

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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