

Tool F/ Maynard

"Shoot the Club Up"

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[Krayzie](x2)

Buck, buck, buck, buck, buck . . .

So if these muthafuckas wanna see your nuts,
show your nuts.

Let the slugs bust.

Shoot the club up!

These niggas scandalous [scandalous].

Good thing we packin' [packin'].

Tonight, we goin' out to the club.

We about ten deep.

Everybody looked thugged out.

I'm fucked up.

Park the car,.

Smoke a little more.

We drink a little more.

Nigga so high we get the mentality
fuck everybody.

We come here to party,

but I know somebody gon' try me,
and get my temperature uprisin'.

Anyway, nigga, we straight to the V.I.P.

Excuse me, we need some Hennessey.

While my niggas is rollin' the sticky,
pa-pa-pass it, pass it back quickly.

That's when I heard the record skip [They fired.].

Security sprayed they mase.

Through all the commotion,

some nigga jumped right out the car, right up in my
face.

Before I could even do somethin', my nigga done
rushed him,

took his ass to the floor.

Now here comes some more.

Now we got a war goin' on,
tryin' to get back out the door,

and we got our backs against the wall.

Naw, we don't plan to fall, y'all,

'cause we did not get searched

We all got pistols in our drawers.

[Chorus]

[Krayzie]

We heard a shot, shit [shit, shit, shit . . .]:
them niggas, my niggas--we dropped down to the
pavement.
Bass from the DJ went blank.
Everybody runnin' tryin' to get the fuck up out this
place.
I pulled out my gun.
Like 007--rolled under the table.
Unload, reload.
Every muthafucka in the club folded up on the floor.
Niggas was rootin'-tootin'-shootin'.
Security been ran up out the club [Hoes!],
and there ain't nobody left but thugs.
We drunk as fuck,
fin to shoot this muthafucka up.
Niggas was runnin' up on us
like they been waitin' for this shit to happen
[What's happenin'?]
for me to get caught in a club riot,
but my thugs tight.
And I can't believe this shit
nigga caught up in the middle of a war zone [the war
zone].
But nigga, if you know a Bone,
then you know that we get down with the dirty with the
chrome
never leave it home.
Put it to your dome,
and I let it go.
Can't let these niggas run up on me
they bitches.
I put another clip in,
unload some more,
keep spittin'.
I never can understand:
if security's got the door,
then why so many niggas in here got guns?
And I can testify that 'cause I just shot one.
Good thing nigga packed that vest and my weapon,
'cause I'd sure take a strippin',
if a nigga caught me slippin'
without no protection.

[Chorus Till End]

