

Club Gettin' Crowded

Chingy Featuring Three 6 Mafia

Uh huh (We came to bust heads)

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This is the official (the official)

Get yo ass knocked out music (get yo ass knocked the fuck out!)

For bein' a non-hood affiliate nigga

GIB

ACP

Get it boys, hypnotize minds (what?)

Hypnotize minds, you know how its goin' down

We comin' dirty we comin' dirty

[Chorus]

The club gettin' crowded, throw up yo set and shout it

You talk but you ain't 'bout it

Nigga huh, nigga huh

We off that juice and Hen', I snuck that burna in

We're set trippin'

Nigga what, nigga what

I crept in the spot with a chrome strap

Haters that trip get blown back

We off that hash and cognac

Head bussin' we on that

Wanna freak out better pull that ho

Take her to the bar and full that ho

Get her in the bathroom, get some head

I'm a playa ain't know?

Cowards know me so they starin'

Trippin' off the jewels I'm wearin'

My nigga I pack stern

Police in herr, we ain't carrin'

Pussy don't pump in blood

Real niggas always show me love

Fake niggas keep yo caps and hugs

Real niggas got them gats and slugs

If you want, you can get it

Put a couple, in yo fitted
We ain't never scared trick
Tell 'em GIB did it
Dragged that punk up out this place for putting his fingers in my face
I almost caught a fuckin' case
(You cool dirty?) Yeah I'm straight

[Chorus: x2]

Yeah, what!
Now I ain't even worried bout you, haters
Three 6 Mafia fakers
You talk like commentators
You fiction like Terminator
My nation eliminata
Under, estimator
Stomp 'em to the pavement with some Air Force One gators (Bitch!)
I pay 'em no mind, I show 'em my nine
I slap 'em, a couple a times and any a mine
I promise, he be aight he jus' needed some wakin' up
And I guess he thought, ACP and GIB was bluffin' (Yeah!)

You got some pimps off in dis buildin'
Smokin' with yo children
In the back of the club, with my thugs syrup sippin'
What's up with yo bitch, suckin' dick and she givin'
Credit cards to G's with keys for dis pimpin'
They see the D-Boys shinin' grindin' then they get this feelin'
Don't hate on me or play with me
These Mafia boys be killin'
They call my Juicy J, I got that SK that be drillin'
You fuck with me you might get hit
I'm known for dome peelin'

[Chorus: x2]

(Ride out niggas!)
Dammit Memphis on the scene
They sippin' syrup and ridin' clean
On the block we by some beams
These stacks is bulgin' out my jeans
You know these hoes be on my nuts
Take in the rims on the truck
Schemin' tryin' to take my bucks
Yeah bitch I know whats up

Ching-a-ling and Three 6
You got bricks? We flip
Don't come sideways tryin' to playa hustle, we hip
Two clips one glock, leave ya flat from one shot
Cats playin' the role of Makeveli, its only one Pac
Come equipped or don't come
Show up homie, don't run
Best believe we won't run
After the party get ya guns
Ain't no parking lot pimpin'
Only parking lot poppin'
Man what will stand down ho?
You herrd them K's choppin'

[Chorus: x2]

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