

Hoffmann & Hoffmann

"Crash Da Clubs"

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[Verse One: Lil Wyte]

Multiple mental scares, outlining your insides wit bars
Gripp'in your nina hard, bitch my blood inhated by
heart
When I buck you gonna start recognize life is a game
And it's always the same them dice you rolling ain't
bout to change
I'm snatch your chain, reimbursing you with some pain
It's all over mane in which direction he make inzane
I ain't bout that fame I'm bout the cheese, that this bout
to bring
So fuck your hoe name, with you my faith was lacking
some things
I'm starting allover with composition sticky like doja
And I thought I told ya when I come thru I'm crushing
like boulders
I'm hard to top shoot at plenty I bet it gonna knock,
Whatever I drop, but even your bitch can touch
whatever I got
You wildin or not is so bring your beef to the spot
Hope that you got your glock I'm strapped with no
hesitance to pop
So back your words up and keep on choking out on that
cock
You like it or not its everlasting, ain't bout to stop

[Chorus: repeat 7X]

We bout to crash da clubs, throw some chairs break
some'in

[Verse Two: Lil Wyte]

Rotten core to the bone with no way home and
destination bitch
I see you flying blind and you implying that I been
trading bitch
And I helped you out and I put your name across the
nation bitch
And I got the champ It's all the jealousy up in you bitch
Now how do you think you going to get a piece of my
wealth
I created and sculpted, molded and made myself

I'm furiously gifted, lyrically raised in hell
If you want it, come get it you better brace yourself
My provocative rocket wetting hoes on sight
Interactive disaster crucial a pond your flight
Better watch I will ride especially at night
I got a bullet in chamber coming at you that read Wyte
So before you come tricking you better think about life
You only got one you see and you better live it right
Ride or die is my terms and I aint getting fucked twice
Think you gone come out of here, come on bitch roll
your dice

[Chorus: repeat 8X]

We bout to crash da clubs, throw some chairs break
some'in

[Verse Three: Lil Wyte]

I'm bout to crash, the clubs break da law
Throw some chairs, crack your jaw
If it's killing season aint no reason aint no need to stop
I'm the one put here to absorb all this energy and pain
None stop pop from the top of the clip in glock I still
don't feel you mane
Cause of that gram of coke and now I'm puffin a pound
of dro
When I'm on that level and with my killas you will be
found on the floor
I must confess I aint about shit
But if you think to cross me bitch
You'll end up stankey, walk the plankey, and empty out
your pockets bitch
Break da law, break your leg, crash da club and crack
your neck
With these issues that I'm facing daily, I should tote a
tec
Get respect that's no option, all the hater filled with
toxic 'in
Walk right thru the center of the crowd and pistols gets
to floss' in
Causing problem dodge' in bullets soon as I corrupt the
scene
Leaving damage making havoc reaction fuck'in with
me
Chair to your bizack go thru my head when you ignite
the flame
Lead to your bizack of your head before it hit your brain

[Chorus: repeat 8X]

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