

Beanie Sigel "In The Club"

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I'm back at the club with a snub, twistin up dubs
Sippin on Crist', bout to snatch your bitch
You see the wrists, see the neck, see the arm, see the
charm
See my click, what the fuck man we rich
When we step in the spot, performin or not
You know what went down, man we shut shit down
From the cars outside you can tell we there
When the bar's sold out and aint no Belvedere
No crowd control and the cops is scared
You know, the, the Roc, the Roc was here
Catch Mac V.I.P., section of the place
With the weapon on his waist, weight, two steppin to the
base
I don't dance, I just move the crowd
And keep a big ass tool that's loud, that'll move the
crowd
Only play the club dog if the music loud
Just boots, strictly airs, no shoes allowed, what

You know how it get in the club
We came to go bold, we came to get it crunk, we came
to make it jump
You know how it get in the club
We came to pop shit, we came to pull chicks, we came
to ride
You know how it get in the club
You know we came deep, in four or five jeeps, we came
to wild
You know how it get in the club
See me V.I.P., rollin up trees, we came to get high

Beanie Sigs baby, y'all can't touch the boy
Everytime I hit the club people rush the door
Buck 50 cuts and more, sluts and whores
Niggas ice grillin like they wanna touch the floor
All that when Mac perform
Who The Fuck Want What, man they buck when that
come on
Bitches givin up butt when Mac perform
Everybody hands up when that track come on
Roll up nigga let's get on

You know how we do, bitches in them see through
dresses on
Double shots of Henny rock, all night lemon drops
Til they touchin, have 'em touchin, other women's spots

Late night, club night, you know what Mac like
Late night, club night, Mac attract dikes
All night menagie trois, who came to get ride, who
came to get high
What the fuck, uh

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Last call for alcohol, all drinks on me
Just boots, jean suits, no mix on me
Bandannas, really likes on me
Alright maybe a watch, of course rock, what you think
on me?
Same thing with the squad, what you think on Bleek
Beef? C'mon dog who you think gon bleed
Not Mac, never slip in the club
4/5Th in the club, told y'all never slip in the club
Niggas hit like shit, how that get in the club
You think I'm playin when I'm sayin shit'll drip in the
club?
Man I come to turn out the show, turn out a hoe
Before I bounce, burn an ounce of 'dro
Throw back an ounce of snow, bounce with dough
Squad deep, all with heat, and the bouncers know
Back the fuck up dog or the rounds'll blow
Man a thug in the club, y'all know how it go, shit

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