

Jaykae, On The Way Home (feat Aitch Bowzer B)

I'm on the way home, I'm in a black cab (Yeah)
I'm comin' to the house, put sommat on bad (Yeah)
Roll me a spliff (Oi), I need a few drags (Yeah)
You don't have to worry, I ain't feelin' these slags
I'm on the way home, I'm in a black cab (I'm comin')
I'm comin' to the house (I'm comin', babe), put sommat on bad (Yeah)
Roll me a spliff (Oi), I need a few drags (Yeah)
You don't have to worry, I ain't feelin' these slags

I'm on the way home, got me banging off her phone
It coulda' been a mazza but I left the club alone
You know me, I keep it grown, you better watch your tone
Yeah, I let her throw a tantrum and she throws a dog a bone
Two bills on my cologne, I spit up the Patron
Twenty man up on your table, blud, I killed it on my own
Twelve shots to the dome, now I feel a little stoned
Man, she calls it "Cowgirl", I call it "Sitting on the throne"
Man she's sober, I'm not
And she knows I'm a G 'cause I go through the spot, I'm up the stairs like I know there's a crop
Know my way around here 'cause I'm over a lot
And plus, I took her Ann Summers so I know what's she got
I tell her "Slap on something new", then roll me up a zoot
Then lick it like a Rizla and then blow it like a flute
Now you don't have to worry, everything that we've been through
Sweet home Alabama, babe, I'm coming home to you

I'm on the way home, I'm in a black cab (Yeah)
I'm comin' to the house, put sommat on bad (Show your tits)
Roll me a spliff (Oi), I need a few drags (Yeah)
You don't have to worry, I ain't feelin' these slags
I'm on the way home, I'm in a black cab (I'm comin')
I'm comin' to the house (I'm comin', babe), put sommat on bad (Yeah)
Roll me a spliff (Oi), I need a few drags (Yeah)
You don't have to worry, I ain't feelin' these slags

I'm on the way home, coming back to the gaff
Swear, I've had a long day, babe, roll me a bat
You got suttin' on your chest but you're holdin' it back
You won't say it how it is and I've been noticin' that (Uh-uh)
You just gotta tell me how you feel and always keep it real
Yeah, a couple gyal are snacks but my baby girl's a meal (Yeah)
'Round the corner in the cab, head's spinning like the wheels
Coming home to a freak, you already know the deal (Uh)
Yeah, I like her, I ain't never been in love though
Still, I'm not a liar, I just tell her that "I love dough"
Put on suttin' sexy, get ready for when I come home
Still love your ex but when we sex, all that love goes
So just slap on suttin' new
Roll me up a zoot while you're sitting looking cute
Nah, you don't have to worry, everything that we've been through
All them hoes in the club, still I'm coming home to you

I'm on the way home, I'm in a black cab
I'm comin' to the house, put sommat on bad (Yeah)
Roll me a spliff (Oi), I need a few drags (Yeah)
You don't have to worry, I ain't feeling these slags
I'm on the way home, I'm in a black cab (I'm comin')
I'm comin' to the house (I'm comin', babe), put sommat on bad (Yeah)
Roll me a spliff (Oi), I need a few drags
You don't have to worry, I ain't feeling these slags
I'm on the way home, I'm in a black cab (Yeah)
I'm comin' to the house, put sommat on bad (Yeah)
Roll me a spliff (Oi), I need a few drags (Yeah)
You don't have to worry, I ain't feelin' these slags

I'm on the way home, I'm in a black cab (I'm comin')
I'm comin' to the house (I'm comin', babe), put sommat on bad (Yeah)
Roll me a spliff (Oi), I need a few drags (Yeah)
You don't have to worry, I ain't feelin' these slags

I'm on the way home