

# In Da Club

## Lil' Keke

Ha, Blue Boyz on the rise ha  
Blue Boyz on the rise ha  
Blue Boyz on the rise, with a mission to see - 2x

[Killa Kal]

I know you see me at the do', I'm in a Coupe on dubs  
You in the lot, trying to pop it your hoop on hubs  
You and your group at the club, trying to shoot your slugs  
You think a nigga won't box you, or shoot your mug

I just came here to party baby, drank and roam blocks  
Get a thicky thick chick, and get a quick dome shot  
Got a sick chrome glock, and it cough at niggaz  
I came here to fuck with women, I talk to niggaz

I'm here often nigga (doing what), buying the bar  
Getting crunk with my click, might be eyeing a star  
I see white eyeing a bar, while I sip my Belve  
Walked over (grabbed her hand), and with her lips she tells me

(get thoed) hell yeah boo, I'm one of the ones  
So I pull her close to me, hands under her buns  
But it's one thing about her, I just got to know  
If she cutting tonight shorty, then I got to go

[Hook: x 2]

This for them ballas in the back of the club  
Niggaz that don't know, how to act in the club  
And them 600's, and the them 'Lacs at the club  
Stay iced up, looking good in the club  
Get fucked up, chunk up your hood in the club

[Sir Daily]

Now Daily pull up to the spot, at 12 o'clock on the dot  
Looking for a chickenhead, bopper to bop  
Twenty inches spinning slow, as I crawl in the lot  
Gold diggers flag me down, trying to get me to stop

But oh no, a nigga recognized disguise  
I looked past that thick ass, and them big ol' thighs

I'm A G, I peep game constantly  
So tell me what the fuck, do you want from me

I'm at the bar, taking shots to the head  
Trying to find a yellow bone, that give shots to the head  
I see a fine looking dime, and she rocking some red  
Spit a line and she mine, while she drop in my bed

It's guaranteed, to put a young bitch on her knees  
Blue Boyz on the rise, with a mission to see  
Slim Thug or Sir Daily, and my nigga Kyleon  
We party all night, till six in the morn' ha

[Hook: x 2]

[Slim Thug]

I'm V.I.P., in the back of the club  
Slim Thee, they call me the best dressed thug  
Your misses trying to get a Boss, kisses and hugs  
But your misses get nothing, but diss and mugs

I don't give dick to chicks, that give it up to scrubs  
Trying to find the finest bitch, up in the club  
Make her up that thing, get in her ear  
And fill her up, with game

Ten times out of ten, I'ma cut that thang  
Got the broad giving up the brain, like it ain't nothing mayn  
I'm a P-I-M-P, simple to me  
And talk hoes out they clothes, so easily

I rock platinum rings, platinum piece and platinum car  
And I'm bout to be, a platinum star  
V.I.P. by the bar, is where you'll see me staying  
With the Roley on my wrist, and the Crys in hand man

[Hook: x 2]

(\*scratching\*)

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