

# Club On Lock (Feat. Matt Blaque & Laroo T.H.H.)

## E-40

[feat. Matt Blaque & Laroo T.H.H.][Hook: Matt Blaque]

Baby got the club on lock  
V.I.P. with the bottles getting popped  
That's what I like to see (drank-drank got the club on lock)  
Go lil mama go, go, go, go, go (drank-drank got the club on lock)  
Go lil mama go  
Shawty got it all turnt up  
Rocking with her girls looking good as fuck  
That's what I like to see (drank-drank got the club on lock)  
Go lil mama go, go, go, go, go (drank-drank got the club on lock)  
Go lil mama go[Verse 1: E-40]

Ooh!

She running her phone so she got the building on lock  
The other girls mad because she bad and they not  
I'm on her I'm at her I'm on the case immediately  
Try'na do some things you can see on regular TV  
Parental guidance rated X, not rated PG  
Take her to the double tree and spread her legs like a V-neck  
A couple of hours after we meet  
She had a tattoo on her coochie that read 'slippery when wet'  
I left a good taste in her mouth after I head  
Sat on the edge on the couch and smoked a spliff  
Felt hella guilty after I played her my bitch  
But at least it was worth it mane, her coochie was the shit[Hook: Matt Blaque][Verse 2: Laroo]

She got it

Lil mama got the club on lock, look  
Cameras follow her through the club she photogenic  
Them bitches rocking knock-offs but her bag authentic  
Club lock I unlock it the crowd shift  
The blood pre-roll yack guzzle I read lips  
She want a nigga with Rocky Mountains like Colorado  
Girl sexy as fuck the seven in the Tahoe  
Hard-hitter I teach em how to reverse count  
Club smashed street niggas with larger mouths  
She allergic to lames she wanna P  
And all my P partners know the terminology  
Look, operation pull that ass over black and white  
Gas bitches I'm on a petal, like a bike  
Yeah, yeah[Hook: Matt Blaque][Verse 3: E-40]

She got the club on lock  
Her booty pop pass so her natural and organic  
The thickest broad I ever seen the biggest butt on the planet  
I'm try'na stick it and ram it I wanna plug it and jam it  
A whole lot to handle but I think I can handle it  
She go to work every day, she got her own cake  
After the perfect push-up, she get me off like a shake way  
Go to City College, all about her cash  
Every Tuesday and Thursday she teach a pole-dancing class  
She got game, she from Cali  
All the ballers wanna be her baby daddy  
She ain't shame, she a freak  
She fucking up the leather on my seats  
Beatch! [Hook: Matt Blaque]

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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