

Outta Control (feat. 50 Cent)

Mobb Deep

It's the infamous Mobb, M-O-B-B

(Ha ha)

We can't be touched nigga, can't you see?

(G-Unit) You do you man cause me I'm 'gon do my thang

(You know I do my thang)

I'ma get my drink on and party like it's ok Trust me man it's ok bounce with me in slow mo

When they hear the kid in the house they like, "Oh no"

50 got 'em locin' again, they open again

Got 'em sippin' on that juice and gin You could find me in the background burnin' that backwood

Stylin' and stuntin' doin' my two step frontin'

Now I'ma tell you what them told me homey

Just lose the parental discretion's advised this is grown folk music Now blend in with me, as I proceed to break it
down

It's always off the chain man when I'm around

I play the block bumpin', it was all for the dough

I get the club jumpin', cause I'm sick with the flow You know it's sold out, like wherever I go

I jam packed the show man that's fo' sho'

I got the info you already know

Man I get it poppin' in the club everybody show me love let's go You, know, I, got

What it takes to make the club go outta control

Quit playin', turn the music up a little bit

Bounce with me now shorty let's get into it You, know, I, got

What it takes to make the club go outta control

Quit playin', turn the music up a little bit

Bounce with me now homey let's get into it You wanna search me then search me but hurry up cause I'm thirsty

I need that, brown in my system P, on my side twistin'

In club do things for the chick that go both ways

Let me see that ID just for proof With the drink till the burn is gone

Hit the dance floor like a scene from soft porn

Before it pop, make me sign a disclaimer

Try to get me on some pop shit these chicks will frame ya But, in any event, keep fuckin' with 50 it make cents

Cents, into them dollars, the hoes wanna holla

But you lookin' at a nigga that done came from the squalla

Now my buddy so gone I can pop ya collar Now follow say nothin' let me see you swallow

In my crib got the co-ed back the new problem

In the club feed them liquor of the wise we starvin'

So much green gettin' twisted like Botanical Garden, let's go You, know, I, got

What it takes to make the club go outta control

Quit playin', turn the music up a little bit

Bounce with me now shorty let's get into it You, know, I, got
What it takes to make the club go outta control
Quit playin', turn the music up a little bit
Bounce with me now homey let's get into it You already know how it go, I bang I shine
I play I stay I'm goin' for mines
I'm young I'm black I'm rich and yes
I'm ghetto than the motherfuckin' project steps I'm cool I'm calm you lookin' real stressed
I'm strapped I'm armed kid hold your head
I'm known for Gat poppin', when I got problems
I don't run, I just gun you all up But we ain't come here to start no drama
We just lookin' for our future baby mamas
With money with face with style and body
I cook I clean I swear that mami Just as long as you don't go off and tell nobody
I go down low, I'm lyin' I'm tryin' my best to let you know
Sugar pop get at P The Doc beat
Make it easy to get 'em in the bed sheets You, know, I, got
What it takes to make the club go outta control
Quit playin', turn the music up a little bit
Bounce with me now shorty let's get into it You, know, I, got
What it takes to make the club go outta control
Quit playin' turn the music up a little bit
Bounce with me now homey let's get into it

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>