

# Tonight (feat. Gangsta Boo)

## clipping.

It's Clipping bitchTurnt than a motherfucker  
Bought that ho a shot cause you wanna cuff her  
All these other motherfuckers think they stuntin'  
But they spot is 'bout to close  
And they ain't pullin' nothin'  
Walls smell like pussy when it's wet  
Snort it to the face, but the club wet  
Trying to get a taste, baby wanna flex  
Sick of pushin' weight in an alley with a mind full of sex  
She walk to the floor, leave the bar stool soakin'  
Drop it down low, make it wade like the ocean  
And every man up in here wanna see her bust it open  
But you ain't gonna get it if you so soft-spoken  
Flashing lights, molly dreams, face down low  
DJ screaming "last call", that liquor dark, that dick gone hard  
With visions of her legs up in the air over your face under her ass  
And breaking lamps from beating pussy purple cause she like it fast  
Wha-wha-wha-what's your fantasy? Ass like Trina, face like Beyonce  
And tell your story, try to whip her fine ass free  
Cause she's probably used to ballers and ballin' you may not be  
But shit, this spot's about to close and you still ain't pulled you a freak?It's the last song of the night  
Don't forget to tip the bartender  
You got fucked up, that's alright  
That's not the only thing you came to do  
Cause there's bad ones all around  
And you ain't pulled your one yet  
If you ain't locked it down by now  
Then it's time to figure out who fuckin' tonight  
Who fucking tonight, who fuckin' tonight, who fuckin' tonightI'm drunker than I ever been, higher than I ever  
been  
Don't you want to take me to the bar to get a shot again?  
Don't you want to take me home? Don't you want to see me roam?  
Music beatin', twerkin' to the sound, I'm all up in my zone  
Lookin' for a victim, caught him slippin', I just want some sex  
Nothing else to do when I leave the club so that's the best thing next  
Here, just take my number, when you leave be sure to send a text  
I'll be at the Waffle House waitin', baby fuck the rest  
If you at the club and you feel trashed and it about to close  
Make sure you have a freak that knows how to bend and touch her toes

Make sure that that boy know, he gotta play when he weighin' that soul(?)  
He get to see me do dances and shit, doin' a split and I'm killin' this shitIt's the last song of the night

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Then it's time to figure out who fuckin' tonight  
Who fucking tonight, who fuckin' tonight, who fuckin' tonightYeah, it's Clipping bitch  
Tab on the bank card, molly on the gums  
Last shot dark, brain, 808 bass drums  
Laser in the eyeball, callous on the feet  
Cab to the someplace, head in the back seat  
Stumble up a staircase, floor missing boards  
Hands fumbling through (?) keys, keys open doors  
Tumble to the futon, teeth into soft skin  
Fists full of weave, rip, lick, suck, coughin'  
Acrylic on the spine, hand prints on the hips  
Rug burn on the knees, salt on the lips  
Beat it up, spread it out, bust it open, take it down  
Eyes rolling, bones shaking, lungs weak, breathing in somebody else's breath  
Shit, hold up, what's your name, what's up with that breakfast?It's the last song of the night  
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If you ain't locked it down by now  
Then it's time to figure out who fuckin' tonight  
Who fucking tonight, who fuckin' tonight, who fuckin' tonight

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