

In Da Club
50 Cent

(G#m - Am F#m - G#m Am - G#m)

50 Cent}

Go, go, go, go

Go, go, go shawty

It s your birthday

We gon party like it s yo birthday

We gon sip Bacardi like it s your birthday

And you know we don t give a fuck

It s not your birthday!

{Chorus} (2x)

You can find me in the club, bottle full of bub

Look mami I got the X if you into fell the buff

I m into having sex, I ain t into making love

So come give me a hug if you into to getting rubbed

{Verse}

When I pull out up front, you see the Benz on dubs

When I roll 20 deep, it s 20 knives in the club

Niggas heard I fuck with Dre, now they wanna show me love

When you sell like Eminem, and the hoes they wanna fuck

But homie ain t nothing change hold down, G s up

I see Xzibit in the Cutt that nigga roll that weed up

If you watch how I move you ll mistake me for a playa or pimp

Been hit wit a few shells but I dont walk wit a limp

In the hood then the ladies saying 50 you hot

They like me, I want them to love me like they love Pac

But holla in New York them niggas ll tell ya im loco

And the plan is to put the rap game in a choke hold

I m feelin focused man, my money on my mind

I got a mill out the deal and I m still on the grind

Now shawty said she feeling my style, she feeling my flow

Her girlfriend wanna get bi and they ready to go

{Chorus} (2x)

{Bridge}

My flow, my show brought me the doe

That bought me all my fancy things

My crib, my cars, my pools, my jewels

Look nigga I got K-Mart and I ain t change

{Verse}

And you should love it, way more then you hate it

Nigga you mad? I thought that you d be happy I made it

I m that cat by the bar toasting to the good life

You that faggot ass nigga trying to pull me back right?

When my junk get to pumpin in the club it s on

I wink my eye at ya bitch, if she smiles she gone

If the roof on fire, let the motherfucker burn

If you talking bout money homie, I ain t concerned
I m a tell you what Banks told me cause go head switch the style up
If the niggas hate then let em hate
Watch the money pile up
Or we go upside there wit a bottle of bub
You know where we fucking be
{Chorus} (2x)
{Talking}
(laughing) Don t try to act like you ain t know where we been either nigga
In the club all the time nigga, its about to pop off nigga
G - Unit