

Duffy Stephen**"In Da Club"**

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Ha, Blue Boyz on the rise ha
Blue Boyz on the rise ha
Blue Boyz on the rise, with a mission to see - 2x

[Killa Kal]

I know you see me at the do', I'm in a Coupe on dubs
You in the lot, trying to pop it your hoop on hubs
You and your group at the club, trying to shoot your slugs
You think a nigga won't box you, or shoot your mug
I just came here to party baby, drank and roam blocks
Get a thick thick chick, and get a quick dome shot
Got a sick chrome glock, and it cough at niggaz
I came here to fuck with women, I talk to niggaz
I'm here often nigga (doing what), buying the bar
Getting crunk with my click, might be eyeing a star
I see white eyeing a bar, while I sip my Belve
Walked over (grabbed her hand), and with her lips she tells me
(get thoed) hell yeah boo, I'm one of the ones
So I pull her close to me, hands under her buns
But it's one thing about her, I just got to know
If she cutting tonight shorty, then I got to go

[Hook - 2x]

This for them ballas in the back of the club
Niggaz that don't know, how to act in the club
And them 600's, and the them 'Lacs at the club
Stay iced up, looking good in the club
Get fucked up, chunk up your hood in the club

[Sir Daily]

Now Daily pull up to the spot, at 12 o'clock on the dot
Looking for a chickenhead, bopper to bop
Twenty inches spinning slow, as I crawl in the lot
Gold diggers flag me down, trying to get me to stop
But oh no, a nigga recognized disguise
I looked past that thick ass, and them big ol' thighs
I'm A G, I peep game constantly
So tell me what the fuck, do you want from me
I'm at the bar, taking shots to the head

Trying to find a yellow bone, that give shots to the head
I see a fine looking dime, and she rocking some red
Spit a line and she mine, while she drop in my bed
It's guaranteed, to put a young bitch on her knees
Blue Boyz on the rise, with a mission to see
Slim Thug or Sir Daily, and my nigga Kyleon
We party all night, till six in the morn' ha

[Hook - 2x]

[Slim Thug]

I'm V.I.P., in the back of the club
Slim Thee, they call me the best dressed thug
Your misses trying to get a Boss, kisses and hugs
But your misses get nothing, but diss and mugs
I don't give dick to chicks, that give it up to scrubs
Trying to find the finest bitch, up in the club
Make her up that thing, get in her ear
And fill her up, with game
Ten times out of ten, I'ma cut that thang
Got the broad giving up the brain, like it ain't nothing
mayn
I'm a P-I-M-P, simple to me
And talk hoes out they clothes, so easily
I rock platinum rings, platinum piece and platinum car
And I'm bout to be, a platinum star
V.I.P. by the bar, is where you'll see me staying
With the Roley on my wrist, and the Crys in hand man

[Hook - 2x]

(*scratching*)

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