

# Angie Martinez F/ Kelis, Take You Home

Angie Martinez F/ Kelis  
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