

## Lil' Jon

# "In Da Club Ft. R. Kelly, Ludacris"

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Hey, hey, boom boom boom, hey hey, boom boom boom

Hey hey, boom boom boom, hey hey, boom boom boom

'Bout to roll up to this club  
'Bout to step up in this club  
'Bout to get big in this club  
'Bout to get wild in this club

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Now we about to show ya how wild it gets  
When a girl at the party when she backin' it  
Now this girl dance freaky 'cause she passionate  
If I ask for some chips, then she stackin' it

She don't need no introduction, she's a diamond of daw  
And I don't mean no janitor, the way she mopping the flow  
Tattoo on her backs saying 'ready to go'  
Man this girl must get pimped away I'm ready too hoe

I'm going to take you out to ghetto girl around the globe  
Freak ya in the kitchen girl, go somewhere around the stove  
In the chumps we chilling in some hotel robes  
I put her towels on her body and massage her toes

There ain't nothing like some sex on a Friday night  
But then again nothing like some sex any night  
After that gotta go got appointments girl  
I'm a doctor, I got other clients girl

Now listen up close, I won't say it again  
Skip a dog ya'll cat is a man's best friend  
Lil' Jon and Luda on the first class flight

From the ATL we about to get it crunk tonight  
Where we going?

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Hey Kelly! Oh damn! There go expensive Chris  
At the bar behind all the most expensive shit  
And his car always got the most expensive kit  
So his gun always got the most extended clip

Hey! Luda Luda, I'm built to last  
Nicknamed Double Barrel and I'm built to blast  
Since your girl ain't a freak, well you gotta convince me  
'Cause I'm all up in the fifth getting straight Lewinsky

And smoking some of that 'Kill Bill'  
Ten Mil motherfucker I'm still trill  
Can't party with the women that like the dick  
Refuse to cut my hair like Michael Vick

Dirty bird, even judges say the birds are dirty  
We the reason that the clubs start closing early  
Walk up and watch the crowd start moving quick  
And I ain't gotta pay the DJ to play my shit, come on

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Yeah, hey, hey, hey  
With the bull pimp cup man I'm sloppy drunk  
I don't broke into club it's the king of crunk  
Let the anal way find, and the woofers blow  
Throw some ass in my lap and I'm good to go

I spread a shined out bottle, crack a beer  
While the ladies are all rubbing my neck and beard

No need to even ask it, who's the boss?  
When the dreadlocks slam and the roof come off

The crunk juice got me up all night shit  
And in last year making that bite shit  
Not an essay calling me Loc De Niro  
Stunned with my hell day, Oaklezero

Fresh by the front and I'm ready to play  
Got the dog but I knew my had to lie, okay  
BME turn millionaire, and we all like, "What, what,  
yeah"

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boom  
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boom

Now any other time I would say it's over  
Since the party so live, I can keep it going  
Shit don't stop till six in the morning  
Come seven o'clock a nigga still ain't yawning

Baby girl leaving now on her toes  
Hangover, wait a minute, girl you leaving your clothes  
And tickets gonna sell for a major show  
If you a hater at the booth and the booth is closed

And move out the way, I'm a Luda fan  
Up north, dirty south, west eastside man  
All strippers in the club, stand up right now  
We wanna see you shake your booty in the place right  
now  
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