

Mack 10, Let The Thugs In The Club

(feat. B.G., Lil' Wayne)

[Lil' Wayne]

Squed up, squed up, fuck that nigga at the do'
Squed up, squed up, fuck that nigga at the back
Squed up, squed up, fuck y'all

[Lil' Wayne]

Listen

Now when we slide up in the club, we come in and do thangs
About every car that you name, on twenty-two thangs
We likely to have a few drinks, beat up a few lanes
Spittin game at a cute thang, make her get a crew brain
All the Heinekens in mo' if it ain't dro we don't want it
Cut my song on homie, yeah, that squad shit we own it
Droopy high come see the future, we livin for the moment
Whole sucka on corners, the dance floor up pistols on it
And everybody know you fuck up, we killin ya
The whole club familia' with my familia
Chicken heads Boriquas gon' follow where I go
I ain't got nothing for them but a dick and a taco ?
And everybody know right where the gat me when they dap
? put yo eyes right when you lap me
And I ain't come to sign shit, unless it's a bar tappin
I ain't takin no pictures unless I'm palm in ?
Where the fuck y'all?

[Chorus: Mack 10]

Let the thugs in the club, show us love
Show us love, let the thugs in the club
Let the thugs in the club, show us love
Show us love, let the thugs in the club

[Mack 10]

L.A. let the thugs in the club
A-T-L let the thugs in the club
Chi-town let the thugs in the club
Let the thugs in the club, show us love

[B.G.]

I like shinin' but dogg I'm in love with thuggin
I like clubbin but I get off when I'm beefin and bustin
I got a Bentley, Beemeh', Benz, Lex
Got a bullet proof Hummer for just creepin on 'sess
I got a roley, matter fact bout three or fou'
Got a couple of neck pieces that I wear at the show
Niggas know all the trouble that come with me
Niggas know it ain't the bluffet that come from me
Me and my click draw party every week at them crib
For hustlers and convicts, they get it, how they live
? keep it real for the block and chill
Yeah I'm happy and wha cuz I got a few mill'
Don't thank I won't steal, wrap the K and kill
Don't thank I won't say-uh a bird and crush the pills
When it's time to bling, nigga I bling
When it comes to do the damn thang, I do the damn thang!

[Chorus: Mack 10]

Let the thugs in the club, show us love
Show us love, let the thugs in the club
Let the thugs in the club, show us love
Show us love, let the thugs in the club

[Mack 10]

Yo, yo
Now it ain't no secret that I'm slangin and bangin
And like a sack of dope rocks, my nuts be hangin
It's Inglewood and Q.S., is the hood I'm claimin
And I'm in already, so my colors is flamin
It's for the project bitches who be backin it up
And all the hardcore hustlers that be stackin it up
And no matter where you from, represent yo city
If you a ghetto get crunk, if you's a diddy get chicky
Get yo walk on, rib-riders if you true blue
Get yo bang on, and thow yo hood up, die move
While I buy the whole bar cuz you no one know
I got a spotter and a front and a rag top fo'
I keep it ghetto, gutta, gangsta like a West Coast G
The homies trust The Dopeman so we got in free
Like a stampede rust through and or we sell
Was let a stoo' bitch and get shot in the head
Ba, ba, ba, ba!

[Chorus: Mack 10]

Let the thugs in the club, show us love
Show us love, let the thugs in the club

Miami let the thugs in the club
New Orleans let the thugs in the club
Texas let the thugs in the club
Let the thugs in the club, show us love
Milwauk let the thugs in the club
The Bay let the thugs in the club
New York let the thugs in the club
Let the thugs in the club, show us love
Carolina let the thugs in the club
Ohio let the thugs in the club
Tennessee let the thugs in the club
Detroit let the thugs in the club
St. Louis let the thugs in the club
DC let the thugs in the club