

Bow Wow "In The Club"

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Mustard on the beat ho
We in the club shit's packed
If it ain't Roset then we send that shit back
Roll it up, we smoke back to back
Don't act up in here homie you don't want that - ahh
This the song for the real niggas
Ay this the song for the real niggas
Ay this the song for the real niggas
Ay what it do, where you from, do your thang ahh
Hermez belt cost \$650
If your girl look then your girl leave with me
Niggas lookin', but they don't want no issues
Cuz for the right price we can make your homies miss
you
Now I'm ballin', ballin' like a muh f*cka
P-I-M-P and you just a hand cuffa
Ferrari, drop top, rap - rap game got it in a head lock
I keep 7 grams in a blunt
Keep another shorty on the side just in case she front
Keep my shades on, swagger alright
Bitches be f*uckin' I ain't got all night
What it do
We in the club shit's packed
If it ain't Roset then we sent that shit back
Roll it up, we smoke back to back
Don't act up in here homie you don't want that - ahh
This the song for the real niggas
Ay this the song for the real niggas
Ay this the song for the real niggas
Ay what it do, where you from, do your thang ahh
Where my bad bitches, where they at
Get behind that ass quarterback snap
We in the club and my niggas don't know how to act
White tees, Levi's and a snap back
Niggas hatin' in the club, better stop that
So much cash you'd a think a nigga sold crack

Milli on my wrist got your girl on my dick
Young Money Cash Money nigga we the shit
Tell, tell the DJ bring it back one time
Cuz the crowd go crazy when they hear the bassline
They gon' bump it on the block, bang it in the street

Hey you know it's a hit as long as Mustard's on the beat
Now where we at
We in the club shit's packed
If it ain't Roset then we sent that shit back
Roll it up, we smoke back to back
Don't act up in here homie you don't want that - ahh
This the song for the real niggas
Ay this the song for the real niggas
Ay this the song for the real niggas
Ay what it do, where you from, do your thang ahh
You a lion, you a lion, ain't nobody f*ckin' witchu you a
lion
You a lion, you a lion, ain't nobody f*ckin' witchu you a
lion
Where my bad bitches, where they at
Get behind that ass quarterback snap
Where my bad bitches, where they at
Get behind that ass quarterback snap
We in the club shit's packed
If it ain't Roset then we sent that shit back
Roll it up, we smoke back to back
Don't act up in here homie you don't want that - ahh
This the song for the real niggas
Ay this the song for the real niggas
Ay this the song for the real niggas
Ay what it do, where you from, do your thang ahh
Yeah
Yeah
Guess who's back
With YMCMB
Ay good lookin' big homie
Appreciate it

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