

In da club – 50 Cent

Go, go
Go, go, go, go
Go, shawty, it's your birthday
We gon' party like it's your birthday
We gon' sip Bacardí like it's your birthday
And you know we don't give a fuck
It's not your birthday
You can find me in the club
Bottle full of bub'
Look, mami, I got the X
If you into takin' drugs
I'm into havin' sex
I ain't into makin' love
So come give me a hug
If you into gettin' rubbed
You can find me in the club,
Bottle full of bub'
Look, mami, I got the X
If you into takin' drugs
I'm into havin' sex, I ain't into makin' love
So come give me a hug
If you into gettin' rubbed
When I pull up out front
You see the Benz on dubs (Uh-huh)
When I roll twenty deep
It's twenty nines in the club (Yeah)
Niggas heard I fuck with Dre
Now they wanna show me love
When you sell like Eminem
Then the hoes, they wanna fuck (Woo)
Look homie, ain't nothin' changed
Hoes down, G's up
I see Xzibit in the cut
Hey, nigga, roll that weed up (Roll that)
If you watch how I move
You'll mistake me for a player or pimp

Been hit with a few shells
But I don't walk with a limp (I'm aight)
In the hood in LA, they sayin'
"50, you hot" (Uh-huh)
They like me
I want 'em to love me like they love Pac
But holla in New York
The niggas'll tell you I'm loco (Yeah)
And the plan is to put the rap
Game in a chokehold (Uh-huh)
I'm fully focused, man, my money on my mind
Got a mil' out the deal
And I'm still on the grind (Woo)
Now shawty said she feelin' my style
She feelin' my flow (Uh-huh)
Her girlfriend with her, they bi
And they ready to go (Okay)
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My flow, my show brought me the dough
That bought me all my fancy things
My crib, my cars, my clothes, my jewels
Look, nigga, I done came up
And I ain't changed (What? What? Yeah)
And you should love it
Way more than you hate it

Nigga, you mad?
I thought that you'd be happy I made it (Woo)
I'm that cat by the bar
Toastin' to the good life
You that faggot-ass nigga
Tryna pull me back, right?
When my joint get to bumpin'
In the club, it's on
I wink my eye at your bitch
If she smiles, she gone
If the roof on fire
Let the motherfucker burn
If you talkin' about money
Homie, I ain't concerned
I'ma tell you what Banks told me
"Cuz, go 'head, switch the style up
If niggas hate, then let 'em hate
And watch the money pile up"
Or we can go upside your head
With a bottle of bub'
They know where we fuckin' be
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Słowa: brak danych

Muzyka: brak danych