

# Leave The Club

Don Toliver

Buss it open, show me babe  
(Ooh, baby, please)  
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(Ooh, baby, please)  
Buss it for a real player  
(Ooh, baby, please)  
I want you how I want you  
(Ooh, baby, please)

Oh, oh, oh (Yeah, yeah)  
I wanna leave the club right now (Right now, yeah)  
Tell you niggas in the cut to pipe down (Pipe down)  
(I wanna leave the club right now)  
She want me to the upside down (Yeah)  
(I wanna leave the club right now)  
She a freak when you're not around  
You pulled up tipsy, oh, yeah  
I ain't gotta take it to the head (Let's go)  
She doin' whatever to get in my bed  
Got me like, "Here we go again" (Yeah)  
Ooh, ooh-ooh, ooh, ooh  
I wanna leave the club right now, babe  
Ooh, ooh-ooh, ooh, ooh  
I wanna leave the club right now  
I'm feelin' this shit is thumbin'  
But I'm finna get you out of here (Get you out of here)  
Don't know how you got to the function (Get you out of here)  
But I'm finna get you out of here (Out of here)

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Smurk  
V.I.P., I'm off the mud right now  
My bitch text my phone "Leave the club right now"  
Make excuse, the kids need me, I'ma do it right now  
Quarter ticket for the backend, goin' to court right now  
They sayin', gotta watch their stories  
Told me if I lied, then she probably tryna lure me  
Your friends over there, when I pull up we havin' orgies  
I don't care if your Finsta page private, don't record me, 'cord me  
Smurk, Richard my arm  
I can't fuck a bitch who said some slick shit to Don  
No cash on me, I just had a scammer get a room  
Innocent in the club, but she wanna try shrooms  
Uh, I want a cougar, thirsty to leave, I'ma hop in a Uber  
If you ever heard I fucked your friends, that's a rumour  
But I- we ain't leavin' the club right now, fuck

(Ooh, baby, please)  
Buss it open, show me babe  
(Ooh, baby, please)

Bust it for a real player

Bet up on my Rose and I'm 'bout to leave the section  
See me after hours, I left the club with extras  
Speedin' down that highway, lookin' kinda reckless  
One hand on that wheel, got one hand on the TECs

If I text you "Where you at? ", you got two minutes 'fore you miss out (Where you at?)  
Come on drunk as hell, I'm like "You better have that dick out" (Come here)  
We finna sign this pussy, that's a warnin', you might slip out  
Get backshots from my whoopty-woop, my nigga think I'm still out  
He dick me down and take my soul, he tryna make me stalk him (Phew)  
Little do he know after I leave I'm finna block him  
Niggas gon' be niggas, who the fuck am I to stop 'em?  
Ayy, book me for a show, it's forty K for me to rock out on the gang

Ask me for a real player, ask, ask me for a real player  
Ask me for a real player, ask, ask me for a real player