

Drunk In Da Club

LEL Brothas

Get buzzed in da club
Get Crunk in da club
L â€“ E -L
Drunk in da club

Shake yo junk in da club
Jump a punk in da club
L â€“ E -L
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Feeling kinda funny got tingle in my tummy
Got a shawty on lock gotta get her to the tele
Shawty work it right work it tight you know that I saw it
Tryin to spit game but here comes the vomit

Trippin on the floor, so I drank some more
Tryin to get my head right while she slipping down the pole
Im swerving and swaying still coped a chick
She say she like my style lets bounce quick and dip

I roll up in to the club you know I get my drank on
Got my Crunk cup wit the brand new bape on
Thatâ€™s how we do it, you never knew it
LEL Brothas and we Damn ran through it

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Woke up the next night and styl got beer breath
Double shots of Hennessey the recipe for death man
I musta been on my game
Got a girl next to me an I dont even know her name

Jump up in da car gotta hit up the club
Aint drank all day n now I gotta catch up

Clone: hey yo LBC, U aiight man?
LBC: (mumble) (mumble)

Yo homey I aint even gon lie im drunk,
I got 2 full beers but had 44 cups homie,
Mixing drinks all night, did it good, did it right,
Started up a bar fight, ima sleep good tonight.

When I walk up in the club, ppl showing me love,
Not wit waves or a hug bur a bottle of bub,
Dancin on da floor freaks is always getting busy,
But the fizzy in my cup, maka me so dizzy.

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I got crunk in da club, I got drunk in da club
Homie tried to front, jumped a punk in da club
I got love in da club, shot a dove in da club
Shawtys always shake it for a dub in da club

By now, it's a half past 3
Trying to bounce out wit the beezle next to me
The MC shouted out "hey DJ Clone"
Gave the stage and the microphone, I said

Now if your drunk then get yo cups up
LEL Nation & we living it up
Get it up, get it up, put yo cups in the sky
This is how we do it over on the Westside

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So now im headed home, you know im riding dirty
This beezle freaking out, bout to do a buck 30
You know I got the lotus wit the butterfly doors
Drop it down a gear, chirping past the 5-0â€™s

chicas in the pass seat, drvin me insane
bumpin on my music and she hollarin my name
Take this chicken to the door fondling the keys
Can you get that thang open, beezle please

So then I called a cab and I sent her ass home
Thank you come again, my name is DJ Clone
Woke up in the bushes wit a bottle of hen
Jumped in da whip jus to do it again

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Lyrics submitted by dj.

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