Going Home with Me (feat. Keith Sweat & R.O.C.)

Jermaine Dupri

featuring 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 beout 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 want to 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]

Songwriters
Dupri, Jermaine Mauldin / Parker, Ray Erskine Jr / Griffin, Rahman MuhammadPublished by
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