

# Animal

Chris Brown

Club  
Poppin' bottles in the club  
Fuckin' models, doin' drugs  
I can't do this anymore

Poppin' bottles in the club  
Fuckin' models, doin' drugs (Oh-oh-oh-oh)  
And I can't do this anymore (Oh-oh-oh-oh)  
I feel like an animal (Oh-oh-oh-oh)  
Whoa

Damn, let me take my time  
Was this really meant for me?  
Pretendin' this my last drink  
I know you won't believe  
That ain't for me  
Turn it for me  
Throw that ass in a circle  
Make me feel like you can  
Tell me what the future has  
Tried to hold me back  
Why'd you show me this?  
You know I  
Got problems, when daylight breaks  
Run from my mistakes  
Why'd you make me this?  
You know I'm gone

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Whoa (Yeah, yeah, yeah)

Poppin' these models (Poppin'), exotic models (Yeah)  
Poppin' these pills, poppin' these bottles (Bottles)  
Look down at your watch (Whoa)  
It's been a good year, old-school Monte Carlo  
Fuck what they thought (Skrtrt), we goin' up  
Keep this shit real, I'm somethin' like a dog, we goin' up (Let's go)  
Long life be my content, we goin' up  
Take that powder like it's nonsense, we goin' up  
Fuck on a model until the sun set, whippin' it up  
While they've been cherishin' that, ain't came back, I'm keepin' it up

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Whoa

I'm livin' fast (Yeah)  
I made too much, you said to give it back (Oh)  
But I gave you the keys for a reason  
And I'm lost without you, please don't leave me  
This shit means so much to me that I won't give up  
My bag, I'm always in it, tryna run it up  
I got enough for us, so we can roll it up  
I wanna keep you 'round, don't wanna fuck it up  
Don't wanna fuck it up

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Whoa