

50 Cent, Get Out The Club

[50 Cent-talking over beat]

It's gangsta nigga
It's too gangsta nigga
I keep it gangsta nigga
Wha wha
It's gangsta nigga
It's too gangsta nigga
I keep it gangsta nigga
Wha

[50 Cent]

Get out the club BITCH
Niggas tryin to holla at you
We want parlay wit you
You won't show us no love BITCH
Never thought you'd be on that loser shit
You on some movie shit
Get out the club BITCH
Niggas tryin to holla at you
We wanna parlay wit you

[50 Cent]

I hate when bitches act like they too good for a nigga (yea)
Like they anit grow up in the same hood wit a nigga
In the club givin niggas the wrong numbers and wrong names
Bitch why don't you take ya ass home and quit playin games
They on that pretty shit (what) that high saditty shit (yea)
They want me to trick, I ain't P. Diddy BITCH (woo)
I'm gone show em now
I'm gone show em how (show em how)
How we break it down
This is how it's goin down
Them bitches think pussy precious
Them niggas they wanna test us
Got beef so we be wearin vest-es
Look I don't give a fuck nigga
Bitch I aint buyin no pussy
Nigga you'll die if you push me
Nigga you know I'm holy
Bitch picture me rollin
Hooker probably for paper, cause pussy come wit it
I aint joking, pistol smoking, any nigga can get it
While I'm ballin she by my side wit me
But if some shit jump off she aint gone ride wit me
Get out the club bitch

[Chorus]

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[50 Cent]

My whole team gettin dough bitch
On the low bitch, friends'll kick a nigga do' down fo sho bitch
Shorty we aint trippin, niggas just wanna dance wit cha

I mean damn wont you give a nigga a chance wit you
On that pre-Madonna shit, that Dolce & Gabbana shit
Bet I can teach ya about Gucci, Fendi, and Prada bitch
I met cha in the parkin lot, shit woulda been diffrent then
You fix ya make-up, so much chrome on my Mercedes Benz
I take ya to see Beth in Jersey, but you aint worthy
Thats where we buy the ice at the right price
Bitch you think you high class, you aint worth a third of a nigga
Ya man is gangsta, but we aint never heard of the nigga
Shit hit the fan, we fuck around and murdered a nigga
Tell a punk to play his position and turn up missin
Fuck around, his body get found, cut up in the kitchen
I aint playin wit you bitch you better listen

[Chorus]

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[50 Cent]

This a low rider here bitch, in L.A. they show me love
Niggas be under palm trees twistin Cali bud
Call a Crip "Cuz", call a Blood "Dawg"
I aint bangin so I holla like "Wat up yall?"
Bitches know I be buggin when they don't show me no lovin
I aint gotta say nuttin, niggas know I be thuggin
When ever I'm around motherfuckas stop joke-in
They know how I get down, I be motherfuckin Loc-in
Shorty she like Bussa-Bus, she love Nas
She like when L lick his lips, the bitch love stars
After the club, Ima have her in the hot tub
Her and her girlfriend gone show me some puppy love

[Chorus]

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[50 Cent talking over beat]

2000 shit motherfucker you know how this shit goin down
This is my shit, from now on this is my shit
Nigga can't eat, nigga can't sleep, nigga can't do shit
Unless I say he can nigga
Nigga come 15 niggas, 10 knives I'll leave wit 4 stiches
Nigga thats not assault, thats a insult
You and every motherfucka that roll wit you

You bitch ass nigga I'ma see you

Nigga is sweet like candy
I can get cha now or later
You fucked up, shoulda murdered me playa
Nigga is sweet like candy
I don't care how much you pray
Nigga I don't care how much you paid
And you sweet like candy
I can get you now or later, later, playa