

## The Bangles

### "Get Me Home"

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[Foxy] Yeah... (ahhh \*echoes\*)  
Firm biz, what is, Blackstreet  
Na Na, steady rise, peep this out  
(Oooh, \*bab-bayyy\*, gotta get you home with me  
tonight)  
(\*gotta get you home\*)

Verse One:

Hold up, let's take it from the top, I Fox  
Gets my swerve on, floss pure rocks  
In the six drop boo and it don't stop  
See money lookin alright, yeah what up Pop  
'Cross the room throwin signals I'm throwin em back  
Flirt-in cause I, digs you like that  
Peep baby boy style, hopin we match  
You sent me Crown Royale with a note attached  
It said, "You look like the type that, know what you like"  
I could tell by the je-wels you go for the ice  
Plus you wear the shoes well, the suits flows nice  
I don't like the notes too well, let's be more precise  
Meet me by the VIP let's pow-pow  
Whisper in my ear like, "Boo let's bounce now"  
I'm 'bout to say peace to my mans for you  
When it's all said and done I got plans for you  
He said (gotta get you home tonight)

Chorus: Blackstreet

Ooooooh baby \*gotta get you home with me\*  
Gotta get you home with me tonight (uh-oh, uh-oh)  
Ooooooh baby, ohhhh  
Gotta get you home with me tonight, c'mon, c'mon

Verse Two: Foxy Brown

At the bar high-post, frontin, I toast  
Gettin my flirt on, playa, ain't nuttin  
You tryin to say the right words to get us out of here  
Jackpot, what he said, "It's bullshit in here"  
And his smile blind like the shine on his necklace

Mind tellin me no, body tellin me exit  
Breasts said yes, give me more wet kisses, uhh  
Twist my body like the Excorist, hey  
The way he licked his lips he was mackin  
True thug passion, I'm like, "Slow down before you  
crashin"  
Never mind him, he ain't thinkin 'bout you  
or the way we sex, on the villa up in Malibu  
Marry who? Daddy please  
I'm takin it all from the stash to the keys  
So let me see, boo I'm bout to dead my mans for you  
When it's all said and done I got plans for you  
He said (oh bay-beeee)

Chorus: Blackstreet

Ooooooh baby, I need you want you in my life  
Gotta get you home with me tonight  
Gotta get you home with me tonigh-iyiight (uh-oh, uh-  
oh)  
Ooooooh baby, baby I need you  
Gotta get you home with me tonight  
Right here

Verse Three: Foxy Brown

Grabbed me by the hand and led the way  
Outside of the club talkin to Valet  
Mind started to stray, million miles away  
Contemplatin goin back to his crib to par-lay  
Jumped in the passenger seat, relaxed my feet  
As he threw on Blacksteet casually  
And we cruised the metro, on premium petrol  
I sized up my thighs and couldn't let go  
Ta-Ta's perkin, You're Makin Me High  
like Toni, work me, take me I'm hot  
I thought for a second and then my mind went  
Sex all around the car, isn't it ironic?  
Back to Reality, the Soul II Soul  
Breathin heavily but still in control  
Wants the shy girl role, put my hand on his lef  
With sex in his eyes, he turned and then he said

Chorus: Blackstreet

Tonight baby  
Ooooooh baby, c'mon c'mon Foxy c'mon  
Gotta get you home with me tonight  
Whatever you want me to do (uh-oh, uh-oh)  
Ooooooh baby, do it for you baby  
I need it in my life

Gotta get you home with me tonight  
Ayyaiiayy, ooooooh baby, gotta get you home tonight  
Gotta get you home with me tonight  
\*etc.\*

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