

# Take Me There

Faith Evans

Uh  
Inhale this, clench your fist  
Then ya, feel the mist through the uterus  
Can ya, picture this  
Life without me, wake up you're having bad dreams  
Cause ya fiend for a toke  
My crew tote Tocques and mink coats  
On the cell with the boat  
What you thought, we get caught and get bailed out?  
Fuck the jailhouse, Hennessey on the rocks  
Is all we got as we sail out, entrepreneurs  
Cristal pourer, be glad we ain't takin' yours  
Boring huh? I'm warnin' ya  
Style waits for no bitch, I dream rich  
When I fuck with scratch and sniff  
Now I stacks the shit, and practice it  
So no bitch can tax the shit, miraculous  
So I can relax a bit, and get my dick licked  
Drugs, baby  
Haha

Need a little something that can take me there  
To a place that I can get away from  
My feelings so far away  
Somewhere with my head up in the clouds  
Suddenly it doesn't feel so loud  
So far, away, somewhere

I got 'em  
Ayo, platinum choker, heavy smoker  
The gun toter, Barrack Obam' supporter  
Recently Hillary voter  
Smoking loud way up in the cloud  
Disappearing in my thoughts  
Disappearing from courts  
Yao Ming face, eyes chinky  
Kush got my breath stinky  
50 thousand large shine on my pinky  
Women lust me, they say I'm too ghetto  
They can't trust me, my timeline be filled with his bitch  
He wanna bust me, Mira Mira talk  
Coca Cola deals, big scales  
Doing different shit, Alaska  
SnapChatting at Wheels Donnie  
My prognosis is atrocious out the black wraith  
Fly shit, never down, I stay with some faith  
Ahh

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Dreamt of Ferraris and Ferragamos  
Raised on the streets, and married the marijuana

Told the joint terminate my thoughts like Sarah Conner  
But it couldn't, but I smoked with Big, a badge of honor  
And Faith, what's fate?  
Light and 8th and I'm straight  
That's the morning  
But I'mma need a zip when it's late  
I used to sit on the crate  
But now I dip in the seats  
Of the Cherokee  
The therapy's a spliff to the face (huh?)  
I'm from the strain gang and the mean team  
Cut the lights, turn the beat on, let the pain bang  
Light the joint, the escape route  
You heard it from the Ghost  
But you should it hear it from Faith now

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Ayo Big, we got it  
We gon' hold baby-girl down, man  
Ay, ay, ay  
Talk now baby