

End Of The Night (ft. Bobby Valentino)

Ludacris

[Chorus: Bobby Valentino]

Baby, I gotta, get you up out of
Your clothes, your clothes, your clothes
It's something about the way you move
I just can't let go, let go, let go
Baby, you've got me open
Baby, I just wanna make you mine
By the end of the night, end of the night
By the end of the night[Ludacris]

It's inevitable and incredible, listen, it's Luda! By the end of the night you goin' be wanting to marry a nigga
Cause I make 'em erupt like volcanoes, you just shake and you shiver
Get 'em up, get down, turn around and put your face in the pillow
Cut 'em up like Jason, just face it that boy Luda's a killer
Half man, half gorilla, beating all on my chest
Pleasing all of your flesh, squeezing all on your breast
Giving you reasons to rest, and ain't never say no to papi
Wake 'em up like Folgers cause I fold 'em like origami
Hey mami let's get it popping like Orville Redenbacher
The way you move once you started nothing could ever stop ya
Sweeter than Betty Crocker, and I'm ready to belly flop ya
Just mention today but for now I forever gotcha[Chorus][Ludacris]
(Whoo!) Verse two, it's like this Gotta get 'em up out of them clothes, if I throw a couple dollars then pose
We could drink a couple bottles and go, and ride off in the Impala on vogue
And Rolls, gold is all on my neck, all on my wrist
So just let go of yo' hoe, don't hog her to death, lend her to Chris
Just for a little while for a little bit
Just wanna see her smile and get the bigger fish
She said that you had a little dick
Now how in the hell can she benefit from something like that?
I be up in that cat, make her put a hump in that back
Black, I swing low and sweet chariot, meet me at the Marriott
Key access, I'll be at the very top
Don't hesitate to stop the elevator either
I'll show you the ups and downs, you'll be my elevator diva[Chorus][Ludacris]
All I need is a couple hours baby, for real Come up out that Prada, Chanel, Chloe, Louis and Gucci
Escada, Dior, Fendi, that Masconi and Juicy
Rocking Republic, True Religions and Citizen's jeans
Your Jimmy Choo's are so sexy but Giseppi's is mean
La Pearla lingerie, ya panties and bra matching

Put down your clothes and I'll put you up on the latest fashions
Cause with cameras and action, I'm a deadly assassin
I love your clothes but what's underneath I love with a passion[Chorus][Ludacris]
(Gotta get you outta them clothes baby)
(Something about the way you move)
(I cannot let go, whoo!)
(You know you got me open)
(I just wanna make you mine, haha)
(By the end of the night, you goin' be mine)
(Luda! And Valentin' the dream)[Bobby Valentino (Ludacris)]
Don't leave your girl round me (guard your women fellas)
Said don't leave your girl round me (Disturbin' Tha Peace)
Don't leave your girl round me (yeah, whoo!)
True playa for real, for real, for real, for real
Don't leave your girl round me
Said don't leave your girl round me
Don't leave your girl round me
True playa for real, for real, for real, for real

Songwriters

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