lonely, you must be sad (Sad)  
Keep hitting up my phone and asking where I'm at (Ah, yeah)  
You be complicated, but still make me laugh  
She's a real pain in the ass, but she still get the bag  
When I'm mad I still want her, with me  
Like the first day we met, first time we had sex, babe  
Girl, just hold on to me Don't be afraid, no, no (No, no, no, no, ooh)  
No more lying, no more cheating (No more cheating)  
No more spying for no reason (Oh, no, no, no)  
Cut it out, cut it out  
You know how much I love you  
And how much I need you

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>