

Jermaine Dupri f Keith Sweat ROC

"Going Home With Me"

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JD talking to R.O.C.]

[JD]

I'm feelin' that 2x, is you wit' me?

I'm the type you see at the bar, fresh, buyin' it up

And every girl I talk to, yeah I'm tryin' to cut

I tell'em all I'm Chi Chi and it's nice to meet ya

Real quick, I tell how she got all the right features

The jams come on and the glasses get refilled

We dance and watch the relations build

Now I'm all up in her ear and she listenin'

At the same time, watchin' how a nigga glistenin'

BLING! BLING! I'm thinkin' it's bout time to go

Get the B out of valet and start the late night show

Niggas hate, I know but I don't stop I shine

I'm in the club every week, same place, same time

Same thing on the mind, PARTY! PARTY!

So the hell with all that, we tryin' to find somebody

The right kind 'fore the lights come off

Shit, I'm tryin' to take sumpin' home

[Chorus]

Now if I buy you a drink and you drink it up

Then, uh, you goin' home with me (and all my niggas say)

And if you talkin' at a party and we talk too much

Then, uh, we goin' home with me

Now if you came with a friend that don't wanna do my man

Then you need to give her your keys

Tell her to call you tomorrow or give you a beep

Cause tonight, you going home with me, ya heard?

[JD]

Now, is it because my name's Jermaine? no

It's all about how I kick my game, you know?

I just flow with it, spend a little dough with it

Entertain, before you know, I'm in your brain doing my thang

Tellin' you how good you smell

Send you up for a drop top cruise through the A-T-L

Now when they tipsy, it's risky, you don't know what you facin'

Fuck around and end up like Anthony Mason

So I let'em know a few things before we leave

Like, "it's true, I tapes damn near everything"

So don't even think about lyin', baby

Or try baby, to set me up for rape cause it's all on tape

Where you said put the cake

How you fed me the grapes

What I did with the ice that made you shake, shake

Now when the night's over and the girl is gone

I'm back up in the club singin' the same damn song

[Chorus]

Now, walk in, I'm the grown man that you figure to trick

But I'm feelin' your dress, girl and lovin' your hips

But I'm buggin' off this, "Why you stuck on the wrist?"

Golddigger, huh, mommy? Oh, you ain't that bitch?

Ain't that some shit? Suddenly, you hugs and kisses

Gotta be the dough you holdin' so obvious wit' it

I get G's to flash, T.V.'s in the dash

See Sinbad, watchin' Vibe, ladies clockin' to ride

Luxury flows, lengerie hoes, R.O.C. hit'em mo' than Jose
Conseco

Uh, RBI's, orange top fly, the brown skin, slim

The nice braids, brown eyes

R.O.C.'s stay pimpin' from Jersey to Richmond

Y'all playas waitin' to ball like 6th men

I'm done with the game, point spread by a hundred

Speakin' of hundreds, five's is a nice way to slide it,
let's ride

[Chorus]

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