

Park It Sideways

Slaughterhouse

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

[Intro]

You know were bout that club life, thug life

Got this bitch bumping...

Pocket full of money (we rollin)

Pocket full of money (we rollin)

P-p-p-pocket full of money

You know were bout that club life, thug life

Got this bitch bumping like a bug bite, club life

Pocket full of money (we rollin)

Pocket full of money (we rollin)

P-p-p-pocket full of money

[Verse 1: Royce Da 59]

Yall niggas fake as fuck

Lipstick on my collar, I couldnt make this up

I live in a real estate like its 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 dont even know what to do with them

Head aint even fun no more unless theres two of them

To tell the truth, I think beating it is easy

So when I say I poppin models, yall 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 were bout that club life, thug life
Got this bitch bumping like a bug bite, thug life
Pockets full of money (we rollin)
P-p-pockets full of money (we rollin)
P-p-pockets full of money
Park that motherfucker sideways
Park that motherfucker sideways (we rollin)
Park that motherfucker sideways
To let these niggas know youre rolling in some motherfucking shit

[Verse 3: Crooked I]

Like A.I. I cross over when Im near a mic
I stay fly even though I got a fear of heights
I aim steady when Im gunning with one of them nines
And you aint 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 aint got nothing to lose
But Im rich in the club, the couch is under my shoes

[Verse 4: Joell Ortiz]

And shawty mouth is under my ooo...
I cant say that, radio dont play that
Im so cool the sun gotta hate that
But it can never blind me, now where my raise at?
Yeah, boy, this is payback
Yall was hating back in May, so I said Hey 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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