

# Beanie Sigel, In The Club

(Verse 1)

I'm back at the club with a snub, twistin up dubs  
Sippin on Crist', bout to snatch your bitch  
You see the wrists, see the neck, see the arm, see the charm  
See my click, what the fuck man we rich  
When we step in the spot, performin or not  
You know what went down, man we shut shit down  
From the cars outside you can tell we there  
When the bar's sold out and aint no Belvedere  
No crowd control and the cops is scared  
You know, the, the Roc, the Roc was here  
Catch Mac V.I.P., section of the place  
With the weapon on his waist, weight, two steppin to the base  
I don't dance, I just move the crowd  
And keep a big ass tool that's loud, that'll move the crowd  
Only play the club dog if the music loud  
Just boots, strictly airs, no shoes allowed, what

CHORUS:

You know how it get in the club  
We came to go bold, we came to get it crunk, we came to make it jump  
You know how it get in the club  
We came to pop shit, we came to pull chicks, we came to ride  
You know how it get in the club  
You know we came deep, in four or five jeeps, we came to wild  
You know how it get in the club  
See me V.I.P., rollin up trees, we came to get high

(Verse 2)

Beanie Sigs baby, y'all can't touch the boy  
Everytime I hit the club people rush the door  
Buck 50 cuts and more, sluts and whores  
Niggas ice grillin like they wanna touch the floor  
All that when Mac perform  
\*Who The Fuck Want What\*, man they buck when that come on  
Bitches givin up butt when Mac perform  
Everybody hands up when that track come on  
Roll up nigga let's get on  
You know how we do, bitches in them see through dresses on  
Double shots of Henny rock, all night lemon drops  
Til they touchin, have 'em touchin, other women's spots  
Late night, club night, you know what Mac like  
Late night, club night, Mac attract dikes  
All night menagie trois, who came to get ride, who came to get high  
What the fuck, uh

CHORUS

(Verse 3)

Last call for alcohol, all drinks on me  
Just boots, jean suits, no mix on me  
Bandannas, really likes on me  
Alright maybe a watch, of course rock, what you think on me?  
Same thing with the squad, what you think on Bleek  
Beef? C'mon dog who you think gon bleed  
Not Mac, never slip in the club  
4/5th in the club, told y'all never slip in the club  
Niggas hit like shit, how that get in the club  
You think I'm playin when I'm sayin shit'll drip in the club?  
Man I come to turn out the show, turn out a hoe  
Before I bounce, burn an ounce of 'dro  
Throw back an ounce of snow, bounce with dough  
Squad deep, all with heat, and the bouncers know  
Back the fuck up dog or the rounds'll blow

Man a thug in the club, y'all know how it go, shit

CHORUS