## We Clubbin'

## **Chingy**

Yeah, G.I.B Get it boys

I don't know what y'all about to do
But I'm about to hit the streets with my crew

And keep clubbin'

Quit complainin' yeah dog you look cool Now pull out your chains and floss your jewels

And keep clubbin'

I pull up on gold shoes I walk in actin' fool Hell nah it ain't no rules

When we clubbin'

Head to toe everything I got in is new

Plus those you know we keep two

And we clubbin'

It's a mess up with these fake ballers in their place People comin' out 'cause they heard I'm comin' back like mase

Big body Benz plenty space, hundred dollar big face

Watch her lick our waist, when we clubbin'

Get it girls got it locked, get it boys in the spot

Take it off you gettin' hot, 'cause we clubbin'

In my pocket got 'em not representin' slot-a-lot

Dirty you can get shot, when we clubbin'

Abrah kadabrah then I appear in the back

Throwin' it up with all the high rollers that pop crack

My lemon has studs no they not that

You paid fifty homie go and get your money back

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Rich money got a bottle and he waitin' to trip

Ol' G posted with a blunt to his lip
Valdez on the floor two-steppin' with his
Boozie already out thurr startin' some shit
Get it boy gang, S.T.L. set
Phantom car keys, leather Gucci vest
V.I.P. then somethin' to eat
She leavin' with me then hotel suite
Play it like a G, pimpin' man I got to be
Five million really ain't a lot to me
Maybe pop your pee, move your elbow and drop your knee
And move your F.O.'s and drop your knee
And put wurr I can see, 'cuz we clubbin'
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Headed to the next stop in my rage rover Police pull me over, though they can't stop me from clubbin' Man you know I'm swervin' wild see your boy not sober But I got it I'm a soldier and I'm still clubbin' 50 cars followin' us. 10 chicks swallowin' us Four five hallows bust and when we clubbin' A big dog not a mutt, keep starin' hater what I'm about to get this locked up, fuck, we clubbin' Put your money wurr your mouth West cost to the east, mid-west to the south, out, they clubbin' 26's on the hummer, errday like it's summer Wait tripper take a number I'm still clubbin' I don't know what y'all about to do But I'm about to hit the streets with my crew And keep clubbin' Quit complainin' yeah dog you look cool Now pull out your chains and floss your jewels

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Head to toe everything I got in is new Plus those you know we keep two

And we clubbin'

Yeah, yeah

Keep clubbin'

Whoa, whoa

Keep clubbin'

Uh-huh, uh-huh

We clubbin'

Yes, yes

We clubbin'

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