

# End Of The Night

## Ludacris

Baby, I gotta get you up out of  
Your clothes, your clothes  
It's somethin' about the way you move  
I just can't let it go, let it go  
Baby, you've got me open  
Baby, I just wanna make you mine  
By the end of the night, end of the night  
By the end of the night  
It's inevitable and incredible, listen, it's Luda  
By the end of the night, you gon' be wantin' to marry a nigga  
'Cause I make 'em erupt like volcanoes, you just shake and you shiver  
Get 'em up, get down, turn around and put your face in the pillow  
Cut 'em up like Jason, just face it, that boy Luda's a killer  
Half man, half gorilla, beatin' all on my chest  
Pleasin' all of your flesh, squeezin' all on your breast  
Givin' you reasons to rest and ain't never say no to papi  
Wake 'em up like Folgers 'cause I fold 'em like Origami  
Hey, mami, let's get it poppin' like Orville Redenbacher  
The way you move, once you started, nothin' could ever stop ya  
Sweeter than Betty Crocker and I'm ready to belly flop ya  
Just mention today but for now, I forever gotcha  
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Verse two, it's like this  
Gotta get 'em up outta them clothes  
If I throw a couple dollars, then pose  
We could drink a couple bottles and go  
And ride off in the Impala on Vogues and Rolls  
Gold is all on my neck, all on my wrist  
So just let go of yo' hoe, don't hog her to death, lend her to Cris  
Just for a little while, for a little bit  
Just wanna see her smile and get the bigger fish  
She said that you had a little dick

Now how in the hell can she benefit

From somethin' like that?

I be up in that cat

Make her put a hump in that back, black

I swing low and sweet chariot, meet me at the Marriott

Key access, I'll be at the very top

Don't hesitate to stop the elevator either

I'll show you the ups and downs, you'll be my elevator diva

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By the end of the night

All I need is a couple hours, baby, for real

Come up out that Prada, Chanel, Chloe, Louis and Gucci

Escada, Dior, Fendi, that Masconi and Juicy

Rockin Republic, True Religions and Citizen's jeans

Your Jimmy Choo's are so sexy but Giseppi's is me

La Perla lingerie, ya panties and bra are matchin'

Put down your clothes and I'll put you up on the latest fashions

'Cause with cameras and action, I'm a deadly assassin

I love your clothes but what's underneath, I love with a passion

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Your clothes, your clothes

It's somethin' about the way you move

I just can't let it go, let it go

Baby, you've got me open

Baby, I just wanna make you mine

By the end of the night, end of the night

By the end of the night

Don't leave your girl 'round me

Said, don't leave your girl 'round me

Don't leave your girl 'round me

True playa for real, for real, for real, for real

Don't leave your girl 'round me

Said, don't leave your girl 'round me

Don't leave your girl 'round me

True playa for real, for real, for real, for real

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