

Cabaret (feat. Drake)

Justin Timberlake

Hey, hey, hey
Come on
We are having too much fun right here She's got a secret but I know
She wanna break it down for me like she tryna get some paper
Who needs a stage with the lights low
Cause you already dropped the bullet and turned it into something major Now can we discuss
How fast you just got undressed
Girl if sex is a contest then you're coming first (And)
Don't rush, go slow
No I can't lie, I'm impressed
And no impatient encore
When love curtains close It's a cabaret
(Put on a show, get on the floor)
Cause even though I'm a professional
I like to do my work at home
Cabaret
(Put on a show, get on the floor)
You giving me everything you got
All I really want now is more
(Put on a show, get on the floor)
(Get on the floor, get on the floor)
(Put on a show, get on the floor)
You giving me everything you got
All I really want now is more Fantasy play the role
And all these new moves that I'd like got me feeling like a stranger
Say my name, do you know
Cause I got you saying Jesus so much its like we are laying in the Manger Now can we discuss
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(Put on a show, get on the floor)
(Get on the floor, get on the floor)
(Put on a show, get on the floor)
You giving me everything you got
All I really want now is more Okay this just in girl the paper so long
Always seem like I gotta wait for so long
So long till you get off from work
But listen I got some better positions for you to take in for so long
Always strap up just for safety then go long
Then do my touchdown dance in it no clothes on
We might fuck around and slip tonight
You're Kryptonite, you should probably have a cape to throw on
On my Eddie Murphy Boomerang for ya
Got a bunch of old girls that I threw away for ya
I been in the gym doing two-a-days for ya
So I can lift ya up when I do the thang to ya
D-do do the thing to ya
Girl truth be told
You set the pace then you ride it like cruise control
The shit feel so right gotta tell somebody
I just can't decide who should know
I'll keep a secret for ya
I'm trying to ease your mind, word to Boosie
Pole in my bedroom that was there when I moved in
Okay fine, I'm a terrible liar
Girl what difference does it make if it was there, it's mine
You the girl that's gonna be there when it's marrying time
And I'm gonna fuck you like we are having an affair
I swear it's like I'm undercover way I'm cuffing you though
Presidential shit girl you up on the poles
Say this is a private show, oh boy don't start
Keep it soul stripping things slipping like a pole vault
North pole boy from the T.O.
They ain't really ready for me and that J.T. though
Cook for ya and then I break it down like a kilo
Got a camera watching our every single move like casinos It's a cabaret
(Put on a show, get on the floor)
Cause even though I'm a professional
I like to do my work at home
Cabaret
(Put on a show, get on the floor)
You giving me everything you got
All I really want now is more
(Put on a show, get on the floor)

(Get on the floor, get on the floor)
(Put on a show, get on the floor)

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