Posted In The Club

Lil Scrappy

[Intro: Crunchy Black]
NOOOW... HANDS UP! (Hands up!) (Pop, pop!)
It's goin' down! (Hands up!) (Pop!)
Nigga time's mine! (Hands up!) (Pop, pop!)
G's up! (Hands up!) (Pop! Pop!)
Lil' Scrappy! (Hands up!) (Pop!)
Three 6... (Hands up!) Mafia! (Hands up!) (Pop!)
Mafia! (Hands up!) (Pop!)
It's going down! (Hands up!) (Pop!)
Are you a fake-ass nigga?
[Scrappy:] ('Ey! 'Ey! 'Ey! 'Ey! 'Ey! 'Ey!)

[Chorus 1: Lil' Scrappy]
You see I'm posted in the club - blunt in ma mouth! ('Ey! [x6])
If a nigga still buck, I'm a knock his ass out! ('Ey! [x6])
Posted in the club - talkin' to yo' girl ('Ey! [x6])
If a nigga wanna buck I'm a knock his ass out! ('Ey! [x6])

[Chorus 2: Lil' Scrappy]
'Eeeeey - bitch, what you gon' do? (Yoooo!)
If you wanna buck we can do it if you want too! (Ooooh!)
Hey bitch! (Ooooh!) - What you gon' do? ! (Yoooo!)
If you wanna buck we can do it if you want too! (Ooooh!)

[Bridge: Lil' Scrappy]
Push a nigga! (hoe! hoe!) - Slap a nigga! (hoe! hoe!)
Pussy nigga! (hoe! hoe!) - Hoe nigga! (hoe! hoe!)- Let's go nigga!

[Verse 1:]
[Juicy J:]
I drink liquor 5ths! - It's Juicy J, The pimp!
I tell ya baby momma she can suck a nigga dick!
Straight from the corna - the North is ma hood
I don rode on 4 flats and it's still all good.
Project Pat is outta jail and we 'bout to get dis mail
To you hataz tryna rap, quit playin' with ya selves!
Memphis, Tenn and ATL! - We gotta get dis cheese
And we count big bills, while deez hoes on dey knees, YEAH! (Black: Yeah! Yeah! Yeah!)
[Crunchy Black:]
Mad 'cause they see me smilin' grillin' in his hoe face

It ain't ma fault, you should her made her stay in the place!
She couldn't help it, I'm the king of dis area code (Yoooo!)
I been blowed, I got time balls, waitin' to explode, (YEAH!)
Fifteen years I'm a inspiration in dis game
You just gettin' dat car tomorrow, dat style about to change, mayne!
If you was real you'd recognize real
But bitch you blind to the signs (why?) get ya monkey ass killed!

[Chorus 1]

[Chorus 2]

[Bridge]

[Verse 2: Lil' Scrappy]
It's the young nigga known for bringin' da drama
Why I act crazy, yeah, I got it from my momma.
Walk in this bitch with nuttin' - but a razor (razor!)
I'm a slice the hell outta muthafuckin' hata
Get paper and - [?] nuttin' but hoes (hoe!)
If a nigga wanna throw I'm throwin' nuttin' but bows (bows!)
And what it is - you don't wanna go with' da legend (aaah!)
Beatin' niggas ass into the hell of heaven.
Whassup? - I'm drunk! - But I'm crunk in dis bitch ('Ey! [x6])
If you wanna throw bottles, I'm a stab you quick ('Ey! [x6])
Ay, back off for a minute for I step in it (in it!) ('Ey! [x6])
Nigga chill shawty ya boi ain't finish his sentence. (AAOHH!)
Don't get mad 'cause ya broads on ma dick (DICK!)
And she came ova (dick!) in ya damn favorite outfit (favorite outfit!) (whattup?)
Yeeaah! - Dolla signs all in the air (What? [x6])
And I don't give a fuck if you wanna take it there. (What? [x6])

[Chorus 1]

[Chorus 2]

[Bridge]

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