

Angie Martinez F/ Kelis, Take You Home

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Miscellaneous
Take You Home
[Intro: Angie Martinez]
Yea... woo!
Uh, the animals are here
Yea, Angie, coolin' Dre
Uh alright, yes sir
Here we go, yo, c'mon

[Verse: Angie Martinez]
I got a call from my girls around eight
'Bout that Friday spot
Round 12 hit the highway stop - I need gas
Car behind me, on my ass, speed past
Turn the radio on it's my joint
Got me amped, I need to dance
Pull up in the truck and it ain't my man's
You screaming "hey yo"; you don't got a chance son
You are speaking a language I don't understand
Know the dude I hang wit, I don't hold his hand
Cause me I'm free to choose
It's possible to leave wit you
When we get through, I drive passenger seat for you
Let's ride, and when I arrive
Walk past the line damn his ass is fine
Some guy now we up in the spot, watch
Place hot, couple of bottles, champagne popped (yeah yeah)
And that's how we doin' it now
I'm scheming while the DJ's movin' the crowd

(2x)
I was wondering
If I could take you home (if I could take you home)
But would you still love me baby (would you still love me babe)
If I could take you home

[Verse: Angie Martinez]
It's around 2 AM, the mood is trend
The club is snug, I see him watching, love is love
Caught him when I looked up, gave him a glance
Promote-a-Chick walked over while I'm shaking her hand
I'm looking over her
Sorry but I'm waiting for this man
Is what I told her, so she could leave
No breaking up my plans
No time for talking about shows
Or dates that I could host
Damn, he walking over to me, they breaking out the jokes
My girls laughing, they see me already imagining
He whispered in my ear
Would I dance with him? I answered him
He took my hand with him, dancing close
I turned around and gave him my back, he passed a smoke
He put his hand on my hip then my stomach, he must want it
And I was really just 'bout to leave, his clique fronted
Like they don't see that they man bout to tell 'em peace
And to think I wasn't even gonna go out, see?

[Chorus]

[Verse: Angie Martinez]
All I need is my lip gloss, ID, gum and I'm straight
Especially if it's Envy in Bungalow Eight

We making it hot on the dance floor today
But my girls wanna leave cause there's nothing to take
Nothing to meet, spot dead, nothing to see
Then we all agree that we won't leave
Cause some spots the papi's still come at three
That's when I tell the DJ to run that please
He dancing behind me, I feel what's under his jeans
And I had one too many so I'm under his scheme
I mean I'm cool and the gang, the music is playing
Think I found what I'm looking for
Ain't no purpose in waiting
Almost time for breakfast
Standing by the coat checkers
Looking for my parking lot ticket, that's it!
And this night just ended
Can't say with who, what, or where but it'll definitely be remembered

[Chorus]

[Outro: Kelis]

Would you be my boyfriend? {3X}
For tonight only
Would you be my boyfriend? {3X}
For tonight