

# 50 Cent, In Da Club (DVD) (Live) - 50 Cent

Go, go, go, go, go, go  
Go, shorty  
It's your birthday  
We gon' party like it's your birthday  
We gon' sip Bacardi like it's your birthday  
And you know we don't give a fuck  
'Cause it's not your birthday!

You can find me in the club, bottle full of bub  
Look, mami, I got the X, if you into takin' drugs  
I'm into havin' sex, I ain't into makin' love  
So come give me a hug, if you into getting rubbed

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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 hoes down, G's up  
I see Xzibit in the Cut, 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 don't walk wit' a limp (I'm ight)  
In the hood, in L.A, they 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 I'm loco  
And the plan is to put the rap game in a choke hold  
I'm full of focused man, my money on my mind  
I got a mill out the deal and I'm still on the grind  
Now shorty said she feeling my style, she feeling my flow  
Her girlfriend wanna get bi and they ready to go

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My flow, my show brought me the doe  
That bought me all my fancy things  
My crib, my cars, my clothes, my jewels  
Look, nigga, I done came up and I ain't change

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 jaws get to bumpin' in the club it's on  
I wink my eye at you, 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 and watch the money pile up  
Or we go upside they head wit' a bottle of bub  
They know where we fuckin' be

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Don't try to act like you ain't know where we been either, nigga,  
But I lo chupe a junior, yeah

In the club all the time, nigga, it's about to pop off, nigga

G-Unit