

# Aint Comin Home Tonight

Lil Boosie

I got a call from a friend who I used to love.  
She told me meet me at da bar at my favorite club.  
Sat ha on got my drink and my favorite rhyme.  
Den I felt a cold rush comin from behind.  
She grabbed my waist and whisperd in my ear,  
Thug I miss you.  
We need to talk cuz me and my man, we got sum issues.  
We started remininesin bad times and da gud times.  
Like my first line.  
You cute, will u be mine?  
Smellin jus lik how I rememba.  
She was lookin fine.  
And I aint comin home tonite.  
Dats wuts on my mind.  
Tell my girl I got studio time.  
Go snatch umbrella cuz my car draw to much tention.  
We hit da room  
We got to drankin and shyt.  
And on top I was gon angle my dicc.  
We hit da embassy suites.  
Man she turned 2 a beast.  
She introducd me to her tongue ring and put me to sleep.

I aint comin home tonite.  
I no it aint rite  
I no it aint rite.  
Bt I aint comin home tonite.  
I no it aint rite  
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Bt I aint comin home tonite.  
I no it aint rite  
I no it aint rite  
Bt I aint comin home tonite.  
Cuz tonight I'm on flight  
Tonight I'm on flight.

Jus had a concert.  
I'm tired and my lungs hurt  
Wen she walk n vip wit a high skirt  
She had a ass lik buffy  
She turnd me on  
I even went startd blushin wen I saw ha thong.  
She grabbd my cheeks and sed ohh u so cute.  
She had a gurl dat wantd webbie  
She was sold 2  
I askd can we cum n see em b4 we tak it in  
I hit dey spot  
I hit da tub  
She start laughn den  
Don look lik I'm comin home tonite  
Cuz da conversation rite and da vibe is tight  
Man she came 2 da bed  
Wit a tshirt and ha draws on  
As soon as she lay onside boosie,  
I got a hard on  
I put my hand up on ha thighs  
Den I rub dat coochie

I hurd her say up unda ha breath " oh boosie"  
Dat pussy soakin wet  
And we all on da floo  
I hit ha from da bacc  
And it's a fact dat I aint comin home

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I no it aint rite  
Bt I aint comin home tonite  
Cuz tonite I'm on flight  
Tonite I'm on flight

Me n my gurl jus had a fite  
I gotta get away  
Look lik I aint comin home 4 a couple days  
I hit da plane  
Chill  
Put on my shades  
On da plane can't shhh  
Now I'm n a daze  
A high kosher  
U remember dem lil boosie days  
I broke ya virgin at 15  
Now u feel playd  
By da way  
Y dem bruises on yo fukkn face?  
She sed my man still bringin up dat boosie case.  
Wuts yo destination?  
Florida.  
Dats wur I'm goin 2  
I'm at da same hotel u at  
Room 102  
And u can come to my room  
Bt she sed no  
She sed no u can come 2 mynes.  
I got a surprise.  
I walkd up into da room  
And smelld was da best  
She had on a lil red dress