Go Home With You

Kardinal Offishall

Jay And let the choir sing (chanting) Still got a couple seconds left, you knowa mean See your ass on the dancefloor Hey yo! They call me Kardie F (...) Ferrari Niggas scream...whenever they see me in the party Everything's official You ain't gotta ask You need a late pass Ya'll need sip punani Bottle to the head And I ain't sayin' much you could be one of the feds We stay connected, above the clouds We don't talk much but the movement speak loud, nigga Gotta respect that There's no choice I'm Mr. Agua, watchadata, get moist Girlfriend caught me kickin' with the crew She my late night friend, butchall I wanna go home with you I wanna go home with you (Now hear the choir say) I wanna go home with you I wanna go home with you I wanna go home with you Kardinal Offishall: (chuckles) And we get back at 'em They call me Kardie Mr. Gasoline World turn to (FIRE!) When they see me steppin' on the scene And we don't buy it unless we got it ten times This is real life, we ain't just sitting on the rhymes man Guaranteed if you're a poser you lose And we the future, let's hear it for the brand new fusion Anybody can get it, there is no exclusion 'Nuff questions, leading to the same conclusion Gangsters is Gangsters Nigga be you who be I'm a bad man, but they still not bad likawe I never chase 'em I let 'em choose At the end of the night they say I wanna go home with you I wanna go home with you (Now hear the choir say) I wanna go home with you I wanna go home with you I wanna go home with you And the world say And the world say And the whole wide world say And the world say

Lemme talk for a second Ey Yo

They call me Kardie Mr. Evolution Now you can dance while you think about the revolution And while you vex having delusions of persecution I'ma stay flawless, an instrument of execution Out of many still grows one people Justice (...) still remain unequal And I'm a diamond in the dirt And there is no sequel Many try but they cannot replicate what we do Hear evil, speak that evil Speak good to the hood, there is no retrieval Think about while you sippin' on your (...) If my words could talk they'd say

I wanna go home with you I wanna go home with you (Now hear the choir say) I wanna go home with you I wanna go home with you I wanna go home with you

Now hear the choir say (chanting) Now hear the choir say