

Whitney Houston F/ Mariah Carey

"Take You Home"

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[Verse 1]

Yeah, F-A, B-O, L-O, U-S

C'mon, ugh, ugh, ugh, ugh, yeah, yeah, c'mon

(If I take you home, will you still be my thug baby)

You gotta love the way this playa be minglin
If you don't tell yo man mama, I ain't sayin a thing and
That nigga got you used to the A-train on Kingston
I'm fuckin on Lambo's, lay on the wingfin
By the way I be blingin, the pay that I bring in
Mind spendin a day with the kingpin?
Answer yo cell, all day it been ringin
Tell that nigga, we on our way out to England
Them hips and tips, the way they be swingin
The way the be jinglin, letz stay til the spring and
Know I thugged you out, the way that you drinkin
And don't be scared carryin the yag I be slingin
Ma, I'm where you wanna be, if not
We can hop in a lid and fly where you wanna be
Yea, you a G, the type that ryde with them cameras
Instead of the rearviews on the V, I know

[Chorus] (Lil' Mo)

I wonder if I take you home
Would you still be my thug baby
Because I need one tonight
I wonder if I take you home
Would you still be my thug baby
Because I need one tonight

[Verse 2]

Allright, okay...

You just gotta stay patient boo

I'ma make sho to take you, where eva you dream a
vacation to

You can push the grey station through

I'ma sit in the passanger, and rock Playstation 2

How da hell ??? been tweekin out

How you been sneekin out, spent weekends out

She'll be tired of trainin dat mutt

You probably be fakin like you came and you ain't even

nut

Miss I'll pipe you til you get a pain in yo gut
The kid'll be responsible for changin yo strut
Wherever you hurt, I'ma rub it down
I be ready to smack it up, flip it in public now
I know how to get you hot, I know how to hit yo spot
If I take you home, I know how to keep you stylin
I know how to keep you smilin if I take you home, let's
go

Repeat Chorus

[Verse 3]

I think it's just that ladies ???
I'm in love with my red 6, and got a crush on a navy
Caddy
I like 'em D cup, bust, wit crazy fatties
They be wishin' I was just, they baby daddy
I'm the one that make it real easy
For you to just drop'em like he hot, like he Lil' Weezy
I ain't gon never make you feel sleezy
And I'ma put the roof up on the drop if it feel breezy
I love the way you smirk and giggle, jerk and wiggle
Throw yo legz up while I work the middle
Already told me how you strictly be witt'em
Now I'ma show you so much cash, that you'll quickly
forget'em
I'm young, but know I'll have you in a bungalow
Fillin yo stomach wit Cris, yo lungz with dro
I'll have you sprung fa sho
It ain't gon be no limit where yo tongue will go, ya
heard me?

Repeat Chorus with ad libs til fade out

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