

50 Cent**"In da Club (Sessions @ AOL) [DVD] - 50 Cent"**

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Go, go, go, go, go, go
Go shawty, it's your birthday
We gon' party like it's your birthday
We gon' sip Bacardi like it's your birthday
And you know we don't give a ****, it's not your
birthday

You can find me in da club, bottle full of bub
Mama, I got what you need, if you need to feel a buzz
I'm into having sex, I ain't into making love
So come give me a hug if you into getting rubbed

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When I pull up out front, you see the Benz on dubs
When I roll 20 deep, it's always drama in da club
N***** I heard I roll with Dre, everybody show me love
When you sell like Eminem you get plenty of groupie
love

But homie ain't nothing change hoes down, G's up
I see Xzibit in the Cutt that ***** roll that **** up
If you watch how I move you'll mistake me for a playa
or pimp
Been hit wit a few ***** but I don't walk with a limp

In the hood then the ladies saying, "50, you hot"
They like me, I want them to love me like they love 'Pac
But holla in New York they surely will tell ya I'm loco
And the plan is to put the rap game in a choke hold

I'm feelin' focused, man, my money on my mind
I got a mill out the deal and I'm still on the grind
Now shawty said she feeling my style, she feeling my
flow
Her girlfriend willin' to get bi and they ready to go

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

And you should love it, way more then you hate it
Oh you mad? I thought that you'd be happy I made it
I'm that cat by the bar, toasting to the good life
Moved out the hood, now trying to pull me back, right?

When my junk get to pumpin' in da club it's on
I wink my eye at ya chick, if she smiles she gone
If the roof on fire, man, just let it burn
If you're talking 'bout money, homie, I ain't concerned

I'm a tell you what Banks told me
'Cause go 'head, switch the style up
And if they hate then let 'em hate
Then watch the money pile up

Or we can go upside their head with a bottle of bub
Come on, they know where we be

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Don't try to act like you don't know
Where we been neither
We in the club all the time
It's about to pop off
Shady Aftermath

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