

Mase

"Up in Da Club"

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2-2-0

(Chorus)

Up in da club

(Where You chillin for the summer, homey?)

Up in da club

(Jump in the stretch, help me run it)

Up in da club

(Fly ladies from all the walls)

Up in da club

(With my beats I'm fadin all a y'all)

Up in da club

(Can a playa spend his double life)

Up in da club

(Before she shank me with a butter knife)

Up in da club

(Upper lover or lower life)

Up in da club

(Still the same when we go inside)

(Verse 1)

If You lookin for a man with a bulge in his pants

Who really ain't trippin about a one night stand

I'll be that dude that'll leave you wishin

Who's floatin in ya love pot, strictly fishin

See, baby, lookin cute with a bathing sute

Pants like all in the ass without the zoom

I'm gangsta, baby don't you know we keep the heaters
hot

Summertime, when we grind bumpin on yo block

In the club smokin trees, drinkin hennessey

Crack a scarp to the fullest is my strap, G

Ain't no need for gangsta deeds

Now put ya drinks in the air and throw a toast to me

Cause I'm off the red eye flight

Flyin for the ladies in the tights

Tell me what you like

Fast or slow? In my car or on dubs?

A straight fuckin while we buckin, baby

(CHORUS)

(Verse 2)

Now can't hang, got a space at the back of the club, low key

I did my thang in the car that's why I skip past the broad

Got my eyes on tight, I'm headed straight for a corner

Got my eyes on this freak with 10 suckas all upon her

The type that claim they fly and fresh

Yappin like hoes bout who got the best Rolex sweat

Drinchin all on my head and my shirt

It's time to shake my buzz, grab a skirt and go to work

Crack the dance floor wit me but don't hurt ya self

Nice at the summertime (Oh Yeah)

The tricks come to spend a lot

On these tricks off the knot

That's why they get with pockets ripped to they socks

Damn! These pretty hoes comin in flocks

Talkin about how many freaks I got

That's why, sometimes I go for a minute & shake the spot

It's either too damn crowded or hell-a-hot

(CHORUS)

(Verse 3)

Yeah, ho is Dolce & Gabanna, ya mama

In the six rebel

Big face, she wanna know how my hit tastes

Yeah, I remember these freaks by face

Or they nipples or they cheeks to the belly chains on they waist

Most of y'all easin' knuckles, Cartier belt buckles

Lookin for a nigga to hustle

Shit, I'm the next multi-million dollar black man

For all y'all ain't grizzlin' niggas

Take shake the sound stand

Quik gotta beat that'll cost a hundred grand

Party from LA, Terrio to Japan

If you in the sand, throw up, up ya hands

If you in the hood with the leather'n'wood

Let these hoes know 2-2-0 got the do-do

Find me on the net, dot com the text

VISA, Mastercard, American Express

(Chorus Till Fade)

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