

When To Stop (Feat. Chris Brown)

Tyga

What's the opposite of satisfaction? You never had it
A sex addict there when you needed it
Now you're too distracted by the little things
Cars, rings, none of it matters
Presidential suites in Nevada, you was too ecstatic
Time ticking, it was 24 karat
Mrs. HardHeaded don't listen but the head was terrific
Had a vision, you bought it, couldn't wait til you saw it
Swear you had it all and you already lost it all and you know it
Know I did it, I'm riding round with my new bitch
I'm popping bottles and shopping and flying private to Maui
Living life, no excuses, don't give two fucks about you
You seen my girl' ass lately? Now watch me fuck her crazy Tell me when to stop
You know I ain't gon hurt you baby
Tell me when to stop
Girl if I start to get carried away
Tell me when to stop
I'mma li-li-li-lick it and go down
Baby you can get it
Tell me when to stop
Tell me when to stop
Tell me when to stop
Tell me when to stop She said I could take control of her body
But it's only for the weekend
Said I'mma let you do you
Oh yea, I'mma do you
Til she boom boom boom
I'm like a rabbit in her rib cage
Roll my weed darling
Just like it's her birthday
I'm tipping and sipping
Sparklers come with that Ace of Spades I'm faded, sipping and leaning
I'm faded, sipping and leaning
Sparklers come with that Ace of Spades
I'm faded, sipping and leaning
I'mma fuck you like I'm in a bad mood, baby Tell me when to stop
You know I ain't gon hurt you baby
Tell me when to stop
Girl if I start to get carried away

Tell me when to stop
I'mma li-li-li-lick it and go down
Baby you can get it
Tell me when to stop
Tell me when to stop
Tell me when to stop
Tell me when to stopLong hair, red lipstick
Lips burned from that cigarette
Versace heels and them latex
Neck collar, that that's a fact
I fuck wit you cuz it makes sense
We don't fight but this make up sex
Less is more but you more or less
Got the top down in my Corvette, yea
Red from the summer
Must have made a wrong turn, checked in a motel just to have sex
Like strangers fuckin out of anger
Putting on handcuffs, now a nigga chained up
Til the maid come clean up
Broken mirrors so you know that's bad luck
Lost my wallet, so would you hurry up?
Pack up, flee the scene, seen a chef just pull up
Shots of tequila, let's get freaky, looking for a reason
By the look in yo eyes you don't gotta say much, I can tell that you need it
And you need it just as much as I needed you
Word on streets, I pull work for two
Yo home girl wanna see if it's true
So justTell me when to stop
You know I ain't gon hurt you baby
Tell me when to stop
Girl if I start to get carried away
Tell me when to stop
I'mma li-li-li-lick it and go down
Baby you can get itTell me when to stop
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Songwriters

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