

# Lil' Wyte

## "Crash Da Club (Remix) Feat. Juvenile"

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[Lil' Wyte]

...ah yeah Hypnotize Minds, wassup Lil' Wyte featuring Juvenile

Crash the mothafuckin' club, the REMIX!! - and its goin' down for you hoes

Like THIS!!...Multiple Memphis scares, outlining your insides wit' bars

Grippin' your nina hard, bitch my blood hata by heart  
When the fuck you gon' start, recognize that life is a game

And it's always the same, them dice you rolling ain't 'Bouta change

I'm snatchin' your chain, reimbursing you with some pain

It's all over mane, in which direction he makes a zane  
I ain't 'bout that fame, I'm 'bout the cheese, and this 'Bouta bring

So fuck your hoe name, with you my faith was lacking some things

I'm starting all over with composition sticky like doja  
And I thought I told ya when I come through I'm crushing like boulders

I'm hard ta top, shoot at plenty I bet it's gon' knock it - whatever I drop

But even your beef can't touch what I got

You wildin' or not, if is so bring all your beef ta the spot  
Hope you got your glock, I'm strapped with no hesi-tant ta pop

So back your words up, and keep on choking out on that cock

You like it or not, its everlasting - ain't 'Bouta stop

[Hook: Lil' Wyte - repeat 8X]

We 'Bouta Crash Da Club - throw some chedda

[DJ Scratching] Break - Break...Break - Break...Break  
Something

[Juvenile]

Aiyo smoke something, choke something, get real nice

We ain't gon, fall on our face - but we gon' be right

Look, police ain't around when I do my dirt

Becuz I map it all loud and then I put in work

You with them freaks - I be in the streets  
Y'all be wearing them Bee's - I be wearing Ree's  
Running wit' my g's from the U-T-P  
This is where I'm gonna be until I D-I-E  
Wodie, it's goin' down from the Easy Bay ta the West  
Bay  
Where niggaz drank V.S.O.P. until they breath stank  
Bitch gatta say something, err' time  
They never handle they buisness, but staying in line  
Seeking you will find, the loaded up .9  
Wanted at 'cha cuz it of fa' stealin' my mind  
Juvenile and Three-6 thats a-one-of-a-kind  
Tooken up yo golds - nigga get ready ta blind

[Hook]

[Lil' Wyte]

I'm 'Bouta crash da club, break the law  
Throw some chairs, crack your jaw  
If it's killing season - ain't no reason - ain't no need ta  
stale  
I'm the one put here ta absorb all this energy and pain  
Non-stop-pop-from-the-top-of-the-clip-in-ya-glock, I still  
don't feel you mane  
Cause of that, ground the coke and now I'm puffin' a  
pound of dro  
When I'm on that level and wit' my killaz you will be  
found on the flo'  
I must confes, I ain't 'bout shit, but if you think ta cross  
me bitch  
You'll end up stanky - walk the planky - and empty out  
your pockets bitch  
Break da law, break your leg, crash da club and crack  
your neck  
Wit' these issues that I'm facing - daily I should tote a  
tec  
Get respect, that's no option, all the haters filled with  
toxin'  
Walk right through the center of the crowd and pistols  
get ta flossin'  
Causing problem - dodging bullets - soon as I corrupt  
the scene  
Leaving damage - making havoc reaction fuckin' with  
me  
Chair to your bizack go through my head when you  
ignite the flame  
Lead to your bizack of your hizead before it hit your  
brain

[Hook]

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