

Partition

Beyoncé

[Intro]

See me up in the club
With fifth eleven girls
Posted in the back got my thangs and my grill
Brooklyn brim with my eyes sitting low
Every boy in here with me got that smoke
And every girl in here gotta look me up and down
All honest [?] by the pound
Circulate the image every time I come around
G's up tell me how I'm looking babe
I do this all for you
Just walk my way
Just tell me how it's looking babe
Just tell how it's looking babe
I do this all for you
Just take aim
And tell me how it's looking babe
How it's looking babe
Drop the bass, man the bass get lower
Radio says speed it up
I just go slower
High like treble, pumping on the
A man ain't ever seen a booty like this
And why you keep my name when you rollin off my tongue
Cause when you wanna smash I just write another one
I sneezed on the beat, and the beat got sicker
Young say ya'll on his mouth like liquor
Young say ya'll on his mouth like liquor
Young say ya'll on his mouth like liquor
Young say ya'll on his mouth like liquor like like liquor
Like like liquor, like like liquor
Young say ya'll on his mouth like liquor
Young say ya'll on his mouth like liquor
Young say ya'll on his mouth like liquor
Young say ya'll on his mouth like liquor like like liquor
Like like liquor

Driver roll up the partition please
Driver roll up the partition please
I don't need you seeing 'yonce on her knees
Took 45 minutes to get all dressed up
We ain't even gonna make it to this club

Now my mascara running, red lipstick smudged
Oh he so horny, he want to fuck
He bucked all my buttons, he ripped my blouse
He Monica Lewinski all on my gown

Oh there daddy, d-daddy didn't bring the towel
Oh baby, b-baby we slow it down
Took 45 minutes to get all dressed up
We ain't even gonna make it to this club

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[Hook]
Take all of me
I just wanna be the girl you like, girl you like
The kind of girl you like, girl you like
Take all of me
I just wanna be the girl you like, girl you like
The kinda girl you like
Is right here with me

Driver roll up the partition fast
Driver roll up the partition fast
Over there I swear I saw them cameras flash
Handprints and footprints on my glass
Handprints and good grips all on my ass
Private show with the music blasting
He like to call me Peaches when we get this nasty
Red wine drip, talk that trash
Chauffer eavesdropping trying not to crash

Oh there daddy, d-daddy now you ripped my fur
Oh baby, b-baby be sweatin' on my hair
Took 45 minutes to get all dressed up
We ain't even gonna make it to this club

[Hook]

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>