

Big Mike

"I Wonder"

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[Big Moe]

Huh, Wassup Boo

Maan, you stay talkin bout you're down wit me

But you stay on that complaining thang, you know what
I'm sayin?

I aint down wit all that complaining and fussin and
fightin man

I'm a playa type dude, I'd like to let my gal get in the
way,

But, you know what I'm sayin, the Lord blessed me with
somethin

So I gotta take advantage of that, you know what I'm
talkin bout

So I gotta do it, so it's whateva

[Chorus]

I wonder if I didn't come home

Would you still be down with me, yeah

Because I'll leave you tonight, uh ohh

I wonder if I didn't come

Would you still be down with me, yeah

Because I'll leave you tonight, uh ohh

[Verse One]

If I didn't come home

What would you do to me?

Get on the telephone? Call Tyrone? Tell him come get
you in he morning

You're wrong, this is my song

And I gotta pay bills, keep my happy home

Wreckshoppin all night long

I'm ready, fire burnin

No matter what you do to me, my wheels gon keep on
turnin

Are you down? So please don't get me started

I got bitches out of town, if you fuckin wit clowns, I'll
leave you broken

Hearted

[Chorus]

[Verse Two]

I let you play one time, then I knew you were mine
The way you caress me baby and sex me, I 'd have to
say you put it down
You took me, and you put me under you're wings, I
can't lie
Can't no other take your place, and can't a damn thang
comply
I don't know if you noticed, but you're the throwedest
on my list
Can't no nigga or no bitch compare their loving to a
love like this
Up and down, thick and thin, I was always there
Ready to box or unload on a bitch, you know I don't
care
When you kiss me with your lips, I just fall in a daze
Me and you against the world baby, priorities are gettin
paid
Diamonds blindin, hoes cryin, aint a damn thang
changed
Showin up and pourin up, in this damn rap game
And by the way, I'm gon let you run the streets with
your thugs
When Valentine's comes around, you know who's gettin
your hugs
Fuck faces by fireplaces, Drink chases on mink rugs
You a dog, you gon rome, but always find your way
home, so what

[Chorus]

[Verse Three]

Now if I don't come home, would you blow up my
phone?
Punch holes in my styrofoam? Misplace my chrome?
Childish games in yo dome got yo mind confused
A made nigga or a fake? Now it's time to choose
Many have tried my shoes, but didn't travel too far
You knew the shit that you was in before you fucked the
star
Look how you suck up all my barre, you think this shit's
for free?
All this hustling in these streets keep all this ice on you
and me
Picture how nicer it can be, private flights twice a week
Without you gripin about some freaks and how they
saw me at the beach
I'll practice what I preach, you sit being obsolete
And remain to keep my business and my hustle out of
reach
And now if I don't come home, would you still be down?

You are a fool, I will admit, but start practicin now
'cause I'm still the same playa that's all about my
dough
And I'm not comin home tonight, you triflin ass hoe!

[Chorus]

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