

Take U Home

Meek Mill

Girl I know you got a man, and you so in love with him
But can I get a dance? Maybe a little loving
Slim girl if I took you home, I wonder, I wonder
Maybe I was wondering
I wonder if I took you home
Would you still be in love baby?
Cause I need you tonight
I wonder if I took you home
Would you still be in love baby?
Cause I need you tonight
(Tell your man you'll see him next week, cause we gone)

I say Maserati stance, get it we disappearing
I tell her cut off the phones, there's nothing to interfere
She follow my every order do anything that I dare
I'm giving her everything so all my neighbors can hear it
Scream to her making her fiend more
We be making a movie they thinking it's Scream 4
Got that from Jeezy and then I put Dean on
I'm 7 looking like Heaven, I love when them jeans on
We rolling get your chick stolen
Stand up paper I can't even fold it
Old bread baby, my money be moldy
Every time I'm going down it's nothing but roses, yeah
I was just on the money, never was on hoes
I told shorty play her part like some corn rows
And maybe you could get a Neiman Marcus wardrobe
I'm talking tearing down the mall when the stores close

Dub A.L.E. you know I'm in the house
I'm going on whatever shorty point them bitches out
They love me up top, I'm important in the South
I could talk them into drinking and then talk them out of a blouse
Look, wild youngin, brown drinking and loud loving
Living in a moment shawty it's now or never
I'm in a 911, this shit is rented though
But how I'm whippin' this muthafucka you never know
Shout out my brother Meek, O Melly what it do?
We trying to find how many bitches could fit in the coupe
She addicted to bags, I'm addicted to shoes
You could buy em for me, he can buy em for you
Word. Wale Folarin
Young'un Supreme SB's, I'm a star in this muthafucka
Raw in this muthafucka, Vuitton a nigga's duffle
John Doe flow: got a car in this muthafucka
Woop! Park the Caddy in the living room
He ain't talking about no paper we don't listen to him
I try to love 'em in the physical not literal
After I'm a hit it gotta give a little nigga room!
A little space! I gotta breathe
We blew enough trees, you gotta leaf!
No Days Off, me and Meek
Young gunner, Rock Boys, double MG!

Man I like my drinks high, my lights low
And I'm stacking paper like trifolds
'Til my momma neighbors them white folks

'Til my account triple O, oh, triple o, oh
Man the bank teller thought it was a typo
I've got loose girls in tight clothes
Man, that dance floor look perfect
Only thing it's missing is Michael
Twerk that shit, berserk that shit
Finally Famous ho, I deserve that shit
Put syrup on top, I dessert that shit
Then afterwards I'm gone, I desert that shit
B.I.G. lil bitch!