

We In Da Club

Bow Wow

Buzzin on da 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 lame, you a lame, ain't nobody f*ckin' witchu you a lame

You a lame, you a lame, ain't nobody f*ckin' witchu you a lame

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

Lyrics provided by

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