We In da Club

Bow Wow

Mustard on the beat ho We in the club shit's packed If it ain't Roset then we send that shit back Roll it up, we smoke back to back Don't act up in here homie you don't want that - ahh This the song for the real niggas Ay this the song for the real niggas Ay this the song for the real niggas Ay what it do, where you from, do your thang ahh Hermez belt cost \$650 If your girl look then your girl leave with me Niggas lookin', but they don't want no issues Cuz for the right price we can make your homies miss you Now I'm ballin', ballin' like a muh f*cka P-I-M-P and you just a hand cuffa Ferrari, drop top, rap - rap game got it in a head lock I keep 7 grams in a blunt Keep another shorty on the side just in case she front Keep my shades on, swagger alright Bitches be f*uckin' I ain't got all night What it do We in the club shit's packed If it ain't Roset then we sent that shit back Roll it up, we smoke back to back Don't act up in here homie you don't want that - ahh This the song for the real niggas Ay this the song for the real niggas Ay this the song for the real niggas Ay what it do, where you from, do your thang ahh Where my bad bitches, where they at Get behind that ass quarterback snap We in the club and my niggas don't know how to act White tees, Levi's and a snap back Niggas hatin' in the club, better stop that So much cash you'd a think a nigga sold crack Milli on my wrist got your girl on my dick Young Money Cash Money nigga we the shit Tell, tell the DJ bring it back one time Cuz the crowd go crazy when they hear the bassline They gon' bump it on the block, bang it in the street Hey you know it's a hit as long as Mustard's on the beat Now where we at

We in the club shit's packed
If it ain't Roset then we sent that shit back
Roll it up, we smoke back to back
Don't act up in here homie you don't want that - ahh

This the song for the real niggas

Ay this the song for the real niggas

Ay this the song for the real niggas

Ay what it do, where you from, do your thang ahh You a lame, you a lame, ain't nobody f*ckin' witchu you a lame You a lame, you a lame, ain't nobody f*ckin' witchu you a lame

> Where my bad bitches, where they at Get behind that ass quarterback snap Where my bad bitches, where they at Get behind that ass quarterback snap

> > We in the club shit's packed

If it ain't Roset then we sent that shit back

Roll it up, we smoke back to back

Don't act up in here homie you don't want that - ahh

This the song for the real niggas

Ay this the song for the real niggas

Ay this the song for the real niggas

Ay what it do, where you from, do your thang ahh

Yeah Yeah

Guess who's back

With YMCMB

Ay good lookin' big homie

Appreciate it

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

Lyrics provided by http://greatlyrics.net/