

## Room 925 (Fuck To This)

Mike Posner

Damn baby you're sexy  
What you're scared for?  
You think somebody gon' find out?  
Who gon' say somethin'?  
I ain't gon' tell on myself  
Oh man, baby we're grown  
(J.U.S.T.I.C.E. League)  
You feel me?

I hit first night  
Now she's worried I think that she's a groupie  
But I know I'm still  
Probably gonna take her to the movies  
Now I find myself  
In another delicate situation  
'Cause I can't date you  
We can talk 'bout it I'm at the Holiday Inn

If you don't tell your girlfriends, I won't tell the crew  
No one has to know about the crazy shit we do  
I can keep it on the low, girl, I don't kiss and tell  
No one has to know about what goes on in this hotel  
I won't tell a soul

She's mad at me  
'Cause I forgot to call her on her birthday  
But I've been runnin' around  
Doin' what makes you wanna fuck me in the first place  
I don't like you  
Enough to think 'bout making you my lady  
I only call you  
When I'm in town I know that drive you crazy

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Yeah, nope, hah  
Hah, what you mean tell?  
I don't even watch television  
And I don't own a telescope, you feel me?  
Cyhi

I got this girl I met in Kennesaw  
Originally from Wichita  
She said she from the country  
So I pulled her bumpin' Tim McGraw  
I got a few dollars in my budget  
So I scooped her in the rental car  
I took her back to the W  
Reached inside the minibar  
And poured us both a cup of Goose  
Then I rolled up like a rubber do  
First I lay you on the bed  
Then I cocoa-butter you

Then we do what lovers do  
On top of the covers, ooh  
Damn, girl, you're sexy  
You gon' make me baby mother you  
Then she said, "What am I gon' tell my friends?"  
And this is what I told her before I put it in

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