

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