

Terror Squad, Take You Home

(Chorus)

Let me take you home
She wanna take me home and lay me up inside her home
She wanna turn me on breakfast in the morn'
And she said "Daddy let me take ya home, papi let me take ya home"
And I said "Mami you can take me home if you let the whole crew get on"; (bitch)

(Verse 1: Fat Joe)

I got this chick from Cali, profilin', she's wilin'
She's gangsta, she knows that she's got it like that
We was drivin on Crenshaw cruisin for food when she pulled up beside me, set off in the 'Lac
And I said "Damn girl you actin like you don't know, never seen me before,
episode of cribs on MTV, video what you think TS stand for?"
She said "Terrific Sex", yeah that too and the diamonds is no facade
Used to be a broke nigga from the BX, now I'm rich got the world screamin Terror Squad
Think about it now, everywhere we go, every other city we tour, they never say no
Seems like every other night I got a different chick beggin me....

(Chorus)

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(Verse 2: Remy Martin)

I was up in the club right, had some Remy in my cup right
And that's when I peeped him, he was lookin so fresh and so cleaned up
He was fitted down to his sneakers
I really do mean this I aint never seen this, there was some people standin in between us
Had to go over there so I could meet him I had him pimped up in the cut near the speakers
If he got a girl I know she's heated "cause right now I'm all he needin
If he, crush me then trust me it's a guarantee that he's not leavin
Told me he heard of me but don't know me and I liked him for some reason
Invited him to my place, sat on his face and I aint got a man so it aint cheatin
Think about it now, I don't gotta stress, I dont ever really gotta press, they always say yes
It seems like every other night I got a different nigga beggin me....

(Chorus (phone call))

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(Verse 3: Armageddon)

You's a big girl, eat it up, now tell ya friend to hold your hair while you eatin' up
A little hot, little drunk, little weeded up
We in the truck and freakin off while the speakers bump
I'm steady speedin up swervin the bumps
I'm trynna f**k but I aint trynna f**k her 23's up
So I ease up, drunk and focused
Trynna watch the road but yo the back seats heatin up
And so I'm keepin' them, wish you could see them
I know you hear them breathin like you been possessed by a demon
I know you heated, wish you was here but, gotta go now have a good evening
Hang up the phone now, have a good weekend
Shorty just called the boat the front seat
And I think she's about to go down 4 Seasons
I know the horn aint beep for no reason
3 in the mornin and actin indecent
She so horny damn this shit seems like every other night I get a group of chicks beggin me....

(Chorus 2x)

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