

Terror Squad

"Take Me Home"

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Oh

Record this one

Let me take you home

She wanna take me home and lay me up inside her
home

She wanna turn me on, breakfast in the morn'

And she said, "Daddy, let me take ya home

Papi, let me take ya home"

And I said, "Mami, you can take me home

If you let the whole crew get on", bitch

I got this chick from Cali, profilin', she's wilin'

She's gangsta, she knows that she's got it like that

We was drivin' on Crenshaw, cruisin' for food

When she pulled up beside me, set off in the 'Lac

And I said, "Damn girl, you actin' like you don't know

Never seen me before

Episode of cribs on MTV, video what you think TS stand
for?"

She said, "Terrific Sex" yeah that too and the

diamonds is no facade

Used to be a broke nigga from the BX, now I'm rich

Got the world screamin' Terror Squad, think about it

now

Everywhere we go, every other city we tour

They never say no

Seems like every other night

I got a different chick beggin' me

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I was up in the club right, had some Remy in my cup

right
And that's when I peeped him
He was lookin' so fresh and so cleaned up
He was fitted down to his sneakers
I really do mean this I ain't never seen this
There was some people standin' in between us
Had to go over there so I could meet him
I had him pimped up in the cut near the speakers

If he got a girl I know she's heated
'Cause right now I'm all he needin'
If he crush me then trust me
It's a guarantee that he's not leavin'
Told me he heard of me but don't know me
And I liked him for some reason
Invited him to my place, sat on his face
And I ain't got a man so it ain't cheatin', think about it
now

I don't gotta stress, I don't ever really gotta press
They always say yes
It seems like every other night
I got a different nigga beggin' me

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You's a big girl, eat it up, now tell ya friend
To hold your hair while you eatin' up
A little hot, little drunk, little weeded up
We in the truck and freakin' off while the speakers
bump
I'm steady speedin' up, swervin' the bumps
I'm tryna fuck but I ain't tryna fuck her 23's up
So I ease up, drunk and focused
Tryna watch the road but yo the back seats heatin' up

And so I'm keepin' them, wish you could see them
I know you hear them breathin' like you been
possessed by a demon
I know you heated, wish you was here
But gotta go now have a good evening
Hang up the phone now, have a good weekend
Shorty just called the boat the front seat
And I think she's about to go down Four Seasons

I know the horn, ain't beep for no reason

3 in the mornin' and actin' indecent
She so horny, damn, this shit seems like every other
night
I get a group of chicks beggin' me

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