

# Metro Boomin, Too Many Nights (feat. Don Toliver)

(Honorable C note)  
(Metro!)

Keep the bitch Ju-u-ump  
Keep it on ju-u-ump  
Keep the bitch Ju-u-ump  
I caught it cool, for a ten  
The bitch get loose, she tryna win  
I beat her by the house, I beat her in  
It's 40 in the couch, I let her spend  
When the cars lit better call in  
She done popped all out she done called twin  
I done went and spazzed out  
I put the raw in  
I done hit the strip club  
and spent a tall ten  
Lil shawty off the Clicquot  
She be coming hot just like a heat stroke  
I can see ya lurking  
Through the peep hole  
I'm stacking different money, type of C Notes  
I'm talking C notes, nigga hitting C notes  
Ya spend what ya want  
And ya get what ya want  
I guess ya got what ya wanted  
Ya hitting the pole  
And ya give it ya all  
And ya keeping it honest  
Too many nights I went nameless  
Too many nights I went famous  
Too many nights I went brainless  
Sayin', "Uh-uh-uh-uh" (Yeah)  
Let's get dru-u-unk

Keep the bitch Ju-u-ump  
Keep it on ju-u-ump, keep it  
I caught it cool  
for a ten  
The bitch get loose  
She tryna win  
I beat her out the house, I beat her in  
It's 40 in the couch  
I let her spend  
You made a 100 and ya fall back  
Need you on a call back  
Knowing that ya all that baby  
Oh it's 200 on ya dashboard  
Stamping out ya passport  
Ask me if I'm really OK  
Ya get what ya want ya want ya want  
Ya get what ya want ya want ya want  
Ya get what ya want ya want ya want  
Ya get what ya want ya want ya want  
Ya spend what ya want  
And ya get ya what want  
I guess ya got what ya wanted  
Ya hitting the pole  
And ya give it your all  
And ya keeping it honest  
It's too many nights I went nameless  
It's too many nights I went famous  
It's too many I went brainless  
Sayin', "Uh-uh-uh-uh" (Yeah)  
Let's get dru-u-unk

Keep it on ju-u-ump  
Keep it on ju-u-ump

Oooh oooh, ooh ooh  
Oooh oooh, ooh ooh  
Oooh oooh, ooh ooh  
Oooh oooh, ooh ooh

Bottega Veneta whenever you ride wit me  
It aint like I'm askin you to ride for free  
From trappin to rappin need to be proud of me  
Pack out the studio and throw parties  
Money comin too fast I can't slow down  
Feel like I'm runnin from my past, I can't slow down  
Too many nights bout to crash  
Now I'm buying the foreigners all cash  
I can't slow down