

# Crush Tonight

## Fat Joe

Baby, if you wit' it, just clap yo' hands  
Stop playin' girl, back that ass up and  
Spend that cash dog, drink the Henny and  
Freak that girl like you tryna have a baby 'cause Everybody's out to fuck tonight  
The fine women, they out to fuck tonight  
My niggas, they down to fuck tonight  
Ladies, fellas, the won't stop players Came through the door, seen it before  
Hands touchin' the ceiling, booty streakin' the floor  
You ever felt good to the point you so sure that  
All the attention in the club is yours  
Got your hair done up, shades Christian Dior  
Leave us, trade a little happy on your Vickey draws  
Gettin' your dance on hard, who could wish for more  
And your crew's all but know it's a horse  
Got the Don all warm and it ain't the Hen'  
Feelin' like the Don woman, you could wrestle her chin  
Shorty, come a little closer while the record spin  
I wanna freak a little longer, can they play it again [Repeat 1] Yo, got my mind on my money, money on my mind  
And to let you know, you just as good as gold  
It's like we got our own little private party goin' on  
And the scene just changed into shores of San Juan  
It's so intimate, we so into it  
Such a tender thing, but fuck I'm innocent  
Grindin' so hard you gotta know what I'm thinkin'  
Laughin' 'cause I'mma kidnap you for the weekend  
Now we at the pad about to crack a case  
Playin' the couch like Caesar's, she feedin' me grapes  
Not for nuttin' hon, the sex is great  
But you know you got to go, I got checks to chase... next If you're wit' it grab your friends, follow Joe and me  
'cause it's on, it's on  
Went in and got the Cris' and a pound of weed  
It's on, it's on Now mami, let's get serious, 'cause by the looks of it  
It seems your sexuality is just a little curious  
You got a friend, we could gather then split  
If not, I got a girl for every girl I get  
There's a drop in the lot and it whip so fast  
We hit the swiss hotel before you finish your glass  
And you know you wanna be where the cake is at  
Where the pockets just like calories, extra fat

Mami, your body like Malery on Natural Born Killer  
She like, they got money but ya'll are more realer  
She wanna roll wit' us, pretty much to crit' us  
No beatin' around the bush, just beatin' it 'till you bit us[Repeat 1]

Songwriters

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