

2nd II None "Up 'n Da Club"

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2-2-0

[Chorus]

Up in da club

(Where You chillin for the summer, homey?)

Up in da club

(Jump in the stretch, help me run it)

Up in da club

(Fly ladies from all the walls)

Up in da club

(With my beats I'm fadin all a y'all)

Up in da club

(Can a playa spend his double life)

Up in da club

(Before she shank me with a butter knife)

Up in da club

(Upper lover or lower life)

Up in da club

(Still the same when we go inside)

[Verse 1]

If You lookin for a man with a bulge in his pants

Who really ain't trippin about a one night stand

I'll be that dude that'll leave you wishin

Who's floatin in ya love pot, strictly fishin

See, baby, lookin cute with a bathing sute

Pants like all in the ass without the zoom

I'm gangsta, baby don't you know we keep the heaters

hot

Summertime, when we grind bumpin on yo block

In the club smokin trees, drinkin hennessey

Crack a scarp to the fullest is my strap, G

Ain't no need for gangsta deeds

Now put ya drinks in the air and throw a toast to me

Cause I'm off the red eye flight

Flyin for the ladies in the tights

Tell me what you like

Fast or slow? In my car or on dubs?

A straight fuckin while we buckin, baby

[CHORUS]

[Verse 2]

Now can't hang, got a space at the back of the club, low
key
I did my thang in the car that's why I skip past the
broad
Got my eyes on tight, I'm headed straight for a corner
Got my eyes on this freak with 10 suckas all upon her
The type that claim they fly and fresh
Yappin like hoes bout who got the best Rolex sweat
Drinchin all on my head and my shirt
It's time to shake my buzz, grab a skirt and go to work
Crack the dance floor wit me but don't hurt ya self
Nice at the summertime (Oh Yeah)
The tricks come to spend a lot
On these tricks off the knot
That's why they get with pockets ripped to they socks
Damn! These pretty hoes comin in flocks
Talkin about how many freaks I got
That's why, sometimes I go for a minute & shake the
spot
It's either too damn crowded or hell-a-hot

[CHORUS]

[Verse 3]

Yeah, ho is Dolce & Gabanna, ya mama
In the six rebel
Big face, she wanna know how my hit tastes
Yeah, I remember these freaks by face
Or they nipples or they cheeks to the belly chains on
they waist
Most of y'all easin' knuckles, Cartier belt buckles
Lookin for a nigga to hustle
Shit, I'm the next multi-million dollar black man
For all y'all ain't grizzlin' niggas
Take shake the sound stand
Quik gotta beat that'll cost a hundred grand
Party from LA, Terrio to Japan
If you in the sand, throw up, up ya hands
If you in the hood with the leather'n'wood
Let these hoes know 2-2-0 got the do-do
Find me on the net, dot com the text
VISA, Mastercard, American Express

[Chorus Till Fade]

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