

Take Me Home

Terror Squad

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Oh
Record this oneLet 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", bitchI 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 'LacAnd 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 nowEverywhere we go, every other city we tour
They never say no
Seems like every other night
I got a different chick beggin' meLet 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", bitchI 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 ain't 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 speakersIf 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 ain't got a man so it ain't cheatin', think about it now I don't gotta stress, I don't ever really gotta press
 They always say yes
 It seems like every other night
 I got a different nigga beggin' me 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 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 tryna fuck but I ain't tryna fuck her 23's up
 So I ease up, drunk and focused
 Tryna 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 Four Seasons
 I know the horn, ain't 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 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 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

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlyrics.com/>