

End Of The Night (Feat. 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

Pleasant 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 thisGotta 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 realCome 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 Pearl 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

GORELICK, KENNYPublished by

Lyrics Â© Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Universal Music Publishing Group, THE ADMINISTRATION
MP, INC. Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>