

Walk Of Shame

Slaughterhouse

You gotta go, you, you gotta go
You, you, gotta go, you gotta go
Down the way
You gotta go, you, you gotta go
You, you, gotta go, you gotta move but I wanna
See you gotta move, see you gotta move, see you gotta move
Walk it
See you gotta move, see you gotta move, see you gotta move
Walk of shame
Six in the morning, don't even know your name
Even though I'm glad that you came, I'm sorry, but (you gotta move)
Instead of trying to parler, why don't you make like heaven's having a soiree?
The party's up (You gotta go)
No disrespect to you, I just met you, you special but would you?
And even though I feel you fly
My incidental bill's too high
(Sorry, you got to go)
Here, put my number in your phone so we can talk again
That walk to the lobby you got, we call that the walk of shame
I don't know what room Joey's in, or where's your friend
I don't know your friend, no offense but
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It all started when she stuck out her rear top
[?] the tour bus, she getting dug out up here
It felt like we could have hung out a year
But I was thinking with my dick, now bitch get the fuck out of here
I'm sorry that I did your girl reckless
I fed her a squirrel breakfast, she left with a pearl necklace
That big old ass had to be felt on
Or else it's just a waste like the space, I put my belt on
Now tell me what the hell is wrong

Fed with your ex, you get sex and get mailed home
Thugnificant tells em go that way
Then I send that bitch a smiley face (Bitches love a smiley face)
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Cab on speed dial, I ain't with devotion
Ain't buying what you're selling, nah I ain't drinking the potion
Plan like anything slow motion
But a sweet baby Jesus when the Frank's in the Ocean
I don't know magic tricks, but you'll see plenty soon
Amazing how good one night stand in this empty room
She got not a gold digger, nah she ate the breakfast
I tell her role play and be avoiding with the exit
No, you don't get a key to the crib
You can be my wife for a hour get me in your rib
But then you (gotta go)
And this party ain't unusual
She's sorry she came, I'm sorry it's not mutual
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Yeah, last night was fun
But that look like the sun, so yeah, last night is done (you gotta go)
I know, I'm sad too
Don't forget your earrings; oh these ain't yours? My bad, but here's your bag, booty
(You gotta go)
Your hair looks fine; I swear, your hair looks fine
Plus nobody care, you a dime but look at the time, girl
(You gotta go)
I got shit to do but next time I'm in town you got my word
I'mma get with you

Now where the fuck is this missing shoe? (You gotta go)
When I go in tour I find me a ho for sure
With open jaws and cute knees that both go on floors
If Gina's in Pam's, I ain't tryin' be cold
But in the words of Martin: you ain't gotta go home
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