

When I Pull Up At The Club

Three 6 Mafia

When I Pull Up At The Club Lyrics

Does it real good

Does it real good

[Chorus: x2]

Now when I pull up at the club I'm lookin so clean

Seventy seven Cut Dog painted lime green

Today I'm married and my wife don't play

If ya want-if you want me to treat you ugly bitch you gotta pay

[DJ Paul]

Can it be Rolls that pull all these hoes

Or could it be my Cadillac wit 20-inch Vogues

Can it be my mansion in Memphis jacuzzi

Or could it be my crib in Florida on the beach

Can it be the ten million records that I sold

Or can it be the first one that ever go gold

Whatever it be like y'all jaw cause I don't stop

Continuously to make a ho draws drop, yeah

[Juicy J]

I used to always wonder why my girls have fits

When I walk up out the mall they be lookin at me pissed

Maybe just becuz I ball ridin eight or nine whips

And my name is Juicy J and I ain't payin no bitch

When I was broke as a joke they didn't wanna get wit me

Till I bought a Maybach now they all wanna lick me

Wit a Playboy mansion downtown in the city

And the hoes lined up like ninety centy pennies

[Chorus: x2]

[Paul Wall]

I got the candy drippin' stains off the frame when I'm switchin' lanes

I'm in the slab glass house swangin' grippin' grain

They tellin' me I'm the mane stangin' licks to make a gain

Livin' life in the fast lane gettin' money I can't complain

These boppers see me ridin' swangin' wanna taste the fame

But you gotta break that bread wit me baby I'm married to the game

I fell in love wit stackin' change I'm addicted to countin' cash

I ain't worried bout naan ho I ain't concerned wit naan ass
I'm bout that dollar get it right I'm not out here lookin' for a wife
I'm out here on that top flight on the grind all day and night
I'm a baller I'm a pimp I'm a thug and I'm a hustler
If you want some of this lovin' break bread girl you a customer

[Chorus: x2]

[Crunchy Blac]

See she's a freak ho let me tell you all a-bout it
I met her in the Valley and the valley ain't Cali
She tried to act shy but I knew she was bout it
Hotter than a summer day when it ain't cloudy
She say she want cheese but that's no doubt it
She just another ho I'ma hit then I'm out it
I'm just like Jody out the back door see
Hidin' my face cause her old man know me

[Chorus: x4]

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com

written by SLAYTON, PAUL MICHAEL/HOUSTON, JORDAN/BEAUREGARD, PAUL D./CARLTON,

DARNELL/PEARS, DONALD II

Lyrics Â© Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., BUG MUSIC

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>