## Beyoncé, Summer Renaissance

I wanna house you and make you take my name I'm gonna spouse you and make you touch a ring I'm gonna take you all the way, baby, can I take you all the way? You sexy motherfucker, boy, you growin' on me I just wanna thug you, the category is bae You gangster motherfucker, boy, you growin' on me Boy, I just wanna touch you, I can feel, feel those jeans

Ah, ah, ah, oh, woo Boy, you ain't never had a chance If you make my body talk I'm leave you in a trance Got you walking with a limb, with this body, make it dance Dance, dance, dance

It's so good, it

I wanna crush you and run over all the lies
I'm gonna trash you even though we met tonight
But I'm gonna take you all the way, baby, can I take you all the way?
You sexy motherfucker, boy, you growin' on me
I just wanna thug you, the category is bae
You gangster motherfucker, boy, you growin' on me
Got me filling up all them rubbers, I can feel, feel those jeans

I'm feeling way too loose to be tied down
Can you see my brain open wide now?
Come and get what I came for, hella night now
Know you love when I roleplay, who am I now?
I'm a doc, I'm a nurse, I'm a teacher
Dominate is the best way to beat ya
Sorry 'bout yesterday and all the sweet stuff
You're a sweetie pie, come let me eat ya

Ah, ah, ah, oh, woo Boy, you ain't never had a chance If you make my body talk I'm leave you in a trance Got you walking with a limb, with this body, make it dance Dance, dance, dance

It's so good, it

Applause, a round of applause Applause, a round of applause Say I want, want, want what I want, want, want I want, want, want what I want, want, want I want, want, want what I want, want, want I want, want, want what I want, want, want I want your touch, I want your feeling I want your touch, I want your feeling I want your love, I want your spirit I want your love, I want your spirit The more I want the more I need it The more I want the more I need it Need it Need it Versace, Bottega, Prada, Balenciaga Vuitton, Dior, Givenchy, collect your points, Beyoncé So elegant and raunchy, this hot couture I'm flaunting This Telfar bag imported, Birkins, them shits in storage Ah, ooh, ooh, ooh