

Take You Home

Angie Martinez

Yeah
The animals are here
Yeah, Angie, coolin' Dre
Alright, yes sir
Here we go, yo, c'mon

I got a call from my girls around eight about that Friday spot
'Round 12 hit the highway stop, I need gas
Car behind me on my ass, speed pass
Turn the radio on that's my joint got me and I need to dance
Pull up in the truck and it ain't my man's
You screaming, "Hey yo, you don't got a chance
Son, you are speaking a language I don't understand
Know the dude I hang with, I don't hold his hand"

'Cause, me, I'm free to choose, it's possible to leave with you
When we get through, I drive passenger seat for you
Let's ride at one I arrive
Walked past the line, damn his ass is fine
Some guy now we up in the spot
Watch, place hot, couple of bottles, champagne popped
And that's how we doing it now
I'm scheming while the DJ's moving the crowd

I was wondering if I could take you home
Would ya still love me baby, if I could take you home
I was wondering if I could take you home
Would ya still love me baby, if I could take you home

Alright, it's around 2 a.m., the mood is trend, the club is snug
I see him watching, love is love
Caught him when I looked up, gave him a glance
Promotion chick walked over while I'm shaking her hand
I'm looking over her, "Sorry but I'm waiting for this man"
Is what I told her, so she could leave
No breaking up my plans, no time for talking about shows
Or dates that I could host
Damn, he walking over to me, they breaking out the jokes

My girls laughing, they see me already imagining
He whispered in my ear, would I dance with him
I answered him
He took my hand with him, dancing close
I turned around and gave him my back, he passed a smoke
He put his hand on my hip, then my stomach, he must want it
And I was really just 'bout to leave, his clique fronted
Like they don't see that they man 'bout to tell 'em peace
And to think I wasn't even gonna go out and see?

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All I need is my lip gloss, I.D., gum, and I'm straight
Especially if it's Envy in bungalow eight
We making it hot on the dance floor today

But my girls wanna leave 'cause there's nothing to take
Nothing to meet, spot dead, nothing to see
Then we all agree that we won't leave
'Cause some spots the papi's still come at three
That's when I tell the DJ to run that please

He dancing behind me, I feel what's under his jeans
And I had one too many so I'm under his scheme
I mean I'm cool and the gang, the music is playing
Think I found what I'm looking for, no purpose in waiting
Almost time for breakfast
Standing by the coat checkers
Looking for my parking lot ticket, that's it
And this night just ended, can't say with who
What, or where but it'll definitely be remembered

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Would ya still love me baby, if I could take you home
I was wondering if I could take you home
Would ya still love me baby, if I could take you home

Would you be my boyfriend?
Would you be my boyfriend?
Would you be my boyfriend
For tonight?

Would you be my boyfriend?
Would you be my boyfriend?
Would you be my boyfriend
For tonight?