

Three 6 Mafia Feat. Kanye West & Project Pat "Side 2 Side"

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Yeah, this a dance song
For all my thugs in the club that don't dance
Just be in the back, arms folded, cap pulled down
Just scopin' everythang, you know what
I'm sayin' m sayin' it gangster? You goin' down
Keepin' it gangster! You goin' down
Three 6 Mafia, Kanye West, Project Pat, what!

I'm in the club posted up, got my arms folded
Blunt in my mouth and these haters I'm scopin'
I'm just twistin' my body from side 2 side
I'm just twistin' my body from side 2 side

I'm in the club posted up, got my arms folded
50 pull down and these haters I'm scopin'
I'm just twistin' my body from side 2 side
I'm just twistin' my body from side 2 side

Yeah, see ho I don't dance
In the city where I'm from I wear the pants
These bitches think they cool
I got the dick so I make the rules

I got a big ol' cock
I love a bitch with a big ol' bra
She love suckin' up cum
I think I'ma give her some

I'm from the south side of Chi, I'm in
the hood, show me love
Flickin' at the Grammys with the Michael
Jackson gloves
After show crazy probably thought I was on drugs
Kumon D glasses man I don't give a fuck

I'm on them rims by Mali, I'm cocky as
Ali
I'd told you motherfuckers I'd make
history for Ali
Thinkin' Naz was the twister here from side 2
side
Now I get on TV do whatever I decide

I'm in the club posted up, got my arms folded
Blunt in my mouth and these haters I'm scopin' 'em
I'm just twistin' 'em my body from side 2 side
I'm just twistin' 'em my body from side 2 side

I'm in the club posted up, got my arms folded
50 pull down and these haters I'm scopin' 'em
I'm just twistin' 'em my body from side 2 side
I'm just twistin' 'em my body from side 2 side

Twistin' 'em my body, movin' 'em to the music
Cool little party, don't you confuse it
We can get choosy, [incomprehensible]
Little cuz gotta a thing on him he'll use it

Hands cocked to the right and to the left though
Killers on blow, insane like a klepto
Maniac, project back, postin' 'em with my kinfolks
Ridin' 'em with the hood, north north to the world
folk

I thought you knew I was the man, the D-boy off the
chain
Go on walk up to a gal, tell her, 'Bitch,
I'm Rick James
With the diamonds in my ring and the gold front fangs
And ya know I'm hood rich, means I gotta little
change

With my thugs from the north 'cause I know they
got my back
And we lookin' 'em for some chickens that can work
it on the track
I'm just tryin' 'em to get a mill, I
ain't tryin' 'em to be a mack
Postin' 'em up in the club with a pocket full
o' crack

I'm in the club posted up, got my arms folded
Blunt in my mouth and these haters I'm scopin' 'em
I'm just twistin' 'em my body from side 2 side
I'm just twistin' 'em my body from side 2 side

I'm in the club posted up, got my arms folded
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