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

Songwriters
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