

# We In Da Club

**Bow Wow**

Mustard on the beat ho

We in the club; shit's packed  
If it ain't Rosé then we send that shit back  
Roll it up, we smoke back to back  
Don't act up in here homie you don't want that - ahh  
This the song for the real niggas  
Ay this the song for the real niggas  
Ay this the song for the real niggas  
Ay what it do, where you from, do your thang ahh

Hermès belt cost \$650  
If your girl look then your girl leave with me  
Niggas lookin', but they don't want no issues  
Cause for the right price we can make your homies miss you  
Now I'm ballin', ballin' like a muhfucka  
P-I-M-P and you just a hand cuffer  
Ferrari, drop top  
Rap - rap game got it in a head lock  
I keep 7 grams in a blunt  
Keep another shorty on the side just in case she front  
Keep my shades on, swagger alright  
Bitch, is we fucking? I ain't got all night  
What it do

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Where my bad bitches, where they at  
Get behind that ass quarterback snap  
We in the club and my niggas don't know how to act  
White tees, Levi's and a snap back  
Niggas hatin' in the club, better stop that  
So much cash you'd a think a nigga sold crack  
Milli on my wrist got your girl on my dick  
Young Money Cash Money nigga we the shit  
Tell, tell the DJ bring it back one time  
Cause the crowd go crazy when they hear the bassline  
They gon' bump it on the block, bang it in the street  
Hey you know it's a hit as long as Mustard's on the beat  
Now where we at

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You a lame, you a lame, ain't nobody fucking with you, you a lame  
You a lame, you a lame, ain't nobody fucking with you, you a lame

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