Foxy Brown, Get Me Home - Blackstreet

[Foxy] Yeah... (ahhh [echoes])
Firm biz, what is, Blackstreet
Na Na, steady rise, peep this out
(Oooh, (bab-bayyy), gotta get you home with me tonight)
(gotta get you home)

[Verse One:]

Hold up, let's take it from the top, I Fox
Gets my swerve on, floss pure rocks
In the six drop boo and it don't stop
See money lookin alright, yeah what up Pop
'Cross the room throwin signals I'm throwin em back
Flirt-in cause I, digs you like that
Peep baby boy style, hopin we match
You sent me Crown Royale with a note attached
It said, "You look like the type that, know what you like"
I could tell by the je-wels you go for the ice
Plus you wear the shoes well, the suits flows nice
I don't like the notes too well, let's be more precise
Meet me by the VIP let's pow-pow
Whisper in my ear like, "Boo let's bounce now"
I'm 'bout to say peace to my mans for you
When it's all said and done I got plans for you
He said (gotta get you home tonight)

[Chorus: Blackstreet]

Oooooh baby (gotta get you home with me)
Gotta get you home with me tonight (uh-oh, uh-oh)
Oooooh baby, ohhhh
Gotta get you home with me tonight, c'mon, c'mon

[Verse Two: Foxy Brown]

At the bar high-post, frontin, I toast
Gettin my flirt on, playa, ain't nuttin
You tryin to say the right words to get us out of here
Jackpot, what he said, "It's bullshit in here"
And his smile blind like the shine on his necklace
Mind tellin me no, body tellin me exit
Breasts said yes, give me more wet kisses, uhh
Twist my body like the Excorist, hey
The way he licked his lips he was mackin
True thug passion, I'm like, "Slow down before you crashin"
Never mind him, he ain't thinkin 'bout you
or the way we sex, on the villa up in Malibu

Marry who? Daddy please
I'm takin it all from the stash to the keys
So let me see, boo I'm bout to dead my mans for you
When it's all said and done I got plans for you
He said (oh bay-beeee)

[Chorus: Blackstreet]

Ooooooh baby, I need you want you in my life
Gotta get you home with me tonight
Gotta get you home with me tonigh-iyiight (uh-oh, uh-oh)
Ooooooh baby, baby I need you
Gotta get you home with me tonight
Right here

[Verse Three: Foxy Brown]

Grabbed me by the hand and led the way
Outside of the club talkin to Valet
Mind started to stray, million miles away
Contemplatin goin back to his crib to par-lay
Jumped in the passenger seat, relaxed my feet
As he threw on Blacksteet casually
And we cruised the metro, on premium petrol
I sized up my thighs and couldn't let go
Ta-Ta's perkin, You're Makin Me High
like Toni, work me, take me I'm hot
I thought for a second and then my mind went
Sex all around the car, isn't it ironic?
Back to Reality, the Soul II Soul
Breathin heavily but still in control
Wants the shy girl role, put my hand on his lef
With sex in his eyes, he turned and then he said

[Chorus: Blackstreet]

Tonight baby
Ooooooh baby, c'mon c'mon Foxy c'mon
Gotta get you home with me tonight
Whatever you want me to do (uh-oh, uh-oh)
Ooooooh baby, do it for you baby
I need it in my life
Gotta get you home with me tonight
Ayyaiiayy, ooooooh baby, gotta get you home tonight
Gotta get you home with me tonight
[etc.]