

Jaykae, On The Way Home (feat Aitch Bowzer Bo)

I'm on the way home, I'm in a black cab (Yeah)
I'm comin' to the house, put sommat on bad (Yeah)
Roll me a spliff (Oi), I need a few drags (Yeah)
You don't have to worry, I ain't feelin' these slags
I'm on the way home, I'm in a black cab (I'm comin')
I'm comin' to the house (I'm comin', babe), put sommat on bad (Yeah)
Roll me a spliff (Oi), I need a few drags (Yeah)
You don't have to worry, I ain't feelin' these slags

I'm on the way home, got me banging off her phone
It coulda' been a mazza but I left the club alone
You know me, I keep it grown, you better watch your tone
Yeah, I let her throw a tantrum and she throws a dog a bone
Two bills on my cologne, I spit up the Patron
Twenty man up on your table, blud, I killed it on my own
Twelve shots to the dome, now I feel a little stoned
Man, she calls it "Cowgirl", I call it "Sitting on the throne"
Man she's sober, I'm not
And she knows I'm a G 'cause I go through the spot, I'm up the stairs like I know there's a crop
Know my way around here 'cause I'm over a lot
And plus, I took her Ann Summers so I know what's she got
I tell her "Slap on something new", then roll me up a zoot
Then lick it like a Rizla and then blow it like a flute
Now you don't have to worry, everything that we've been through
Sweet home Alabama, babe, I'm coming home to you

I'm on the way home, I'm in a black cab (Yeah)
I'm comin' to the house, put sommat on bad (Show your tits)
Roll me a spliff (Oi), I need a few drags (Yeah)
You don't have to worry, I ain't feelin' these slags
I'm on the way home, I'm in a black cab (I'm comin')
I'm comin' to the house (I'm comin', babe), put sommat on bad (Yeah)
Roll me a spliff (Oi), I need a few drags (Yeah)
You don't have to worry, I ain't feelin' these slags

I'm on the way home, coming back to the gaff
Swear, I've had a long day, babe, roll me a bat
You got suttin' on your chest but you're holdin' it back
You won't say it how it is and I've been noticin' that (Uh-uh)
You just gotta tell me how you feel and always keep it real
Yeah, a couple gyal are snacks but my baby girl's a meal (Yeah)
'Round the corner in the cab, head's spinning like the wheels
Coming home to a freak, you already know the deal (Uh)
Yeah, I like her, I ain't never been in love though
Still, I'm not a liar, I just tell her that "I love dough"
Put on suttin' sexy, get ready for when I come home
Still love your ex but when we sex, all that love goes
So just slap on suttin' new
Roll me up a zoot while you're sitting looking cute
Nah, you don't have to worry, everything that we've been through
All them hoes in the club, still I'm coming home to you

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