

## 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

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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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