

Slaughterhouse

"Park It Sideways"

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[Intro]

You know weâ€™™ re â€™bout that club life, thug life

Got this bitch bumping...

Pocket full of money (we rollinâ€™™)

Pocket full of money (we rollinâ€™™)

P-p-p-pocket full of money

You know weâ€™™ re â€™bout that club life, thug life

Got this bitch bumping like a bug bite, club life

Pocket full of money (we rollinâ€™™)

Pocket full of money (we rollinâ€™™)

P-p-p-pocket full of money

[Verse 1: Royce Da 5â€™™ 9â€™™]

Yâ€™™ all niggas fake as fuck

Lipstick on my collar, I couldnâ€™™ t make this up

I live in a real estate like itâ€™™ s housing

Life is grand, like a thousand

Stopless counting, my bitch is a walking fountain

I talk to bosses, you talk to bouncers

Every bad bitch you see in here is coming with us

So I suggest you...

[Verse 2: Joe Budden]

Get off of her, officer get rid of them cuffs

So many bitches 'round I donâ€™™ t even know what to

do with them

Head ainâ€™™ t even fun no more unless thereâ€™™ s two

of them

To tell the truth, I think beating it is easy

So when I say I poppin models, yâ€™™ all got reasons to

believe me

Keeping it breezy, just me and my Weekend CD

Wanna fly in for the week and you see me

Can tell I be beating it beastly cause look at how

weakened her knees be

With the dome trash, and she fuck me fast

Now she on stand-by, blame the buddy pass

[Hook]

You know weâ€™™ re â€™bout that club life, thug life

Got this bitch bumping like a bug bite, thug life

Pockets full of money (we rollinâ€™™)

P-p-pockets full of money (we rollinâ€™™)

P-p-pockets full of money

Park that motherfucker sideways

Park that motherfucker sideways (we rollinâ€™)
Park that motherfucker sideways
To let these niggas know youâ€™ re rolling in some
motherfucking shit
[Verse 3: Crooked I]
Like A.I. I cross over when Iâ€™ m near a mic
I stay fly even though I got a fear of heights
I aim steady when Iâ€™ m gunning with one of them
nines
And you ainâ€™ t ready for a hustler who hugging his
grind
My chain heavy, so heavy the medallion broke the main
levy
Now that motherfucker is flooded with diamonds
Like a broke nigga, I ainâ€™ t got nothing to lose
But Iâ€™ m rich in the club, the couch is under my
shoes
[Verse 4: Joell Ortiz]
And shawty mouth is under my ooo...
I canâ€™ t say that, radio donâ€™ t play that
Iâ€™ m so cool the sun gotta hate that
But it can never blind me, now where my raise at?
Yeah, boy, this is payback
Yâ€™ all was hating back in May, so I said â€œHeyâ€
and bought a Maybach
The roof gone, so I park it where the shade at
Leave it sideways and spin the wheel, no Sajak
[Hook]

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