

All In the Club (feat. Jessica Rabbit)

Messy Marv

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Chorus:

We all in the club drinkin that clear
Chuck, chucks on my feet rocks on my ear
Diamonds on my necklace candy on my cut
We tryna get high nigga we dont give a fuck
We all in the ckub drinkin that brown
Tell, tell the bartender that we need another round
Sevens on my hips Gucci on my face
All in the party make a fool of dem grapes Verse 1:

Coke white tee no Air Force Ones
Smelling like Chanel in the club wit a gun
Reppin my block nigga fresh for the mall
Shoot me the number Ill give you a call
Full of them grapes feeling so high
Its candy on my cutlass sitting outside
Im drinking that clear lookin for a bitch
That got a lil money man and suck a lil dick
Your boyfriend trippin tell him be boo
Live by the G-Code and play by the rules
Pills in my body rocks on my sleeves
Yeah him he can stay me and you we can leave Chorus:

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Coke white tee no Air Force Ones
Step on my shoes man Im running in your gums
Grill in my mouth Gucci on my body

These bitches so thick like they all do palates
Chuck, chucks on my feet hand on my heat
Doin that two step rockin to the beat
Clear in my glass but I dont spill it
Bought another round and I still cant feel it
Set my drank down bitch what it is
I just wanna fuck I dont wanna meet your kids
Pills in my body rocks on my sleeves
Yeah him he can stay me and you we can leave

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We all in the club (all in the club)
Im so motherfuckin high
What you say my name is?
I mean shawty what your name is?
Damn Im rollin bitch (rollin bitch)
Why you actin like that?

If a nigga pulled his dick out would you know who he is?

Ah you dont know me now huh! Trick yaChorus:

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