

Lil Boosie "Aint Comin Home Tonight"

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[Verse 1:]

I got a call from a friend who I used to love.
She told me meet me at da bar at my favorite club.
Sat ha on got my drink and my favorite rhyme.
Den I felt a cold rush comin from behind.
She grabbed my waist and whisperd in my ear,
Thug I miss you.
We need to talk cuz me and my man, we got sum
issues.
We started remininesin bad times and da gud times.
Like my first line.
You cute, will u be mine?
Smellin jus lik how I rememba.
She was lookin fine.
And I aint comin home tonite.
Dats wuts on my mind.
Tell my girl I got studio time.
Go snatch umbrella cuz my car draw to much tention.
We hit da room
We got to drankin and shyt.
And on top I was gon angle my dicc.
We hit da embassy suites.
Man she turned 2 a beast.
She introducd me to her tongue ring and put me to
sleep.

[Chorus:]

I aint comin home tonite.
I no it aint rite
I no it aint rite.
Bt I aint comin home tonite.
I no it aint rite
I no it aint rite
Bt I aint comin home tonite.
I no it aint rite
I no it aint rite
Bt I aint comin home tonite.
Cuz tonight I'm on flight
Tonight I'm on flight.

[Verse 2:]

Jus had a concert.

I'm tired and my lungs hurt
Wen she walk n vip wit a high skirt
She had a ass lik buffy
She turnd me on
I even went startd blushin wen I saw ha thong.
She grabbd my cheeks and sed ohh u so cute.
She had a gurl dat wantd webbie
She was sold 2
I askd can we cum n see em b4 we tak it in
I hit dey spot
I hit da tub
She start laughn den
Don look lik I'm comin home tonite
Cuz da conversation rite and da vibe is tight
Man she came 2 da bed
Wit a tshirt and ha draws on
As soon as she lay onside boosie,
I got a hard on
I put my hand up on ha thighs
Den I rub dat coochie
I hurd her say up unda ha breath " oh boosie"
Dat pussy soakin wet
And we all on da floo
I hit ha from da bacc
And it's a fact dat I aint comin home

[Chorus:]

I aint comin home tonite
I no it aint rite
I no it aint rite
Bt I aint comin home tonite
I no it aint rite
I no it aint rite
Bt I aint comin home tonite
I no it aint rite
I no it aint rite
Bt I aint comin home tonite
Cuz tonite I'm on flight
Tonite I'm on flight

[Verse 3:]

Me n my gurl jus had a fite
I gotta get away
Look lik I aint comin home 4 a couple days
I hit da plane
Chill
Put on my shades
On da plane can't shhh
Now I'm n a daze
A high kosher
U remember dem lil boosie days

I broke ya virgin at 15
Now u feel playd
By da way
Y dem bruises on yo fukkn face?
She sed my man still bringin up dat boosie case.
Wuts yo destination?
Florida.
Dats wur I'm goin 2
I'm at da same hotel u at
Room 102
And u can come to my room
Bt she sed no
She sed no u can come 2 mynes.
I got a surprise.
I walkd up into da room
And smelld was da best
She had on a lil red dress

[Chorus]

[Instrumental]

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