

DC Talk

"Fightin' in the Club"

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(They fightin' in the club)

[Hook] I-20 (Titty Boi)] (Repeat 2x)
We thugged out (Thugged Out)
So clear the club out (Club Out)
Niggas get drugged out (Drugged Out)
They Say (They fightin' in the club)

[Verse 1: I-20]

Dealer bitch, recognize, I'm back up on my grind hoe
Niggas talkin' this and that and wonder what I signed
for
Oh, now you hatin' DTP, 'cause we got the game sold
Bottom line, you gotta problem, tell it to my 9, hoe
Fuck ya boy, hit somebody, swing until a nigga dead
Chingy make her chicken-head, tell that chick to give
me head
You can tie tonight dawg, Get em', peel em' roll on
Feezy where dem' hoes at? Titty all the dro' gone?
D my sister Shawwna man I hope Chi support her
And tell me niece, Carma, I would die for her father
I-20 is a street nigga, better recognize bitch
We ain't gotta go outside, we can do it in the filth

[Hook]

[Verse 2: Lil' Fate]

Now you can catch me in that D&D & see them boys
throwin' up they thumbs
North-North run this bitch, nigga where you from?
Southside, Eastside, Westside they replying
Boys throwin' signs bout to start a fuckin' riot
Bangin', niggas real gangstas in the M-Town
But I'm from the A so this the type of shit I been 'round
Nigga yeah fuck yall click, yall niggas wankstas
They got his ass beat with bottles, chairs and tables
Yeah!

[Hook]

[Verse 3: Titty Boi]

It's a chair over there and a bottle on the left
And nobody playin' fair every man for himself
When push come to shove, shove come to push
You against us, nah us against you
All of us carry tools, lil' schooled ya whole crew
Ya prolly gon' run
When the girls start screamin' "I thought I seen a gun"
They yellin' that "They fightin' in the club"
Yeah, got people doin' stunts
Got people blowin' blunts
Got people doing the ring
Got people with sense
You need to stay low til' you get out this building
First and everything, what about ya enemies?
Niggas swing pool-sticks, niggas throwin' pool-balls
Niggas throwin' bottles, niggas throw em' all
If I get locked up, I'ma get out tomorrow
THEY FIGHTIN' IN THE CLUB!
Yeah, with all our folks
All I bought, had to go waste 'cause all us fought
We used everything it was a all out war
What the fuck you think ya chicks call us for?
My good shirt and all got tore
Break it, pay for it? we all got dough
Hold them bustaz, buck em', bust em'
THEY FIGHTIN' IN THE CLUB!

[Hook]

[Verse 4: Chingy]

They fightin'..you fighting? then get out the spot
Ay black, creep out to the ride get ya shit out and
cocked
In fact, I'm posted by the bar like the hood-star that I
am
Don't make me up my piece and turn yo brain into
some jam, ya heard?
That nigga got a chair ya scurred? Bust his head with a
beer ya heard?
Why you runnin' over here, you scurred? Fuck them
blaze up that herb
Walnut Park and it's like you tinted and did I mention
DTP'll tear da club up, bitch nigga what's up?
Don't get FUCKED UP! But blow yo TRUCK UP!
Atlanta to St.Louis is they bangin' gangs or not
Yeah I bang a A.K. and it got a gang of shots
Don't get shot.....I'm from the block

[Hook]

