

Radney Foster

"Wyld In Da Club"

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f/ Ice Water Inc., Ultra

[Intro: P.C.]

Don't take it per-son-al.. it's only mu-sic
Holla at me.. yo! Yo!
Ice Water! Yo.. yo.

[P.C.]

Try me, P.C.'ll put a clip in a nigga
Fuck a hole, my bullets'll dig a ditch in a nigga
Listen, I've been reppin', only pack big weapons
One shot to the stomach, you missin' ya midsection
I'm off the wall, dog, I could off ya balls
Stick his ass to the rooftop, toss 'em off
Hit the Ave with the rooftop off the porch
I get money cuz it costs to floss, nigga you feelin' me?
And if not then fuck what you gotta deal with me
I've only been here for a minute but haters wanna get
rid of me
P.C. creep with at least three heats
And a shotgun stashed underneath the backseats

[Stumic]

Niggas actin' like you don't feel a draft
You seen ya man? Tell him I'ma kill his ass
And I don't, wanna talk I want a mill in cash
I come through 'tards shittin', lookin' ill in the past
Cuz it's the, Ice Water, don't get it confused
And one false move'll cause me to spit at you dudes
It's Stumic, motherfucker and I'm pickin' ya food
And ain't no one out you know that my niggas'll do you
Let's spit on 'em, rush these niggas
and crush several fuckin', will leave a dent out ya liver
Only kid in the hood with a mustard ninja
Heard you broke down good, well I fucked ya sister

[Chorus 2X: Stumic]

Eh yo we Wyld in Da Club, style in the club
This is for my niggas gettin' down in the club
At the bar throwin' down rounds in the club
Talk slick and get the four pound in ya mug

[Break: Polite singing]

Yo I keep my gun on me, what the fuck y'all want from me?

Y'all touch my property somebody gon' die, uh-huh

This ain't no joke, it's for real

My niggas they totin' they steel

All it takes a phone call and they ready to ride

Get ready to die

[Polite]

Eh yo the cards are dealt, the words are spoken

Nigga, welcome to the Hell, the gates is open (uh-huh)

Gatekeeper, first degree murder through the speaker

Who deep enough to flow with the reaper?

Stuck in the middle, I spit a little riddle

Leavin' niggas crippled, my niggas ball 'em like Kerry Kittles

You niggas makin' it hard, it's really kinda simple

If a nigga gotta pull it out I'm puttin' it in ya temple

[Ultra]

Official I do this, rude maneuver

I use the Rugers to keep the bullets movin' through ya

Weak anatomy, fuck the small talk and flattery

Ya power is weak, to beef you need much more batteries

Keep it genetic, or dead it, Ice Water Inc. we said it

Whoever so-called did it or said it, promote it and spread it

Fake it or front it, get ambushed and confronted

With slugs in ya head, back, chest and stomach

Niggas don't want it or ask for it, so we give it to 'em

Dead in the club and let them things spit and rip through 'em dead in the club

Is you gon' fuck around and be the nigga dead in the club?

(Yeah? Uh-huh..)

[Chorus 2X]

[Raekwon]

Egyptian look, gazelles on, L's lit, this how it's goin' down

Ski mask, Chanel shit, move like a terrorist click

Nineteen eighties babies, worldwide, ya girl on our dick

All you know is Rae look good, he hood

Envision the flips, I make money like them niggas who take money

Fresh out the can, Duran look, Astro van

The ill Castro, rap Son of Sam

More Rugers, more bow and arrows
Still no losers, forty five dollars ahead
Go at niggas shootin' lyrical leads
Stop absorbin, break shit, knock that gay shit out ya
head

[Chorus 2X]

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