# Outta Control (Remix)

## 50 Cent feat. Mobb Deep

It's the Infamous Mobb, M O B B
We can't be touched nigga can't you see?
(G-Unit)
You do you man 'cause me I'm 'gon do my thang
(You know I do my thang)
I'm a get my drink on and party like it's okay
Trust me man it's okay bounce with me in slow mo'
When they hear the kid in the house it's like oh no
50 got 'em locin' again, they open again
Got 'em sippin' on that juice and gin
You could find me in the background burnin' that backwood
Stylin' and stuntin' doin' my two step frontin'
Now I'm a tell you what Em told me homey
Just lose the parental discretion's advised this is grown folk music
Now blend in with me, as I proceed to break it down
It's always off the chain man when I'm around
I play the block bumpin', it was all for the dough
I get the club jumpin', 'cause I'm sick with flow
You know it's sold out, like wherever I go
I jam packed the show man that's fo' sho'
I got the info you already know
Man I get it poppin' in the club everybody show me love let's go
You know, I got what it takes
To make the club go outta control
Quit playin' turn the music up a little bit
Bounce with me now shorty let's get into it
You know, I got what it takes
To make the club go outta control
Quit playin' turn the music up a little bit
Bounce with me now homey let's get into it
You wanna search me than search me but hurry up 'cause I'm thirsty
I need that, grind in my system P, on my side twistin'
In club today for the chick to go both ways
Let me see that ID just for proof with the drink till the burn is gone
Hit the dance floor like a scene from soft porn
Before it pop, make me sign a disclaimer
Try to get me on some pop shit these chicks will frame you
But, in any event, keep fuckin' with 50 it make cents
Cents, into them dollars, the hoes wanna holla

But you lookin' at a nigga that done came from the squalla
Now my buddy so gone I can pop ya collar
Now follow same nothin let me see you swallow
In my crib got the co-ed back the new problem
In the club feed them liquor of the wise I'm starvin'
So much green gettin' twisted like Botanical Garden
Let's go
You know, I got what it takes
To make the club go outta control
Quit playin' turn the music up a little bit
Bounce with me now shorty let's get into it
You know, I got what it takes
To make the club go outta control
Quit playin' turn the music up a little bit
Bounce with me now homey let's get into it
You already know how it go I bang I shine
I play, I stay, I'm goin' for mine
I'm young, I'm black, I'm rich and yes
I'm ghetto than the motherfuckin' project steps
I'm cool I'm calm you lookin' real stressed
I'm strapped I'm armed kid hold your head
I'm known for Gat poppin', when I got problems
I don't run, I just gun you all up
But we ain't come here to start no drama
We just lookin' for our future baby mamas
With money with face with style and body
I cook I clean I swear that mami
Just as long as you don't go off and tell nobody
I go down low, I'm lyin', I'm tryin' my best to let you know
Sugar pop get at P, The Doc beat
Make it easy to get 'em in the bed sheets
You know, I got what it takes
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