

# Jermaine Dupri, Going Home With Me

(feat. Keith Sweat, R.O.C.)

[JD talking to R.O.C.]

[JD]

I'm feelin' that 2x, is you wit' me?  
I'm the type you see at the bar, fresh, buyin' it up  
And every girl I talk to, yeah I'm tryin' to cut  
I tell'em all I'm Chi Chi and it's nice to meet ya  
Real quick, I tell how she got all the right features  
The jams come on and the glasses get refilled  
We dance and watch the relations build  
Now I'm all up in her ear and she listenin'  
At the same time, watchin' how a nigga glistenin'  
BLING! BLING! I'm thinkin' it's bout time to go  
Get the B out of valet and start the late night show  
Niggas hate, I know but I don't stop I shine  
I'm in the club every week, same place, same time  
Same thing on the mind, PARTY! PARTY!  
So the hell with all that, we tryin' to find somebody  
The right kind 'fore the lights come off  
Shit, I'm tryin' to take sumpin' home

[Chorus]

Now if I buy you a drink and you drink it up  
Then, uh, you goin' home with me (and all my niggas say)  
And if you talkin' at a party and we talk too much  
Then, uh, we goin' home with me  
Now if you came with a friend that don't wanna do my man  
Then you need to give her your keys  
Tell her to call you tomorrow or give you a beep  
Cause tonight, you going home with me, ya heard?

[JD]

Now, is it because my name's Jermaine? no  
It's all about how I kick my game, you know?  
I just flow with it, spend a little dough with it  
Entertain, before you know, I'm in your brain doing my thang  
Tellin' you how good you smell  
Send you up for a drop top cruise through the A-T-L  
Now when they tipsy, it's risky, you don't know what you facin'  
Fuck around and end up like Anthony Mason  
So I let'em know a few things before we leave  
Like, "it's true, I tapes damn near everything"  
So don't even think about lyin', baby  
Or try baby, to set me up for rape cause it's all on tape  
Where you said put the cake  
How you fed me the grapes  
What I did with the ice that made you shake, shake  
Now when the night's over and the girl is gone  
I'm back up in the club singin' the same damn song

[Chorus]

Now, walk in, I'm the grown man that you figure to trick  
But I'm feelin' your dress, girl and lovin' your hips  
But I'm buggin' off this, "Why you stuck on the wrist?"  
Golddigger, huh, mommy? Oh, you ain't that bitch?  
Ain't that some shit? Suddenly, you hugs and kisses  
Gotta be the dough you holdin' so obvious wit' it  
I get G's to flash, T.V.'s in the dash  
See Sinbad, watchin' Vibe, ladies clockin' to ride  
Luxury flows, lengerie hoes, R.O.C. hit'em mo' than Jose Conseco  
Uh, RBI's, orange top fly, the brown skin, slim

The nice braids, brown eyes  
R.O.C.'s stay pimpin' from Jersey to Richmond  
Y'all playas waitin' to ball like 6th men  
I'm done with the game, point spread by a hundred  
Speakin' of hundreds, five's is a nice way to slide it, let's ride

[Chorus]