

# Big Moe, I Wonder

[Big Moe]

Huh, Wassup Boo

Maan, you stay talkin bout you're down wit me

But you stay on that complaining thang, you know what I'm sayin?

I aint down wit all that complaining 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

[Chorus]

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

[Verse One]

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

[Chorus]

[Verse Two]

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

[Chorus]

[Verse Three]

Now if I don't come home, would you blow up my phone?

Punch holes in my styrofoam? Misplice 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!

[Chorus]