

Strip Club

Boston George & Boo Rossini

Boston George - I met her at the strip club
Popping band, it ain't nothing new
We flexin' and we turned up
We got that drink and we pouring it up
That money got these hoes want me
That check got these hoes on me
These niggas tryina own me
Like, this just what we do
This a dope boy party, like who the fuck invite you?

Boo Rossini - I met her at the strip club
And now this bitch back in my room
I heard she set some niggas up
They ain't got no business fucking with you
But I don't know what the bitch do
Girls are here, a few licks, too
When the light's off then the rest do
Collect call, can't get through
I don't wanna hear what you've been through
Bitch, you got too many issues
Know a hundred bitches just like you
And I

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Boston George - I met her up in club, dreams
She tryina sell a nigga a drink
I looked at her like bitch, please
I got that check, hoe, you coming with me
I done seen her in this state a million times
Made that money a million times
Fucked her a million times
She in the club, dreaming, tryina get her
I'm in the trap, tryina getting mine
Somebody tell y'all what I'm looking for
Fuck her all day for bed time
Boston George - I met her at the strip club

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This a dope boy party, like who the fuck invite you? Boo Rossini - I met her at the strip club, throbbing that ass
on me
She asked me did I sell drugs
I'm looking like a half of key
While you all in my kitchen? I mean all in my business
That molly got the hoe tripping
Got two hoes in here flipping
Don't cup 'em, we sipping, we blow our money, we ain't tripping
That dope money with no limit Boston George - I met her at the strip club
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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