

U Ain't Gotta Go Home

Joe Budden

Yeah, the world famous DJ Clue
Desert Storm
Jump off Joe Buddens on top
This go out to all my niggas
You ain't gotta chain, but you got a mean motherfucking wrist game
All my ladies, you ain't got a car
But you gotta mean motherfucking heel game
Click them heels
You know how we do it
C'mon

Whoa! (Ha ha)
Whoa! Okay Dub
Whoa! Have some fun with it

Mami, I'm there if you fine in the rear
We can get into whatever if you don't mind boo be yeah
And when I'm done slidin', you somethin' fierce
You ain't gotta go home but you gotta get the fuck outta here

I ain't got to tell homeboy, he know that
This is 'Matrix Reloaded' and Neo's back
I'm up, humble apologies, sorry clowns
I'm here for the long run, I ain't Coffee Brown
Get to know me, the man, the person
So by the time I'm on my fifth album
You should understand the first one
It's non-fiction, you deny you want proof
I only buck in the air when the sky's in the booth
You gets liable to shoot
This twenty-
two release some extra keyholes on the driver's side of your coupe
Like, nighty night, here's your lullaby bitches
You might need just a little more than butterfly stitches
Get out of line and get stuck up duke
Lose your spines tryin' to touch us jukes
Get to the mall in a circle, guns out playin' "duck-duck-oose"
This shit is kinda aight till I fuck in the booth
I'm sayin', I'm here, got my nine up in here
Thugs wanna rumble, I don't mind, nigga yeah

And when I'm done slidin' up somethin' fierce
You ain't gotta go home but you gotta get the fuck outta here

Like I don't roll with niggas that'll lift 'ayn' chrome
Take a look at 'em, you can see they just skin and bones
You all talk about bricks when y'all know who move 'em
us real niggas make withdrawals while y'all go through 'em
We carry long guns, we can contra on it
We talk about it, we live it, you all ponder on it
Shit, ridiculously priced, us cons afford it
I'm talkin' straight cash, you might need a sponsor for it
But wait - ever met somebody that wouldn't chill
Every second he feel the need to let you know that he's real
Every second he wanna talk about his homies that died
And the people he killed and in the future all the people he will
Talk about who he stabbed and beat up, and he won't cool out

Yakety-yakkin', he's reminiscing on different shootouts
How he was there, shotties was blastin'
Cops came with body bags, and he's talkin', but nobody asked him
Naw - he want attention, he want his name yelled
Me and him always end up in the same cell
I'm pissed on the top bunk, I can't sleep
This guy ain't street, go 'head nigga I ain't beef
But feel me - stop there, who popped him where
Who you backed out on and had the whole block scared

Ma when I'm done pokin' you from the rear
You ain't gotta go home but you gotta get the fuck outta here

Ma - you real aggressive, catchin' me of balance
It's a turn off, don't you know niggas respect a challenge
Move a little slow gettin' at me
Treat the pussy like it's worth somethin', don't just go throwin' it at me
Cause - while you doin' it at the same time
I'm thinkin' how many niggas hit you wit that same line
Or - how many other niggas you ran game to
How many niggas you fucked or you gave brain to
How many other dudes houses you done came to
With condoms on you hopin' that he fondles on you
And - I ain't tryin' to catch nothin' from you
So I'm caught up in a Catch-22
If I don't fuck her then I'm not like guys she met before
So while I'm turnin' her down she's just likin' me more
But if I do get to pokin', hit her with long strokin'
I now have a girlie on my hands that's open
I don't want her callin' me constantly
Thinkin' 'cause I fucked her she got a bond with me
I don't want her misunderstandin' a one night stand
It was just a nut, I'm not your man

Ma - I'm there, if you fine in the rear
We can get into whatever if you don't mind boo be yeah
And when I'm done slidin', you somethin' fierce
You ain't gotta go home but you gotta get the fuck outta here
Ma - I'm there, name a time and where
We can get into whatever if you don't mind boo be yeah
And when I'm done pokin' you from the rear
You ain't gotta go home but you gotta get the fuck outta here

[DJ Clue talking till end]