Crash Da Club (remix)

Lil' Wyte

Ah yeah, Hypnotize Minds, wassup Lil' Wyte, featuring Juvenile
Crash the mothafuckin' club, the remix
And it's goin' down for you hoes like this
Multiple Memphis scares, outlining your insides wit' bars
Grippin' your nina hard, bitch my blood inhaled by heart
When the fuck you gon' start recognize that life is a game
And it's always the same them dice you rolling ain't 'bouta change
I'm snatchin' your chain, reimbursing you with some pain
It's all over mane, in which direction he makes a zane?
I ain't 'bout that fame, I'm 'bout the cheese and this 'bouta bring
So fuck your hoe name, with you my faith was lacking some things
I'm starting all over with composition sticky like doja
And I thought I told ya when I come through I'm crushing like boulders
I'm hard ta top, shoot at plenty I bet it's gon' knock it, whatever I drop
But even your beef can't touch what I got
You wildin' or not, if is so bring all your beef ta the spot
Hope you got your glock, I'm strapped with no hesitant ta pop
So back your words up and keep on choking out on that cock
You like it or not, it's everlasting, ain't 'bouta stop
We 'bouta crash da club, throw some chairs
Break, break, break, break, break something
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Aiyo, smoke something, choke something, get real nice
We ain't gon', fall on our face but we gon' be right
Look, police ain't around when I do my dirt
Becuz I map it all loud and then I put in work

You with them freaks, I be in the streets
Y'all be wearing them Bee's, I be wearing Ree's
Running wit' my g's from the U T P
This is where I'm gonna be until I D I E
Wodie, it's goin' down from the Easy Bay ta the West Bay
Where niggaz drank VSOP until they breath stank
Bitch gatta say something, err' time
They never handle they business but staying in line
Seeking you will find, the loaded up 9
Wanted at 'cha 'cuz it of fa' stealin' my mind
Juvenile and Three-6 thats a one of a kind
Tooken up yo golds, nigga, get ready ta blind
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I'm 'Bouta crash da club, break the law
Throw some chairs, crack your jaw
If it's killing season, ain't no reason, ain't no need ta stale
I'm the one put here ta absorb all this energy and pain
Non stop pop from the top of the clip in ya glock
I still don't feel you, mane
'Cause of that, ground the coke and now I'm puffin' a pound of dro
When I'm on that level and wit' my killaz you will be found on the flo'
I must confess, I ain't 'bout shit but if you think ta cross me, bitch
You'll end up stanky, walk the planky and empty out your pockets, bitch
Break da law, break your leg, crash da club and crack your neck
Wit' these issues that I'm facing daily I should tote a tec
Get respect that's no option, all the haters filled with toxin'
Walk right through the center of the crowd and pistols get ta flossin'
Causing problem, dodging bullets, soon as I corrupt the scene
Leaving damage, making havoc reaction fuckin' with me
Chair to your bizack go through my head when you ignite the flame

Lead to your bizack of your hizead before it hit your brain
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