

Get Home (Get Right) [feat. Kid Ink & Migos]

JR Castro

Get right, get right, I'ma hit it right
I'ma hit it right yeah, I'ma hit it right
Get right, get right, I'ma hit it right
I'ma hit it right yeah, I'ma hit it right I'ma put that ass in the loop
Think I'm out with you baby
Plotting on that pussy I just gotta tell the truth babe
So I hopped up in my Coupe doing eighty on the interstate
I know it's hella late but I know you gon' wait
Put on that thing that I like
When you take it off I just might
Go down and eat it all night
I'ma do your body right, aite Soon as I get home
I'll be fucking you
Assume the position baby
Soon as I get home
I'll be fucking you
Go on and spread 'em baby, ooh Get right, get right, I'ma hit it right
I'ma hit it right yeah, I'ma hit it right
Get right, get right, I'ma hit it right
I'ma hit it right yeah, I'ma hit it right Uh, you know I'ma hit it right
Say she got a leak so I hit her with the pipe
Sub tweeting 'cause I hit her with a like
She my dub-cee-dub every Wednesday night, uh
I know you sitting by your iPhone
With nothing but my ice on
She let me eat it with my grill in
And tell me never turn the lights off
Skirt through the light, gone
But you know how to ride slow when you with Mr. K-I-D-I-N-K know
I done spent all night tryna fight through the hoes 'cause Soon as I get home (soon as I get home)
I'll be fucking you (all night)
Assume the position baby
Soon as I get home (soon as I get home)
I'll be fucking you (all night)
Go on and spread 'em baby, ooh Get right, get right, I'ma hit it right
I'ma hit it right yeah, I'ma hit it right
Get right, get right, I'ma hit it right
I'ma hit it right yeah, I'ma hit it right When I walk up in the house
Have nothing on when I get home

Hit it with the left hit it with the right
You can call me Quavo ?
My bitch she's not basic at all
I walk in the mall buy a bed for her doll
She shit on you hoes walking bathroom stalls
She get super nasty on alcohol
Pull up in the coupe with the roof missing
Got a bad bitch riding with the nipple pierced
Blood on the floor dripping my Christians
That's Louis Vuitton if you don't get it
Got five mamacitas and my eyes low and
And I got them all on Cinco de Mayo
I spotted her front row at my show
Make her the trap queen I brought her to the bando
Soon as I get home (soon as I get home)
I'll be fucking you (all night)
Assume the position baby (assume the position baby yeah)
Soon as I get home (soon as I get home)
I'll be fucking you (I'm goin' all in))
Go on and spread 'em baby, go on and spread 'em now
Get right, get right, I'ma hit it right
I'ma hit it right yeah, I'ma hit it right
Get right, get right, I'ma hit it right
I'ma hit it right yeah, I'ma hit it right

Songwriters

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