Pacewon, Take Me With You

(Intro - female singer)
Every morning, every evening
Oh I love love love love loving you

(Pacewon)
My girl love me, no question I guess
Not to mention the attention I get
But sometimes I get mad though, like what're you, cattle?
Mary's little lamb, what are you my shadow?
And when I don't run to you, you be off
with some ugly motherfucker, chillin in his Porsche
Gettin so fucked up that you start seein double
And he see that you seein double, so it's trouble
And here I am, just playin myself
Stayin to delf, walls, tucked away on the shelf
Watchin every little step I take like B. Brown
Bet my conscience fuck with me now
Cause I'm not the one to throw a heart in the air
And to tell the absolute, I'm startin to care
But if she playin with my head, I'd rather be dead
When I asked her, this is what she said

(Chorus - female singer)
Take me with you, take me with you
It would break my heart and soul if you left me behind
Take me with you, take me with you
I don't wanna stay around when you're gone

(female singer)
I can hear you, when you're callin
always always always, always there

(Pacewon)
Take her with me? Maybe I should
Or maybe I shouldn't, like baby I'm good
Q&A, what to do and say
Got me takin Valium, at least 2 a day (gulp)
Got me on the bottle, drinkin my joint back
Made me a misfit, don't know where my boys at
What's the deal? What's today's mathematics?
Got me in a daze like crack addicts
Got me in a +Bond+ like +James+, I wanna respond and take aim
But these females play games
So I, keep it movin, play it like a b-boy
No feelings, cold as Leonard Nimoy
Hands crossed, one eyebrow up
Not speakin, like I'm bugged, but no
I guess it's just a couple things in the mind
goin on about you that made me think of a rhyme

(Chorus)

(female singer)
To be with you is, all I wanted
yes so c'mon, c'mon, c'mon, c'mon, take me with you

(Pacewon)
I would if I could but I can't so I won't
But it's good in the hood, I'll be back with a coat
and a full length fox, if it's hot then it's rocks
to cool off the attitude you got
Everytime I reach for my belt and my keys you don't breathe
and you start turnin blue when I say I'm 'bout to leave
I'm head over heels cause of you, what to do

Can't handcuff her, can't cut her loose
Can't pack her up, and sneak her on the plane
So you get mad and you creep to Lover's Lane
I come home early, you know I don't play
Catch you just like OJ
Then I just kick you in the belly, do the man you with awful
Punch him in the jaw, dismantle his torso
Then I go to jail, I'm not on the road
And all you ever send me is a carton of stogs?

(Chorus)

(female ad libs to fade)