

50 Cent Ft. Mobb Deep "Outta Control"

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It's the Infamous Mobb, M O B B

(Ha ha)

We can't be touched nigga can't you see

(G-Unit)

You do you man 'cause me I'm 'gon do my thang

(You know I do my thang)

I'm a get my drink on and party like it's okay

Trust me man it's okay bounce with me in slow mo

When they hear the kid in the house it's like, oh, no

50 got 'em locin' again, they open again

Got 'em sippin' on that juice and gin

You could find me in the background burnin' that
backwood

Stylin' and stuntin' doin' my two step frontin'

Now I'm a tell you what Em told me homey

Just lose the parental discretion's advised this is grown
folk music

Now blend in with me, as I proceed to break it down

It's always off the chain man when I'm around

I play the block bumpin', it was all for the dough

I get the club jumpin', 'cause I'm sick with flow

You know it's sold out, like wherever I go

I jam packed the show man that's fo' sho'

I got the info you already know

Man I get it poppin' in the club everybody show me love

let's go

You, know, I, got, what it takes to make the club go
outta control

Quit playin' turn the music up a little bit

Bounce with me now shorty let's get into it

You, know, I, got, what it takes to make the club go
outta control

Quit playin' turn the music up a little bit

Bounce with me now homey let's get into it

You wanna search me then search me but hurry up
'cause I'm thirsty

I need that, grind in my system P, on my side twistin'

In club today for the chick to go both ways
Let me see that ID just for proof

With the drink till the burn is gone
Hit the dancefloor like a scene from soft porn
Before it pop, make me sign a disclaimer
Try to get me on some pop shit these chicks will frame
ya

But in any event, keep fuckin' with 50 it make cents
Cents, into them dollars, the hoes wanna holla
But you lookin' at a nigga that done came from the
squalla
Now my buddy so gone I can pop ya collar

Now follow same nothin let me see you swallow
In my crib got the co-ed back the new problem
In the club feed them liquor of the wise I'm starvin'
So much green gettin' twisted like Botanical Garden,
let's go

You, know, I, got, what it takes to make the club go
outta control
Quit playin' turn the music up a little bit
Bounce with me now shorty let's get into it
You, know, I, got, what it takes to make the club go
outta control
Quit playin' turn the music up a little bit
Bounce with me now homey let's get into it

You already know how it go I bang I shine
I play I stay I'm goin' for mine
I'm young I'm black I'm rich and yes
I'm ghetto than the motherfuckin' project steps

I'm cool, I'm calm you lookin real stressed
I'm strapped I'm armed kid hold your head
I'm known for Gat poppin', when I got problems
I don't run, I just gun you all up

But we ain't come here to start no drama
We just lookin' for our future baby mamas
With money with face with style and body
I cook I clean I swear that mami

Just as long as you don't go off and tell nobody
I go down low, I'm lyin', I'm tryin' my best to let you
know
Sugar pop get at P the Doc beat
Make it easy to get 'em in the bed sheets

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