

# When I Pull Up At the Club

## Three 6 Mafia

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Does it real good  
Does it real good Now when I pull up at the club I'm lookin' so clean  
Se-se-seventy-seven cut, dog painted lime green  
T-t-today I'm married and my wife don't play  
If you want me to treat you ugly bitch you gotta pay Now when I pull up at the club I'm lookin' so clean  
Se-se-seventy seven cut, dog painted lime green  
T-t-today I'm married and my wife don't play  
If you want me to treat you ugly bitch you gotta pay Can it be my Rolls that pull all these hoes?  
Or could it be my Cadillac wit 20-inch rolls?  
Can it be my mansion in Memphis jacuzzi?  
Or could it be my crib in Florida on the beach? Can it be the ten million records that I sold?  
Or can it be the first one that ever went gold?  
Whatever it be like y'all jaw 'cause I don't stop  
Continuously to make the hoe drawers drop, yeah I used to always wonder why my girls have fits  
When I walk up out the mall they be lookin' at me pissed  
Maybe just becuz I ball ridin' eight or nine whips  
And my name is Juicy J and I ain't payin' no bitch When I was broke as a joke they didn't wanna get wit me  
Till I bought a Maybach now they all wanna lick me  
Wit a Playboy mansion downtown in the city  
And the hoes lined up like ninety centy pennies Now when I pull up at the club I'm lookin' so clean  
Se-se-seventy seven cut, dog painted lime green  
T-t-today I'm married and my wife don't play  
If you want me to treat you ugly bitch you gotta pay Now when I pull up at the club I'm lookin' so clean  
Se-se-seventy seven cut, dog painted lime green  
T-t-today I'm married and my wife don't play  
If you want me to treat you ugly bitch you gotta pay I got the candy drippin' stains off the frame when I'm  
switchin' lanes  
I'm in the slab glass house swangin' grippin' grain  
They tellin' me I'm the mane stangin' licks to make a gain  
Livin' life in the fast lane gettin' money I can't complain These boppers see me ridin' swangin' wanna taste the  
fame  
But you gotta break that bread wit me baby I'm married to the game

I fell in love wit stackin' change I'm addicted to countin' cash  
I ain't worried about naan ho I ain't concerned wit naan ass I'm 'bout that dollar get it right I'm not out here  
lookin' for a wife  
I'm out here on that top flight on the grind all day and night  
I'm a baller, I'm a pimp, I'm a thug and I'm a hustler  
If you want some of this lovin' break bread girl you a customer Now when I pull up at the club I'm lookin' so  
clean  
Se-se-seventy seven cut, dog painted lime green  
T-t-today I'm married and my wife don't play  
If you want me to treat you ugly bitch you gotta pay Now when I pull up at the club I'm lookin' so clean  
Se-se-seventy seven cut, dog painted lime green  
T-t-today I'm married and my wife don't play  
If you want me to treat you ugly bitch you gotta pay See she's a freak ho let me tell you all about it  
I met her in a valley and the valley ain't Cali  
She tried to act shy but I knew she was bout it  
Hotter than a summer day when it ain't cloudy She say she want cheese but that's no doubt it  
She just another ho I'ma hit then I'm out it  
I'm just like Jody out the back door see  
Hidin' my face 'cause her old man know me Now when I pull up at the club I'm lookin' so clean  
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T-t-today I'm married and my wife don't play  
If you want me to treat you ugly bitch you gotta pay Does it real good  
Does it real good  
Does it real good  
Does it real good

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