

## Karaca Cem

### "Club Scene"

Visit "[Club Scene](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Intro:

You want lessons?

It's to get with it, we out nigga

Come on!

[Shyheim]

I came into the party with my fly Wu-Wear shit on  
Two hundred in, my teeth flex, gotta throw my hit on  
Movin through the crowd with my shines hangin out  
Hit the bar, for a Henney straight, no chaser  
Guzzle it down, honies crowdin around the Killa Bee  
Buy you a drink, you kidding? Love, you got to be  
Since you on my dick, won't you buy me a drink?  
Chewin my ear off, tellin me that she met me in the rink  
I don't get tricky, got too much G  
Got a degree in P.I.M.P-alogy, acknowledge me  
Not a playa, teach these niggas how to be, I'm ?  
Wallabeeneny?  
Thugs throw it up, everytime they see me  
I hollow back, "Where the bats at?"  
Baseball fitted hat, 7-1-8ths, New York Yanks'  
She was Miss Elliot Trace, from her shoes to her face  
with a body just like a Ferrari shape  
She asks me, "How you get that cut on your face"?  
That's when the DJ shouted out, "Shyheim's in the  
place"  
I was high off the notion and case  
It must have been her birthday cuz she was holdin mad  
cake  
Her man holdin no weight  
He low-budget, she told me we was fluckin  
We with two of her friends and three of her cousins  
We in the corner whinin, my whole team's shinin  
It's time to go when these fake rappers start rhymin  
For real son

Chorus:

You know the club scene, 7-40, I beam  
You know the club scene, big icy links and minks  
You know the club scene, fuck around and get shot  
You know the club scene, niggas spend all they got

You know the club scene, shorty, she lookin hot  
You know the club scene, niggas be on Bra'  
You know the club scene, you better tuck your watch  
You know the club scene, we flossin in the parkin lot

[Shyheim]

There's a party goin on, down the blizz-ock  
In this little hot box, but you might get shot  
Cuz there's a lot of Knuckleheadz, who'll be playin this club

A hole in the wall, I got my gun in, ain't searchin at all  
I watch you hand-to-hand niggas, that be tryin to ball  
With your little ghetto-fame, Tech to snatch your chain  
They used to call him Killa, now Got-Murdered his name

I smack Earth, Wind & Fire out lames  
Take money, thuggin ain't a thing  
I got my drink in my right hand, left hand in my pants  
I don't dance, just be loungin in my B-boy stance  
Respect my gangsta, move like an army at war  
Spit some Willy in the air, and we slid out the door  
About a quarter to 4:00, jumped in the 4x4, smooth like velour  
Say no more, every party I go to, I bring a bird home  
Call me Cabosa Indiana Jones

Chorus

[Shyheim]

I had this show O.T., at this venue called Ritz  
I was rockin the mic, when I noticed this bitch  
She was lickin her lips and her rubbin her tits  
I can tell that she stripped, I had to politic  
But she was with this achin bitch, Alienation bitch  
Throwin peanuts in my Jif, makin me sick  
Etcera, etcera, I'm liable to get rid of her  
I don't give a fuck  
Took her in the bathroom, picked her up in the tub  
I'm like a drug, I be stalkin the club  
Ladies beware, eighteen and above, what?  
I'm a heart-breaker, the mind-raper  
That don't spend no paper and don't like bitches that wear makeup

Visit [Karaca Cem](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.