

Fuck Up the Club

DJ Khaled

Yeah! This that '63 AMG Ghost music
It's that Ace of Spade, girl and it's toast music
Nigga let's toast to it
DJ Khaled!

We just gon' f**k up the club, baby, f**k up the club, baby
We just gon' f**k up the club, baby, f**k up the club, baby
We just gon' f**k up the club, baby, f**k up the club, baby
And you better bring your whole crew
We just gon' f**k up the club, baby, f**k up the club, baby
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Yes any time you want to

Boss
305 on my plates, a nigga still sellin' weight
Still tippin' them scales, I'm Ross, fit in the Wraith
They want too much for the taxes, I got my money in walls
I got all the bitches, nigga I got all the sauce
No reason I should lose, the leaders of the new
Got on a couple chains, toy bands and tennis shoes
Got on my Vacheron, Belaire, my bottles come
Talkin' menage a trois, shawty let's have some fun
Bellas at Wimbledon, hell of a gentleman
There is no bigger boss, sip slow, this cinnamon
I'm talkin' numbers, nigga, I've never fumbled, nigga
Standin' on a ball ballin' and I do it when I want it, nigga

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4hunnid!
4hunnid, hunnid!
Young nigga, young nigga, got a gun, right nigga
Painted all the rivers red, this blood shit stuck with him
Hustle hard, hustle hard, bad bitches, f**k 'em all
Businessman, businessman, always tryna cut the costs
That's photos, that's more dough
Maybachs for everybody, nigga, squad goals
Flex on 'em, they're like, "Uh oh!"
Entourage, entourage, pullin' up in four 4-doors
West coast, that's my shit, 4hunnid, that's my clique
Last nigga that beat the pussy up, well, um, that's my bitch
I don't give no f**ks, I don't give no f**ks
40 bands, just blew in the club, oh well, nigga, so what?

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Aces comin' by the 12 pack, young nigga in a Hellcat
GPS on the pack, tell the plug they can mail that
Tell the plug they can mail that, young nigga, I'ma sell that
Mouth closed, I'll never talk, won't say a word and went to jail that
Sauce drippin', I'll f**k 'em up
40 on me 'til I cough it up
Big Gotti, I'm bossin' up
If it's not a hunnid it don't cost enough
Tearin' clubs up like Three Six
I be tearin' plugs up, that's that street shit
I be f**kin' boss bitches, they don't need shit
Tell me, where my boss bitches who don't need shit?
Yeah, these diamonds, not rhinestones
Trap jumpin', yeah the line long
All this money, got my mag on
All this money, got my mag on

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