

Various Artists "Get Me Home"

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Yeah

Firm biz, what it is, Blackstreet
Na na, steady rise, peep this out
Gotta get you home with me tonight
Gotta get you home

Hold up, let's take it from the top, I Fox
Gets my swerve on floss, pure rocks
In the six drop boo and it don't stop
See money lookin' alright, yeah, what up, Pop?
'Cross the room throwin' signals, I'm throwin' 'em back
Flirt-in 'cause I digs you like that
Peep baby boy style, hopin' we match
You sent me Crown Royale with a note attached

It said, "You look like the type that know what you like"
I could tell by the jewels you go for the ice
Plus you wear the shoes well, the suit's flows nice
I don't like the notes too well, let's be more precise
Meet me by the VIP, let's pow-pow
Whisper in my ear like, "Boo, let's bounce now"
I'm 'bout to say peace to my man's for you
When it's all said and done, I got plans for you, he said

"Ooh baby, I gotta get you home with me tonight
Ooh baby, I gotta get you home with me tonight"

At the bar high-post, frontin', I toast
Gettin' my flirt on, playa, ain't nuttin'
You tryin' to say the right words to get us out of here
Jackpot, what he said, "It's bullshit in here"
And his smile, blind like the shine on his necklace
Mind tellin' me, "No", body tellin' me,
"Exit"
Breasts said, "Yes, give me more wet kisses,
uhh"
Twist my body like "The Exorcist", hey

The way he licked his lips, he was mackin'
True thug passion, I'm like, "Slow down before you
crashin'"
Never mind him, he ain't thinkin' 'bout you

Or the way we sex on the villa up in Malibu
Marry who? Daddy, please
I'm takin' it all, from the stash to the keys
So let me see, boo, I'm 'bout to dead my man's for you
When it's all said and done, I got plans for you, he said

"Ooh baby, gotta get you home with me tonight
Ooh baby, gotta get you home with me tonight"

Grabbed me by the hand and led the way
Outside of the club talkin' to Valet
Mind started to stray, million miles away
Contemplatin' goin' back to his crib to parlay
Jumped in the passenger seat, relaxed my feet
As he threw on Blackstreet casually
And we cruised the metro on premium petrol
I sized up my thighs and couldn't let go

Ta-Ta's perkin', you're makin' me high
Like Toni, work me, take me, I'm hot
I thought for a second and then my mind went
Sex all around the car, isn't it ironic?
Back to Reality, the Soul II Soul
Breathin' heavily but still in control
Wants the shy girl role, put my hand on his leg
With sex in his eyes, he turned and then he said

"Ooh baby, gotta get you home with me tonight
Ooh baby, gotta get you home with me tonight"

Ooh baby, gotta get you home with me tonight
Ooh baby, gotta get you home with me tonight

Ooh baby

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