

# 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 Makeveli, 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]