

Jay-Z

"Take You Home With Me A.K.A. Body"

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Uh, uhh, uhh, Kel's
Young, M, X tra, money, let's go

Girl you know you got a body-adi-adi
(Do you like it?)
Where you get your little body-adi-adi?
(Do you want it?)
Girl I wanna freak your body-adi-adi
(What you want it?)
I just wanna take you home with me

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She get it from her momma
You can't tie a sweater over that ass, it hotter than
pajamas
We lay back, blowin' ganja
D.V.D., she make it hard to watch a flat TV, whoa
I crept up behind her
Mami threw it like a quarterback, I caught that like rice
I call mami Montana, bandana
Tied her hands up, this is gangsta love

Threw on a rap CD, we gangsta fucked
This ain't R&B smooth, I ain't a R&B dude
Poured a glass of army, got mami in the mood
Then she stripped for me like the "Moulin rouge"
I think I might wife her
Y'know, powder blue roc-a-wear suit, white Nike her
Add mami to the cypher
R.O.C. for life 'cuz, the gang motherfucker

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I make ya hotter than the next bitch, no need
For you to ever sweat the next bitch, with speed
I make the next bitch see the exit, indeed
Gotta know you're verily respected, by me
You get the keys to the Lexus, but no drive
You get your own 2002, she through ridin'
Keep yo' ass tighter than Versace
That's why you gotta watch yo' friends
You gotta watch me, they connivin' shit

See I just wanna freak your body-adi-adi
I know you don't do this for everybody-adi
But everybody ain't as horny as me
And your body's callin', me

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Uhh, yeah
Mami shot through the pad with the Mark Jacobs bag
The thick stitched seam and her favorite ass jeans
Y'all know the first date wearers
To make objects bigger than they appear like a rear
view mirror
Oh her shoe game is real
She gave 'em the Christian libountins, with the four inch

heels
But honestly my favorite type of gear
Is a scroungy for her hair and Lapearla underwear,
clear?

Girl I hear you callin', let's stop stallin'
Do what we came to do
Girl I hear you callin', let's stop stallin'
Baby I want you, yeah

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