

# 50 Cent, In Da Club (Edited Version)

(Intro)

Go shorty, it's your birthday  
We gon' party like it's your birthday  
We gon' sip on Bacardi like it's your birthday  
And you know we don't give a [...], it's not your birthday

(Chorus X 2)

Find me in da club, bottle full of bub  
Ma, I got what you need if you need to feel a buzz  
I'm into having sex, I ain't into makin' love  
So come give me a hug, if you into gettin' rubbed

(Verse 1)

When I pull up out front, you see the Benz on dubs  
When I roll 20-deep, it's always drama in da club  
Now that I roll with Dre, everybody show me love  
When you sell like Eminem, you get plenty of groupie love  
But homie ain't nothin' changed, bro's down, G's up  
I see Xzibit in the cut, "Hey man, roll them trees up"  
Watch how I move, you'll mistake me for a playa or pimp  
Been hit with a few shells, but I don't walk with a limp  
In the hood and the ladies saying, "50, you hot"  
They like me, I want 'em to love me like they love 'Pac  
But holla in New York, fo sho, to tell you I'm loco  
The plan is to put the rap game in a chokehold  
I'm fully focused man, my money on my mind  
Got a mill' out the deal, and I'm still on the grind  
Now shorty says she feelin' my style, she feelin' my flow  
Her girlfriend with her, they bi, and they ready to go

(Chorus X 2)

(Bridge)

My flow, my show, brought me the dough  
That bought me all my fancy things  
My crib, my car, my jewels, my crews  
Look homie, I done came up and I ain't changed

(Verse 2)

And you should love it, way more than you hate it  
Homie you mad? I thought that you'd be happy I made it  
I'm that cat by the bar, toastin' to the good life  
Moved out the hood right, you tryin' to pull me back, right?  
When my dogs get to pumpin' in da club, it's on  
I wink my eye at your chick, if she smile, she gone  
If the roof on fire, man, just let it burn  
If the talk ain't 'bout money homie, I ain't concerned  
I'm a tell you what Banks told me: "Just go 'head, switch the styles up"  
And if they hate, then let 'em hate, but watch the money pile up  
Or we can go upside they head with a bottle of bub  
Come on, they know where we be

(Chorus X 2)

(Outro)

Don't try to act like you don't know who we be, neither  
We in da club all the time, so pop, pop off  
Shady/Aftermath