

Jacksons

"Wyld in Da Club"

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[Intro: P.C.]

Don't take it per-son-al.. it's only mu-sic

Holla at me.. yo! Yo!

Ice Water! Yo.. yo.

[P.C.]

Try me, P.C.'ll put a clip in a nigga

Fuck a hole, my bullets'll dig a ditch in a nigga

Listen, I've been reppin', only pack big weapons

One shot to the stomach, you missin' ya midsection

I'm off the wall, dog, I could off ya balls

Stick his ass to the rooftop, toss 'em off

Hit the Ave with the rooftop off the porch

I get money cuz it costs to floss, nigga you feelin' me?

And if not then fuck what you gotta deal with me

I've only been here for a minute but haters wanna get
rid of me

P.C. creep with at least three heats

And a shotgun stashed underneath the backseats

[Stumic]

Niggas actin' like you don't feel a draft

You seen ya man? Tell him I'ma kill his ass

And I don't, wanna talk I want a mill in cash

I come through 'tards shittin', lookin' ill in the past

Cuz it's the, Ice Water, don't get it confused

And one false move'll cause me to spit at you dudes

It's Stumic, motherfucker and I'm pickin' ya food

And ain't no one out you know that my niggas'll do you

Let's spit on 'em, rush these niggas

and crush several fuckin', will leave a dent out ya liver

Only kid in the hood with a mustard ninja

Heard you broke down good, well I fucked ya sister

[Chorus 2X: Stumic]

Eh yo we Wyld in Da Club, style in the club

This is for my niggas gettin' down in the club

At the bar throwin' down rounds in the club

Talk slick and get the four pound in ya mug

[Break: Polite singing]

Yo I keep my gun on me, what the fuck y'all want from me?
Y'all touch my property somebody gon' die, uh-huh
This ain't no joke, it's for real
My niggas they totin' they steel
All it takes a phone call and they ready to ride
Get ready to die

[Polite]

Eh yo the cards are dealt, the words are spoken
Nigga, welcome to the Hell, the gates is open (uh-huh)
Gatekeeper, first degree murder through the speaker
Who deep enough to flow with the reaper?
Stuck in the middle, I spit a little riddle
Leavin' niggas crippled, my niggas ball 'em like Kerry Kittles
You niggas makin' it hard, it's really kinda simple
If a nigga gotta pull it out I'm puttin' it in ya temple

[Ultra]

Official I do this, rude maneuver
I use the Rugers to keep the bullets movin' through ya
Weak anatomy, fuck the small talk and flattery
Ya power is weak, to beef you need much more batteries
Keep it genetic, or dead it, Ice Water Inc. we said it
Whoever so-called did it or said it, promote it and spread it
Fake it or front it, get ambushed and confronted
With slugs in ya head, back, chest and stomach
Niggas don't want it or ask for it, so we give it to 'em
Dead in the club and let them things spit and rip through 'em dead in the club
Is you gon' fuck around and be the nigga dead in the club?
(Yeah? Uh-huh..)

[Chorus 2X]

[Raekwon]

Egyptian look, gazelles on, L's lit, this how it's goin' down
Ski mask, Chanel shit, move like a terrorist click
Nineteen eighties babies, worldwide, ya girl on our dick
All you know is Rae look good, he hood
Envision the flips, I make money like them niggas who take money
Fresh out the can, Duran look, Astro van
The ill Castro, rap Son of Sam
More Rugers, more bow and arrows
Still no losers, forty five dollars ahead

Go at niggas shootin' lyrical leads
Stop absorbin, break shit, knock that gay shit out ya
head

[Chorus 2X]

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