

# Jin

## "Club Song"

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{Aye yo Jin there's a couple things you gotta have  
When you doin' ya club record  
I got you don't worry, "Guru play the beat"  
I always wanted to say that on a record  
You gotta have that, you gotta have a ho, ho, ho  
Gotta have two of those, hit 'em with a woo, woo, woo  
I like that, thats not bad, come on  
oh yea, you know what else you need?  
Just blaze}

You can't help but love the way that he flow  
When he leave the club ladies be like  
"Did you see which way did he go?"  
Battle raps are cool but not for radio though  
When my single drop, I'm a charge like eighty a show  
If you droppin' with me get ready for a pitfall  
When my shit hit stores, I'm a charge a bit more  
Man, I'm tryin' to corp my toys in two  
And stay away from the boys in blue  
It's 'cause I'm gettin' dough, the beast are mad at me  
These cops are jokes like Police Academy  
Too much stress and I ain't blew up yet  
Went from the seven train to the Lex, got you upset  
I never stress over a chick, I'm slick like Lou Rawls  
If I was Papasmurf, you couldn't give me blue balls  
Thick dick playa, rip through walls  
Balls so large, it couldn't fit in two jars

This my club song 'cause I said club  
Yo, this my club song, this my club song  
If you wanna blow then you gotta make a club song  
This my club song, did he say club?  
Yo, this my club song, this my club song  
Everybody got one so I had to make a club song

Throw ya hands high reach for the sky  
For my piece of the pie, I'm a beast, I ain't speakin' no  
lie  
I'm frequently high, freak a bunch of freaks  
In the back of the jeep, Alpines reachin' it's peak  
I put them to sleep, ain't no reason to speak  
Why I creep, got 'em sayin' that they'll leave in a week

Poof be gone, I won't miss you at all  
Now you sayin', I did you wrong, I ain't Dich Whedo  
Gotta passion, no for gassin' hoes  
Live my life like everyday's a fashion show  
I ain't playin', you know what I'm sayin'  
I wasn't talkin' 'bout ya I.Q. when I told you, gimme  
some brains  
Fam, you better play your part  
'Cause ya girl, she 'bout to have a change of heart  
When I come through, find me in the cut like the stitch  
Gettin' wild love 'cause I'm Rick James bitch

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I'm playin' Play Station braggin'  
In the back of a gray station wagon  
I need ya jeans saggin'  
Ain't used to the club, what am I thinkin'?  
Only tunnel I been to, is the Holland and the Lincoln  
Problem when I'm drinkin', I get tipsy easy  
Leave the bartender a hundred dollar tip, believe me  
Shorty on the dance floor, down to get inside of it  
Said she, "Celibate" I said, "Cool, I only buy a bit"

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I'm in here pimpin' fam  
Why else would I walk up limpin', man?  
And me bein' the pimp, I am  
Shorty order what you like 'cause it's on me

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