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50 Cent "In Da Club"

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Go, go, go, go, go, go

MotoLyrics

Go shawty, it's your birthday We gonna party like it's your birthday We gon' sip Bacardi 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 gimme a hug, if you're into gettin' rubbed

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When I pull up out front, you see the Benz on dubs When I roll 20 deep, it's 20 knives in the club Niggaz heard I fuck with Dre, now they wanna show me love

When you sell like Eminem, and the hoes, they wanna fuck

But homie ain't nuttin' changed hoes down, G's up I see Xzibit in the cut, hey nigga roll that weed up If you watch how I move, you'll mistake me for a player or pimp

Been hit wit a few shells but I don't walk wit a limp

In the hood, in L.A. they sayin,"50 you hot" They like me, I want them to love me like they love Pac But holla in New York them niggaz'll tell ya, I'm loco And the plan is to put the rap game in a choke hold

I'm fully focused man, my money on my mind Got a mill' out the deal and I'm still on the grind Now shawty said she feelin' my style, she feelin' my flow

Her girlfriend willin' to get bi and they ready to go

You can find me in the club, bottle full of bub Look mami, I got the X if you into takin' drugs

l'm into havin' sex, l ain't into makin' love So come gimme a hug, if you're 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 gimme a hug, if you're into gettin' rubbed

My flow, my show brought me the dough That bought me all my fancy things My crib, my cars, my pools, my jewels Look nigga, I done came up, and I ain't changed

And you should love it, way more then you hate it Nigga, you mad? I thought that you'd be happy I made it

I'm that cat by the bar toastin' to the good life You that faggot-ass nigga tryin' to pull me back, right?

When my joint get to pumpin' in the club it's on I wink my eye at ya bitch, if she smiles she's 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 'cause go 'head switch the style up If the niggaz hate then let 'em hate then watch the money pile up Or we can go upside your head wit a bottle of bub They know where we fuckin' be

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Don't try to act like you don't know where we be neither nigga We in the club all the time nigga, it's about to pop off nigga G-Unit MotoLyrics.com | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.