

Busta Rhymes f/ Ozzy Osbourne

"Crash Da Club"

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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 inha-led 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 chairs

(*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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