

Ludacris Feat. Bobby Valentino "End Of The Night"

Visit "[End Of The Night](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Visit [Ludacris Feat. Bobby Valentino](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.