

Baby Bash f/ Grimm, Lucky Luciano, Rasheed "Step in the Club"

Visit "[Step in the Club](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Chorus: Baby Bash

Step in the club like it ain't no thang (No thang)
Sittin' on the bar while I sip on drank (On drank)
Girl wanna holla, tryin' to run that game (That game)
I just, want a freak that ain't got no shame (No shame)

Repeat Chorus

[Verse 1: Baby Bash]

I'm a blast off like a damn Houston rocket
Roll around town, with some dank in my pocket
Grandma say, "Ronnie Ray, you need to stop it"
Punk bootleggers, man, they fuckin' off my profit
Dip up in the club, and she eyeballin' me
Remind me of the breeze from Terminator 3
Think ya nasty
She the hoe extravaganza
Gloss when I floss, I'm the boss like Tony Danza
Puttin' hands on, motherfuckers actin' up
Give me fifty feet, better back the fuck up
Me and Juan Gotti smashin' outta T-Town
Look at Low-G, got a fool beat down (Beat down)

Repeat Chorus Twice

[Verse 2: Rasheed]

Downtown, Super Bowl XXXVIII (Eight)
In the clutz city of no pity, movin' weight (Weight)
Case to get in state
Keep me in the G manner (Manner)
All my homies roll like Tony Montana (Tana)
Listen to the law, jab and jaw off on a scanner
(Scanner)
Sippin' purple hawk, startin' bangin' David Banner
(Banner)
Money in the Benz, but I'm layin' in the 'Llac ('Llac)
Stomach so swoll', throwin' up in the back {*retching*}
She was fine, yes sir, she was trill
Plus she had a pocketfull of colorful pill (Man, CHILL!)
Bring heat through your whole crew flannel (Flannel)
Crooked, them chickens put on a Food Channel

(Channel)

Roll with the pimps, y'all, naw, I'm not a baller (Baller)
Teller bought the cities like a blue Nightcrawler
Call her on the celly, with my jelly, meet the mami at
the tele
Roll the fatty, jump in the ride and disappear like
Machavelli
What

Repeat Chorus Twice

[Verse 3: Lucky Luciano]

Man, I step in the club like it ain't no thang
On valet park, been drankin' all day
Paparazzi takin' pictures and the haters lookin' mad
But the barber's showin' love, and I'm signin'
autographs
Bartender know me, and he know I do the fool
Everybody in my ear, I'm lookin' like, "Who is you!?"
Give me fifty and a seas on the rocks for these boys
Can't stand male groupies, move around with that
noise
I'm tryin' to sit down and roll up and get blowed
Find somethin' I can take back to the momo
Like that, right there, you lookin' good, no doubt
What you got under that skirt, what you talkin' 'bout
I'm waitin' for my boys downstairs to get done
They wouldn't let me on stage, they said I was drunk
But it's about to be two, girl, tell me if you ready
Let's sip champagne in my jacuzzi at the tele

Repeat Chorus Twice

[Verse 4: Grimm]

My cup got sip in my soda
I don't give a fuck, don't tip my shit over
Six bad bitches sittin' in a Range Rover
Paul got 'em all, lookin' over they shoulder
Tuggin' on dro, got smoke in my windpipe
Boys wanna know, 'bout my hoes and my pimp life
Nigga, what it is, what it was, what it been like
Can I get a chickenhead shake and some french fries
Hand's so skin tight
Dance's so freak like
Notch after notch, in the club, on a weeknight
Now she wanna go home, go to bed and sleep tight
Bet this Henessey 'bout to here make her speed right

Repeat Chorus Twice

