

# Get Home (Get Right) [feat. Kid Ink & Migos]

## JR Castro

Get right, get right, I'ma hit it right  
I'ma hit it right yeah, I'ma hit it right  
Get right, get right, I'ma hit it right  
I'ma hit it right yeah, I'ma hit it right I'ma put that ass in the loop, think I'm out with you baby  
Plotting on that pussy I just gotta tell the truth babe

...

So I hopped up in my coupe doing 80 on the interstate  
I know it's hella late but I know you gon' wait  
Put on that thing that I like  
When you take it off I just might  
Go down and eat it all night I'ma do your body right, ight  
Soon as I get home, I'll be fucking you

...

Assume the position baby  
Soon as I get home, I'll be fucking you

...

Go on and spread 'em baby  
Get right, get right, I'ma hit it right I'ma hit it right yeah, I'ma hit it right  
Get right, get right, I'ma hit it right  
I'ma hit it right yeah, I'ma hit it right  
You know I'ma hit it right, say she got a leak so I hit her with the pipe  
Sub tweeting cause I hit her with a like, she my dub cee dub every Wednesday night

...

I know you sitting by your iPhone, with nothing but my eyes on...  
She let me eat it with my grill in, and tell me never turn the lights off  
Skirt through the light, gone  
But you know how to ride slow when you with Mr. K I D I N K  
Know I done spent all night try'na fight through the hoes cause  
Soon as I get home, I'll be fucking you

...

Assume the position baby Soon as I get home, I'll be fucking you

...

Go on and spread 'em baby  
Get right, get right, I'ma hit it right  
I'ma hit it right yeah, I'ma hit it right  
Get right, get right, I'ma hit it right  
I'ma hit it right yeah, I'ma hit it right  
When I walk up in the house have nothing on when I get home Hit it with the left hit it with the  
right you can call me Quavo  
My bitch she's not basic at all, I walk in the mall buy a bed for her doll

...

She shit on you hoes walking bathroom stalls, she get super nasty on alcohol

...  
Pull up in the coupe with the roof missing, got a bad bitch riding with the nipple pierced

...  
Blood on the floor dripping my Christians, that's Louis Vuitton if you don't get it  
Got 5 mamacitas and my eyes low and I got them all on cinco de mayo  
I spotted her front row at my show make her the trap queen I brought her to the bando

...  
Soon as I get home, I'll be fucking you

...  
Assume the position baby  
Soon as I get home, I'll be fucking you

...  
Go on and spread 'em baby  
Get right, get right, I'ma hit it right  
I'ma hit it right yeah, I'ma hit it right  
Get right, get right, I'ma hit it right  
I'ma hit it right yeah, I'ma hit it right

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>