

U Ain't Gotta Go Home

Joe Budden

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Yeah the world famous DJ Clue desert storm
Jump off Joe Buddens on top
This go out to all my niggas
You ain't gotta chain but you got a
Mean muthafuckin' wrist game
All my ladies you ain't got a car but you gotta
Mean muthafuckin' heel game
Click them heels you know how we do it c'mon c'mon
Woh woh okay dub
Woh have some fun with it Mami I'm there if you fine in the rear
We can get into whatever if you don't mind boo be yeah
And when I'm done slidin' you somethin' fierce
You ain't gotta go home but you gotta get the fuck outta here I ain't got to tell homeboy he know that
This is 'Matrix Reloaded' and Neo's back
I'm up humble apologies sorry clowns
I'm here for the long run I ain't coffee brown Get to know me the man the person
So by the time I'm on my fifth album
You should understand the first one
It's non-fiction you deny you want proof
I only buck in the air when the sky's in the booth You gets liable to shoot
This twenty-two release some extra keyholes
On the driver's side of your coupe
Like nighty night here's your lullaby bitches
You might need just a lil' more than butterfly stitches Get out of line and get stuck up duke
Lose your spines tryin' to touch us jukes
Get to the mall in a circle guns out playin' duck-duck goose
This shit is kinda aight till I fuck in the booth I'm sayin' I'm here got my nine up in here
Thugs wanna rumble I don't mind nigga yeah
And when I'm done slidin' up somethin' fierce
You ain't gotta go home but you gotta get the fuck outta here Like I don't roll with niggas that'll lift ayn chrome
Take a look at 'em you can see they just skin and bones
Y'all talk about bricks when y'all know who move 'em

Us real niggas make withdrawals while y'all go through 'em
We carry long guns we can contra on it
We talk about it we live it y'all ponder on it
Shit ridiculously priced us cons afford it
I'm talkin' straight cash you might need a sponsor for it
But wait ever met somebody that wouldn't chill
Every second he feel the need to let you know that he's real
Every second he wanna talk about his homies that died
And the people he killed and in the future all the people he will
Talk about who he stabbed and beat up and he
won't cool out
Yakety-yakkin' he's reminiscing on different shootouts
How he was there shotties was blastin' cops came with body bags
And he's talkin' but nobody asked him
Naw he want attention he want his name yelled
And me and him always end up in the same cell
I'm pissed on the top bunk I can't sleep this guy ain't street
Go 'head nigga I ain't beef but feel
Stop there who popped him where
Who you backed out on and had the whole block scared
Ma when I'm done pokin' you from the rear
You ain't gotta go home but you gotta get the fuck outta here
Ma you real aggressive catchin' me of balance
It's a turn off don't you know niggas respect a challenge
Move a lil' slow gettin' at me
Treat the pussy like it's worth somethin'
Don't just go throwin' it at me 'coz
While you doin' it at the same time
I'm thinkin' how many niggas hit you wit that same line?
Or how many other niggas you ran game to?
How many niggas you fucked or you gave brain to?
How many other dudes houses you done came to?
With condoms on you hopin' that he find 'em on you
And I ain't tryin' to catch nothin' from you
So I'm caught up in a catch twenty-two
If I don't fuck her then I'm not like guys she met before
So while I'm turnin' her down she's just likin' me more
But if I do get to pokin' hit her with long strokin'
I now have a girlie on my hands that's open
I don't want her callin' me constantly
Thinkin' 'coz I fucked her she got a bond with me
I don't want her misunderstandin' a one night stand
It was just a nut I'm not your man
Ma I'm there if you fine in the rear
We can get into whatever if you don't mind boo be yeah
And when I'm done slidin' you somethin' fierce
You ain't gotta go home but you gotta get the fuck outta here
Ma I'm there name a time and where
We can get into whatever if you don't mind boo be yeah
And when I'm done pokin' you from the rear
You ain't gotta go home but you gotta get the fuck outta here

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