

# Hard White (Up In the Club) [feat. Lil Jon]

## Yelawolf

Li'l Jon It's the boy Li'l Jon (Yeah!)  
Got my patna Yelawolf wit' me (Wassup Yela?)  
You know it's time to crank the club up  
Let's go!  
Yelawolf [Yelawolf - Verse 1]  
You ain't gotta lay down on your bed to know you already fucked up  
Lettin' me in the motherfuckin' game is lettin' me drunk-drivin' your truck  
When Yelawolf arrived in this club, already had five in my cup  
I done took another hit, I done ran into a bitch that's lookin' lifeless and stuck  
Baby, what's wrong wit' you now? What, you ain't happy wit' red bottoms?  
Mad 'cause I'm in VIP wit' a fuckin' Jack bottle?  
Wit' Tom, Dick, and Harry  
But I got up in this bitch wit' a tank top 'cause I spit so very darn quick and scary  
That's why they're so quick to compare me  
But fuck the critics wit' a spiked dick when it can fit barely  
They prob'ly think I'm a Limp Bizkit, their spit's jelly  
But I put 'em in the woods, I'm a redneck, I'm a hick, tell me  
Go ahead: What the fuck does it matter to me?  
'Cause after me, there'll only be wannabes, and mostly ain't never-gonna-bes  
Yeah, in this forest, I'm a lonely tree  
My limbs are covered in tattoos, and my roots, they run deep  
Two bottles, shawty, two bitches waitin'  
Two tens, that's a win-win situation  
Happy birthday, I'm feelin' brand new  
Drinks on me ... for me, not you  
Li'l Jon Up in the club  
Don't give a fuck  
Up in the club  
Don't give a fuck  
Up in the club  
Don't give a fuck  
Up in the club  
Yela Still don't give a fuck  
I don't know what to say after that first verse, I mean, like, damn, I just killed it  
What the fuck am I supposed to do with this cow? I done already milked it  
Smoke another cigarette, unfiltered, let go of anything that I'm feelin'  
They done broke me down so many times before that I'm no longer rappin', I'm buildin'  
Wit' one brick, two brick, three brick, four  
Underneath the steps of my single-wide door  
Raised by them dope boys, so I know how them things look  
Thanks for the recipe, rest in peace, Wayne Bush  
I don't cook my shit, I don't break it down for you motherfucker out there waitin' around

For some rap savior, you better look up at what it is that you facin' now  
'Cause Jesus drives a Harley, the devil wears Prada  
If God was one of us, he'd prob'ly drink vodka  
I still kick it at the party when I get rich  
'Cause rich or broke, I'm still as dope, the realest ain't as real as this  
Dead or alive, I'll put a stamp in this bitch  
You'll never see rock and roll do hip-hop like I did  
Two bottles, shawty, two bitches waitin'  
Two tens, that's a win-win situation  
Happy birthday, I'm feelin' brand new  
Drinks on me ... for me, not you  
Li'l Jon  
Up in the club  
Don't give a fuck  
Up in the club  
Don't give a fuck  
Up in the club  
Don't give a fuck  
Up in the club  
Still don't give a fuck  
Yeah (Y'all know we don't give a fuck)  
It's Ghatt-O-Vision (Yeah)  
Shady (Yeah)  
Still don't give a fuck (Nah)  
(Ya boy Li'l Jon)  
(We rep the South)  
Happy birthday, Alabama  
Up in the club  
Don't give a fuck  
(Up in the club)  
(Still don't give a fuck)  
(Up in the club)  
(Still don't give a fuck)  
I ain't in the buildin', I own the buildin', bitch!

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>