Partition

BeyoncÎ[1]

See me up in the club with 50 of the girls
Posted in the back with my things on my grill
Brooklyn brim with my eyes sittin' low
Every boy in here with me got that smoke
Every girl in here got to look me up and down
All on Instagram, cake by the pound
Circulate the image every time I come around
G's up tell me how I'm lookin' babe

Boy this all for you just walk my way
Just tell me how its lookin' babe
I do this all for you baby just take aim
And tell me how its lookin babe
Lookin' babe

Drop the bass mane the bass get lower
Radio say speed it up I just go slower
High like treble, pumping on them mids
Ya man ain't never seen a booty like this
And why you think ya keep my name rollin off your tongue
'Cause when you he want to smash I'll just write another one
I sneezed on the beat and the beat got sicker
YoncÃ© all on his mouth like liquor

Driver roll up the partition please
Driver roll up the partition please
I don't need you seeing 'yonce on her knees
Took 45 minutes to get all dressed up
We ain't even gonna make it to this club
Now my mascara running, red lipstick smudged
Oh he so horny, he want to fuck
He bucked all my buttons, he ripped my blouse
He Monica Lewinski all on my gown

Oh there daddy, d-daddy didn't bring the towel
Oh baby, b-baby we slow it down
Took 45 minutes to get all dressed up
We ain't even gonna make it to this club

Take all of me

I just wanna be the girl you like, girl you like
The kind of girl you like, girl you like
Take all of me
I just wanna be the girl you like, girl you like
The kinda girl you like
Is right here with me

Driver roll up the partition fast
Driver roll up the partition fast
Over there I swear I saw them cameras flash
Handprints and footprints on my glass
Handprints and good grips all on my ass
Private show with the music blasting
He like to call me Peaches when we get this nasty
Red wine drip, talk that trash
Chauffer eavesdropping trying not to crash

Oh there daddy, d-daddy now you ripped my fur
Oh baby, b-baby be sweatin' on my hair
Took 45 minutes to get all dressed up
We ain't even gonna make it to this club

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Lyrics submitted by carla birdon.

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