

Crush Tonight (Radio Edit)

Fat Joe

Baby, if you wit' it, just clap yo' hands
Stop playin' girl, back that ass up and
Spend that cash dog, drink the Henny and
Freak that girl like you tryna have a baby 'cause Everybody's out to fuck tonight
The fine women, they out to fuck tonight
My niggas, they down to fuck tonight
Ladies, fellas, the won't stop players Came through the door, seen it before
Hands touchin' the ceiling, booty streakin' the floor
You ever felt good to the point you so sure that
All the attention in the club is yours
Got your hair done up, shades Christian Dior
Leave us, trade a little happy on your Vickey draws
Gettin' your dance on hard, who could wish for more
And your crew's all but know it's a horse
Got the Don all warm and it ain't the Hen'
Feelin' like the Don woman, you could wrestle her chin
Shorty, come a little closer while the record spin
I wanna freak a little longer, can they play it again[Repeat 1]Yo, got my mind on my money, money on my mind
And to let you know, you just as good as gold
It's like we got our own little private party goin' on
And the scene just changed into shores of San Juan
It's so intimate, we so into it
Such a tender thing, but fuck I'm innocent
Grindin' so hard you gotta know what I'm thinkin'
Laughin' 'cause I'mma kidnap you for the weekend
Now we at the pad about to crack a case
Playin' the couch like Caesar's, she feedin' me grapes
Not for nuttin' hon, the sex is great
But you know you got to go, I got checks to chase... nextIf you're wit' it grab your friends, follow Joe and me
'cause it's on, it's on
Went in and got the Cris' and a pound of weed
It's on, it's onNow mami, let's get serious, 'cause by the looks of it
It seems your sexuality is just a little curious
You got a friend, we could gather then split
If not, I got a girl for every girl I get
There's a drop in the lot and it whip so fast
We hit the swiss hotel before you finish your glass
And you know you wanna be where the cake is at
Where the pockets just like calories, extra fat

Mami, your body like Malery on Natural Born Killer
She like, they got money but ya'll are more realer
She wanna roll wit' us, pretty much to crit' us
No beatin' around the bush, just beatin' it 'till you bit us[Repeat 1]

Songwriters

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