

Take It Off

Lloyd

Them girls like them bad boys
Them girls like them bad boys
I heard them girls like them bad boys

It's like shhh... be quiet
'Cause your body talks louder when you're silent
Got your eyes sayin' yes
Your body sayin' more
Girl you like what I do
Come here let me guide you
(Ohh)
So take it off
(Yeahh)
Now take it off
(Ohh)
We takin' off
(Yeahh)
Girl I'm about to break you off
(Yeah)

First things first,
I wanna see you take them clothes off
Second
I'm a get it, got it good 'til your clothes off
Tappin' on your shoulder
Round three when it goes down
You ain't gotta say a word
Sip it up, I'll sip you down
Quarter past one
'Bout to take her to the hide out
Take her to the bed
Goin' deep like a wide out
We about to ride out
I'm a bring the fight out
Lloyd Mayweather girl,
I'm a put your lights out

It's like shhh... be quiet
'Cause your body talks louder when you're silent
Got your eyes sayin' yes
Your body sayin' more
Girl you like what I do
Come here let me guide you
(Ohh)
So take it off
(Yeahh)
Now take it off
(Ohh)
We takin' off
(Yeahh)
Girl I'm about to break you off
(Yeah)

Come in here, got door lock
Let me massage your spot

Lose your dress
Want me to stop?
(no)
Stop
(no)
Listen shorty, shut up, sit back,
And let me do my thing
I'm gonna touch ya,
I'm gonna make you scream
I'm a let you have it
Let me be your habit
Take a real good look at it
Sign my name all on that thing
Girl, don't shy away
Let's fly away
Sincerely,
This is Holiday

It's like shhh... be quiet
'Cause your body talks louder when you're silent
Got your eyes sayin' yes
Your body sayin' more
Girl you like what I do
Come here let me guide you
(Ohh)
So take it off
(Yeahh)
Now take it off
(Ohh)
We takin' off
(Yeahh)
Girl I'm about to break you off
(Yeah)

You need a feature Daddy?
Give me my Peter Pan
When I hit the club
It'll be me and my conceited friend
Been signin' autographs
Since like a quarter past
I'm in the hallway
Don't need no hall pass
If I eat it
Then everybody gonna order that
Everything I do
These bitches wishin' they'da thought of that
I'm an indian giver
I want the quarter back
If hip-hop was dead
Bitch I just brought it back
Take it to the off
I'm a take it, take it off
I'm a take it in the club
Then we take it to the loft
I'm a take it to my niggas
I'm a take it to the boss
I'm a jiggle it, jiggle it
Bakin' soda soft
I'm a put it in your face
I'm a put it in your braids
Way I make it pop
A peak put me in his favs

Make it rain
It's a 10, 000 dollar day
Pop it like champagne on the holiday

It's like shhh... be quiet
(Quiet)
'Cause your body talks louder when you're silent
(Silent)
Got your eyes sayin' yes
Your body sayin' more
(more)
Girl you like what I do
Come here let me guide you
(Ohh)
So take it off
(Someone take it off)
Now take it off
(Someone take it off)
We takin' off
(Someone take it off)
Girl I'm about to break you off
(Someone take it off)