

Take Me There (feat. Sheek Louch & Styles P)

Faith Evans & The Notorious B.I.G.

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

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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