

I Wonder

Big Moe

Huh, Wassup Boo
Maan, you stay talkin bout you're down wit me
But you stay on that complainin thang, you know what I'm sayin?
I aint down wit all that complainin and fussin and fightin man
I'm a playa type dude, I'd like to let my gal get in the way,
But, you know what I'm sayin, the Lord blessed me with somethin
So I gotta take advantage of that, you know what I'm talkin bout
So I gotta do it, so its whateva

I wonder if I didn't come home
Would you still be down with me, yeah
Because I'll leave you tonight, uh ohh
I wonder if I didn't come
Would you still be down with me, yeah
Because I'll leave you tonight, uh ohh

If I didn't come home
What would you do to me?
Get on the telephone? Call Tyrone? Tell him come get you in he morning
You're wrong, this is my song
And I gotta pay bills, keep my happy home
Wreckshoppin all night long
I'm ready, fire burnin
No matter what you do to me, my wheels gon keep on turnin
Are you down? So please don't get me started
I got bitches out of town, if you fuckin wit clowns, I'll leave you broken
hearted

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I let you play one time, then I knew you were mine
The way you caress me baby and sex me, I 'd have to say you put it down
You took me, and you put me under you're wings, I can't lie
Can't no other take your place, and can't a damn thang comply
I don't know if you noticed, but you're the throwedest on my list
Can't no nigga or no bitch compare their loving to a love like this
Up and down, thick and thin, I was always there
Ready to box or unload on a bitch, you know I don't care
When you kiss me with your lips, I just fall in a daze
Me and you against the world baby, priorities are gettin paid
Diamonds blindin, hoes cryin, aint a damn thang changed
Showin up and pourin up, in this damn rap game
And by the way, I'm gon let you run the streets with your thugs
When Valentine's comes around, you know who's gettin your hugs
Fuck faces by fireplaces, Drink chases on mink rugs
You a dog, you gon rome, but always find your way home, so what

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Now if I don't come home, would you blow up my phone?
Punch holes in my styrofoam? Mislplace my chrome?
Childish games in yo dome got yo mind confused
A made nigga or a fake? Now its time to choose
Many have tried my shoes, but didn't travel too far
You knew the shit that you was in before you fucked the star
Look how you suck up all my barre, you think this shit's for free?
All this hustling in these streets keep all this ice on you and me
Picture how nicer it can be, private flights twice a week
Without you gripin about some freaks and how they saw me at the beach
I'll practice what I preach, you sit being obsolete
And remain to keep my business and my hustle out of reach
And now if I don't come home, would you still be down?
You are a fool, I will admit, but start practicin now
Cuz I'm still the same playa that's all about my dough
And I'm not comin home tonight, you triflin ass hoe!

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