

# Angie Martinez, Take You Home

I got a call from my girls around eight about that Friday spot  
Round 12 hit the highway stop, I need gas  
Car behind me on my ass, speed pass  
Turn the radio on that's my joint got me and 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 with, I don't hold his hand  
Cause, me, I'm free to choose  
It's possible to leave with you  
When we get through, I drive passenger seat for you  
Let's ride  
At one I arrive  
Walked past the line  
Damn his ass is fine  
Some guy now we up in the spot  
Watch  
Place hot  
Couple of bottles champagne popped  
And that's how we doing it now  
I'm scheming while the DJ's moving the crowd

Chorus x2

I was wondering if I could take you home  
Would ya still love me baby, if I could take you home

It's around 2 A.M.  
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  
Promotion 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

All I need is my lip gloss, I.D., 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, 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

Would you be my boyfriend?  
For tonight only  
Would you be my boyfriend?  
For tonight only