

Club Gettin' Crowded

Chingy

Uh huh (We came to bust heads) x3

This is the official (the official)...
get yo ass knocked out music (get yo ass knocked the fuck out!)
for bein a non-hood affliate nigga

GIB...ACP

Get it boys, hypnotize minds (what?)
...hypnotize minds, you know how its goin' down
We comin' dirrty...we comin' dirrty

[Chorus]
The club gettin' crowded, throw up yo set and shout it
You talk but you ain't 'bout it
Nigga huh, nigga huh
We off that juice and Hen', I snuck that burna in
We're set trippin'
nigga what, nigga what

[Verse 1: Chingy]
I crept in the spot with a tom strap
Haters that trip get blown back
We off that hash and cogniac
Head bussin' we on dat
Wanna freak out better pull dat ho
Take her to da bar and full dat ho
Get her in da bathroom, get some head
I'm a playa--yain't know?
Cowards know me so they starin'
Trippin' off the jewels I'm wearin'
My nigga I pack stern
Police in herr, we ain't carrin'
Pussie don't pump in blood
Real niggas always show me love
Fake niggas keep yo caps and ??
Real niggas got dem gats and slugs
If you want, you can get it
Put a couple, in yo fitted
We ain't never scared trick
Tell 'em GIB did it
Dragged dat punk up out this place for putting his fingas in my face
I almost caught a fuckin' case
(You cool dirrty?) Yeah I'm straight

[Chorus]

[Verse 2: Three 6 Mafia]
Yeah...what!
Now I ain't even worried bout you...haters
Three 6 Mafia fakers
You talk like commen...taters
You fiction like Terminator
My nation eliminata
Under...estimator
Stomp 'em to the pavement with some Air Force One gators (Bitch!)
I pay 'em no mind, I show 'em my nine

I slap 'em...a couple a times and any a mine
I promise...he be aight he jus' needed some wakin' up
And I guess he thought, ACP and GIB was bluffin' (Yeah!)

You got some pimps off in dis buildin'
Smokin' with yo children
In da back of da club, with my thugs syrrup sippin'
What's up with yo bitch, suckin' dick and she givin'
Credit cards to G's with keys for dis pimpin'
They see the D-Boys shinin' grindin' then they get this feelin'
Don't hate on me or play with me
These Mafia boys be killin'
They call my Juicy J, I got dat SK that be drillin'
You fuck with me you might get hit
I'm known for dome peelin'

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Chingy]
(Ride out niggas!)
Dammit Memphis on da scene
They sippin' syrrup and ridin' clean
On da block we buy (some beans)??
These stacks is bulgin' out my jeans
You know these hoes be on my nuts
Take in the rims on da truck
Schemin' tryin' to take my bucks
Yeah bitch I know whats up
Ching-a-ling and Three 6
You got bricks? We flip
Don't come sideways tryin' to playa hustle, we hip
Two clips one glock, leave ya flat from one shot
Cats playin' the role of Makevel, its only one Pac
Come equipped or don't come
Show up homie, don't run
Best believe we won't run
After da party get ya guns
Ain't no parking lot pimpin'
Only parking lot poppin'
Man what will stand down ho????
(brllrrllaaa!)
You herrd dem Ks choppin'

[Chorus]