

# 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 lion, you a lion, ain't nobody f\*ckin' witchu you a lion  
You a lion, you a lion, ain't nobody f\*ckin' witchu you a lion  
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

Songwriters

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