

Take It Off (ft. J Holiday & Nicki Minaj)

Lloyd

Them girls like them bad boys
Them girls like them bad boys
I heard them girls like them bad boys It's like shh be quiet
'Cause your body talks louder when you're silent
Got your eyes sayin' yes, your body sayin' more
Girl you like what I do, come here let me guide you
(Oh) So take it off
(Yeah) Now take it off oh whoa
We takin' off yeah
Girl I'm about to break you off (Yeah) First things first, I wanna see you take them clothes off
Second I'm a get it, got it good 'til your clothes off
Tappin' on your shoulder round three when it goes down
You ain't gotta say a word
Sip it up, I'll sip you down
Quarter past one 'bout to take her to the hide out
Take her to the bed, goin' deep like a wide out
We about to ride out, I'm a bring the fight out
Lloyd Mayweather girl, I'm a put your lights out It's like shh be quiet
'Cause your body talks louder when you're silent
Got your eyes sayin' yes, your body sayin' more
Girl you like what I do, come here let me guide you
(Oh) So take it off (take it off girl)
Now take it off oh whoa
We takin' off yeah
Girl I'm about to break you off (Yeah) Come in here, got door lock
Let me massage your spot
Lose your dress, want me to stop? (no)
Stop (no) Listen shorty, shut up, sit back, and let me do my thing I'm
gonna touch ya,
I'm gonna make you scream
I'm a let you have it
Let me be your habit
Take a real good look at it
Sign my name all on that thing, girl don't shy away
Let's fly away
Sincerely, this is Holiday It's like shh be quiet
'Cause your body talks louder when you're silent (oh babe)
Got your eyes sayin' yes, your body sayin' more
Girl you like what I do, come here let me guide you

(Oh) So take it off (take it off babe)
Now take it off oh whoa
We takin' off yeah
Girl I'm about to break you off (Yeah) You need a feature Daddy?
Give me my Peter Pan
When I hit the club, it'll be me and my conceited friend
Been signin' autographs
Since like a quarter past
I'm in the hallway
Don't need no hall pass
If I eat it, then everybody gonna order that
Everything I do these bitches wishin' they'da thought of that
I'm an indian giver
I want the quarter back
If hip-hop was dead
Bitch I just brought it back
Take it to the off, I'm a take it, take it off
I'm a take it in the club, then we take it to the loft
I'm a take it to my niggas, I'm a take it to the boss
I'm a jiggle it, jiggle it, bakin' soda soft
I'm a put it in your face, I'm a put it in your braids
Way I make it pop a peak put me in his favs
Make it rain, it's a 10, 000 dollar day
Pop it like champagne on the holiday It's like shh be quiet
'Cause your body talks louder when you're silent (silent)
Got your eyes sayin' yes, your body sayin' more
Girl you like what I do, come here let me guide you
(Oh) So take it off
Now take it off oh whoa (Someone take it off)
You take it off (I'ma take it off)
Girl I'm about to break you off (baby take it off)

Songwriters

Jamil Debardlabon, Jeanty Onika tanya, Polite Lloyd, Sean McMilton Published by

Lyrics Â© Kobalt Music Publishing Ltd., THE BICYCLE MUSIC COMPANY Song Discussions is protected by
U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>