

Young Buck, Thug In The Club

(feat. Bun B, Smoov Jizzell)

[glass shatters, man yells]

You've just been cracked, another Smoov Jizzell production
Buck and Bun B y'all niggaz can't see this nigga
Ca\$hville to Texas

[Bun B]

We snatchin niggaz out they Movada and bitches outta they Prada
Get a shot of this Don Dada, keep it hot as Nevada
Spot a hater with a lot of plex, make you come to terms with yo'self
No matter how you flex, even with a lot of checks
It's small change, don't bitch when we step up in y'all range
These broke niggaz gon' find a way, we tend to ball strange
I'm the king of the block, steady bringin the rock
So potent I promise these fiends feel the sting in they socks
But see the sun gon' come out tomorrow so when you try to ease away
with these cheese today, that you 'bout to borrow
with or without the sorrow, me and Buck is down to blast
Still smash real fast kill niggaz from Texas to Ca\$hville
It's suicide, bustin as me is like
bustin at you in that, situation who would ride?
You if you stupid thug, so if you get shot dead
I hope that it's a Cupid slug, that show my crew some love

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

Now when the thug's in the club and he come to spend some dubs
Show that nigga some love, show that nigga some love
And for the ones in the back, who be smokin the bud
Show them boys some love, show them boys some love

[Young Buck]

Don't be scared to get your mind blown, nigga where you from
If you ain't got nuttin to take home, you need to get you one
Ain't nobody got no job party 'til you see the sun
When the music stop, lights on, then you know it's done
We gon' finish blowin one, 'fore we hit the exit
Like whenever I'm with Bun, puttin it down in Texas
When there's thugs in the club, ain't nobody restless
Niggaz smashin they dubs, showin off they necklace
Test this, if you want to, it's somethin you wouldn't wan' do
Nigga's bitches chosin niggaz now we got attitude
Doin what I have to do whenever it jump off
See my niggaz they will catch you and show you who's boss
Throw a blow, and get tossed, shit it ain't my fault
Niggaz tried to teach lessons ended up gettin taught
Ca\$hville to New York, ain't nuttin but real thugs
So, when you see Buck and Bun B, show us love

[Chorus]

[Smoov Jizzell]

I'm thankin Bun already told ya we ain't nuttin but some killers
We come with banana clips, we ain't monkeys we gorillas
We chasin the scrilla, I hope you get the picture
Bun B done do for the dirty and I'm the mayor of the muddy
Shit gon' get bloody and ugly if one of you bitches touch me
And pop loud, we ain't in Moscow, bitch why you rushin (Russian?)
You a hoe-ass nigga and that's the end of the discussion
All that cussin and loud bluffing gon' make me get to bustin
On my waistline tuckin somethin to quiet all your yuppin
I'm a big dog y'all puffin one more peep and I'm muffin
When y'all niggaz gon' realize we some young'ns that's thuggin
Waitin for bustin just some animals not givin a fuck'n

We them niggaz that's clubbin, fightin security jumpin line in V.I.P.
while y'all bitch niggaz standin there doin nuttin
All my real niggaz throw up your sets and let 'em know
When you're thuggin in the club that's how it go - Ca\$hville!

[Chorus]