

When I Pull Up At The Club (Ft

Three 6 Mafia

When I Pull Up At The Club Lyrics
Does it real good
Does it real good[Chorus: x2]
Now when I pull up at the club I'm lookin so clean
Seventy seven Cut Dog painted lime green
Today I'm married and my wife don't play
If ya want-if you want me to treat you ugly bitch you gotta pay[DJ Paul]
Can it be Rolls that pull all these hoes
Or could it be my Cadillac wit 20-inch Vogues
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 go gold
Whatever it be like y'all jaw cause I don't stop
Continuously to make a ho draws drop, yeah[Juicy J]
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[Chorus: x2][Paul Wall]
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 bout 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[Chorus: x2][Crunchy Blac]
See she's a freak ho let me tell you all a-bout it
I met her in the 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[Chorus: x4]

Songwriters

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