Crazy Night

R Kelly

Worldwide

Right about now

We ain't gon' leave 'til four in the morning

Thousand dollar tab, what? I can afford it

On my fourth drink, but I'm not an alcoholic

Shawty say she want me, she way too scrawny

5'4" Park, I might be too horny to go home lonely, I can't be lonely

Left the last club 'cause the DJ was boring

Came back, valet parked in the valet parking

Nigga, true story, that was 12:40, 'bout 1 o'clock I was back in the wary

Tipsy, Ferrari, Tennessee got me, oh baby, I'm so sorry

But if you're drinking what I'm drinking

Put your hands up in the sky

If you're thinking what I'm thinking

You'll say what a crazy night

Way oh

(Hey)

Way oh

(Hey)

Way oh

(Hey)

Way oh, a what a crazy night, way oh

We ain't gon' leave 'til four maybe later

Swag so punk it make, it make ya ugly face, uh

Run that back, it means start that over

Shawty, get closer, hot like a toaster

Body so tight like she walked off the poster

Kells caked up, make her call me the baker

Man, he a hater, she gon' see me later

He got good intentions but not another favor

We left doing 80, called up, fly up on a Friday

Headed back the highway, I think that there's my place

So fucked up, man, it's just not my day

I need another shot of that Bacardi

But if you're drinking what I'm drinking

Put your hands up in the sky

If you're thinking what I'm thinking

You'll say what a crazy night

Way oh

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(Hey)
                    Way oh
                     (Hey)
                    Way oh
                     (Hey)
      Way oh, a what a crazy night, way oh
                    A mi seh
                     (Say)
          Dolly, Miss Dolly, my baby
 When me come around di gal dem gwaan crazy
            Just buck up pon a likkle
                     (Little)
                Nice young lady
 And she already talking 'bout having my baby
                      Seh
                     (Say)
She waan me tickle her fancy up in a me back seat
         Sexy body gal looking all foxy
         Posted up in front a di speaker
     Inna pum pum shorts and a wife beater
      Now this is why I just had to meet her
   Wine and dine so that I can freak, freak her
          Next week her den delete her
   Man, a shotta yute gal, you are not a keeper
    But if you're drinking what I'm drinking
          Put your hands up in the sky
      If you're thinking what I'm thinking
          You'll say what a crazy night
                    Way oh
                     (Hey)
                    Way oh
                     (Hey)
                    Way oh
                     (Hey)
      Way oh, a what a crazy night, way oh
    But if you're drinking what I'm drinking
          Put your hands up in the sky
      If you're thinking what I'm thinking
          You'll say what a crazy night
                    Way oh
                     (Hey)
                    Way oh
                     (Hey)
                    Way oh
                     (Hey)
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Way oh, a what a crazy night, way oh
Way oh
Put 'em up
Hey, hey, hey

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