

# Take You Home With Me A.k.a. Body

## Jay-z

Uh, uh, uh, Kel's  
Young, M, X, tra, money, let's goGirl, you know you got a body  
(Do you like it?)  
Where you get your little body?  
(Do you want it?)Girl, I wanna freak your body  
(What you want it?)  
I just wanna take you home with meGirl, you know you got a body  
(Do you like it?)  
Where you get your little body?  
(Do you want it?)Girl, I wanna freak your body  
(What you want it?)  
I just wanna take you home with meShe get it from her momma  
You can't tie a sweater over that ass or hide it in pajamas  
We lay back, blowin' ganja  
DVD, she make it hard to watch a flat TV , whoaI crept up behind her  
Mami threw it like a quarterback, I caught that like Rice  
I call mami Montana, bandanna  
Tied her hands up, this is gangsta loveThrew on a rap CD, we gangsta fucked  
This ain't R&B smooth, I ain't a R&B dude  
Poured a glass of Army, got mami in the mood  
Then she stripped for me like the "Moulin Rouge" I think I might wife her  
You know, powder blue [unverified] suit, white-Nike her  
Add mami to the cypher  
R.O.C. for life 'cuz the gang, motherfuckerGirl, you know you got a body  
(Do you like it?)  
Where you get your little body?  
(Do you want it?)Girl, I wanna freak your body  
(What you want it?)  
I just wanna take you home with meI make ya hotter than the next bitch, no need  
For you to ever sweat the next bitch, with speed  
I make the next bitch see the exit, indeed  
Gotta know you're verily respected, by meYou get the keys to the Lexus but no drive  
You get your own [unverified], she through ridin'  
Keep yo' ass tighter than Versace  
That's why you gotta watch yo' friendsYou gotta watch me, they connivin' shit  
See, I just wanna freak your body  
I know you don't do this for everybody  
But everybody ain't as horny as me  
And your body's callin' meGirl, you know you got a body

(Do you like it?)

Where you get your little body?

(Do you want it?)Girl, I wanna freak your body

(What you want it?)

I just wanna take you home with meUh, yeah

Mami shot through the pad with the Mark Jacobs bag

The thick-stitched seam and her favorite ass jeans

Y'all know the first date wearers

To make objects bigger than they appear like a rear view mirrorOh, her shoe game is real

She gave 'em the [unverified] with the four inch heels

But honestly, my favorite type of gear

Is a scrunchy for her hair and [unverified] underwear, clear?Girl, I hear you callin', let's stop stallin'

Do what we came to do

Girl, I hear you callin', let's stop stallin'

Baby, I want you, yeahGirl, you know you got a body

(Do you like it?)

Where you get your little body?

(Do you want it?)Girl, I wanna freak your body

(What you want it?)

I just wanna take you home with meTrackmasters

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