

Park It Sideways

Slaughterhouse

[Intro] You know we're 'bout that club life, thug life

Got this bitch bumping...

Pocket full of money (we rollin?)

Pocket full of money (we rollin?)

P-p-p-pocket full of money

You know we're 'bout that club life, thug life

Got this bitch bumping like a bug bite, club life

Pocket full of money (we rollin?)

Pocket full of money (we rollin?)

P-p-p-pocket full of money

[Verse 1: Royce Da 5'9"] Y'all niggas fake as fuck

Lipstick on my collar, I couldn't make this up

I live in a real estate like it's housing

Life is grand, like a thousand

Stopless counting, my bitch is a walking fountain

I talk to bosses, you talk to bouncers

Every bad bitch you see in here is coming with us

So I suggest you...

[Verse 2: Joe Budden] Get off of her, officer get rid of them cuffs

So many bitches 'round I don't even know what to do with them

Head ain't even fun no more unless there's two of them

To tell the truth, I think beating it is easy

So when I say I poppin models, y'all got reasons to believe me

Keeping it breezy, just me and my Weekend CD

Wanna fly in for the week and you see me

Can tell I be beating it beastly cause look at how weakened her knees be

With the dome trash, and she fuck me fast

Now she on stand-by, blame the buddy pass

[Hook] You know we're 'bout that club life, thug life

Got this bitch bumping like a bug bite, thug life

Pockets full of money (we rollin?)

P-p-pockets full of money (we rollin?)

P-p-pockets full of money

Park that motherfucker sideways

Park that motherfucker sideways (we rollin?)

Park that motherfucker sideways

To let these niggas know you're rolling in some motherfucking shit

[Verse 3: Crooked I] Like A.I. I cross over when I'm near a mic

I stay fly even though I got a fear of heights
I aim steady when I'm gunning with one of them nines
And you ain't ready for a hustler who hugging his grind
My chain heavy, so heavy the medallion broke the main levy
Now that motherfucker is flooded with diamonds
Like a broke nigga, I ain't got nothing to lose
But I'm rich in the club, the couch is under my shoes
[Verse 4: Joell Ortiz] And shawty mouth is under my ooo...
I can't say that, radio don't play that
I'm so cool the sun gotta hate that
But it can never blind me, now where my raise at?
Yeah, boy, this is payback
Y'all was hating back in May, so I said 'Hey' and bought a Maybach
The roof gone, so I park it where the shade at
Leave it sideways and spin the wheel, no Sajak
[Hook]

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