

411**"Groovin Tonight"**Visit "[Groovin Tonight](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(Brian McKnight)

Tonight's the night, tonight's the niiiiigggght
Girl you lookin so fly, do, do, do, do, do, do, do, do, do, do
Said I wanna get it on, mmhmmm
Do, do, do, do, do, do, do, do, do, do
Girl you lookin sooooo fly, do, do, do, dooo
Said I wanna get it on

(Ali - talking)

U-City, uh, uh, Brian McKnight, Lunatics, groovin,
groovin, groovin tonight
Ha ha, yeah, what you think about that nigga?
Hah, hah, what you think about that nigga? Ladies

(Ali)

Now you could search the whole globe but couldn't
replace me
You skurred (scared) then face me, you don't wanna
race me
Fendi fur, Cartier glasses for the blur
I'm a do it for me and let you do it for her
I got a real bad habit what I want I grab it
So many karats in the ring I'm half man, half rabbit
Bitches be like "ahh man" when they see me with
Cardan
Puffin on the green, discussin a war plan
I used to have rock, now it's stocked with a labtop
Fat pot, a six-four with the ass dropped
With a dime daughter, dabbed in Estee Lauder
I want the new Tims so from the crib I made an order
So fuck your bitch nigga, what I wanna take?
Plus she been on my nuts since thumps and pencil
breaks
'Cause I'm a nigga with the hoe, a nigga with the flow
Fo' Reel nigga, pissy drunk in the Rov'

(Chorus - Brian McKnight)

Fellas, we can get it on
Maybe even party 'til the break of dawn (break of dawn)
'Cause the ladies are groovin tonight (the ladies are
groovin tonight)

To the ladies lookin fly (looking fly)
If you wanna ride them hold on tight (hold on tight)
'Cause the fellas are groovin tonight (tonight's the night)

(Nelly)

"Skuuuuuuieeee" baby girl, you hear me callin you?
Now I ain't hawkin you, just wanna walk with you
Talk with you for a second, spit a little somethin in that
err (ear)
Whatever it takes to make you come nerr (near)
I'm tryna' sound sincerr (sincere), ay
Baby talkin to me but I'm starin at her rerr (rear)
And I'm like "oh derr (dear)"
I ain't never seen nathen like you before
And you the type to make a nigga wanna open your
door
And the house up on the hill and the Jag is yours
As long as you can prove that you wit' a nigga for sure
You know I'm young and a thug, so I got issues
I did them St. Louis blues, I done paid them dues, ay
But nevermind that, how 'bout we hop the next cruise
We can cash it or plastic, you choose
Get pissed out with the Cristal or the Boones
Get ya Xed out, leave ya stretched out in the room, my
doom

(Chorus)

(City Spud) [talking]

Keep it movin, keep it movin, I keep it groovin, huh
Keep it movin, keep it movin, keep it groovin, huh
I keep it, movin, keep it groovin huh, uh, uh, uh

Yo, baby girl you lookin fly in yo' Donna K
Hopin I could give you some love in the right way
But I don't wanna give you the wrong impression
I keep it mellow, sayin hello
You still thinkin I'm a thug fellow
So I let you know from the get-go you thorough
You a cutie with thighs and you live for dinero
But, me and my team drop, shit overseas
Then bounce wit' the ounce that's thick and Japanese
I'm a goodfella, you know, I'm a made man
Got 'em winin like spoiled babies in play pens
Put that ass up baby and I hit it from here
Now lick your tongue out lady and I put it in here
Let me whip that, lick that, and I don't stop
Then hit the block with my niggas in, my new drop
Convertible tints on dubs, no matter the weather
One-sixty on the dash, chinky eyes and leather, c'mon

(Chorus)

(Brian McKnight)

Paaaarrtttyyyy, party, hey, hey, hey

Allll daaaaayyy, all day, yeah

Neevvvvveerrr stop, never stop, don't wanna stop

no, no babe

Neevvvvveerrr stop, don't stop, don't stop

Baby girl!

(Chorus) 4x

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