

50 Cent, In Da Club (Edited Version)

(Intro)

Go shorty, it's your birthday
We gon' party like it's your birthday
We gon' sip on Bacardi like it's your birthday
And you know we don't give a [...], it's not your birthday

(Chorus X 2)

Find me in da club, bottle full of bub
Ma, I got what you need if you need to feel a buzz
I'm into having sex, I ain't into makin' love
So come give me a hug, if you into gettin' rubbed

(Verse 1)

When I pull up out front, you see the Benz on dubs
When I roll 20-deep, it's always drama in da club
Now that I roll with Dre, everybody show me love
When you sell like Eminem, you get plenty of groupie love
But homie ain't nothin' changed, bro's down, G's up
I see Xzibit in the cut, "Hey man, roll them trees up"
Watch how I move, you'll mistake me for a playa or pimp
Been hit with a few shells, but I don't walk with a limp
In the hood and the ladies saying, "50, you hot"
They like me, I want 'em to love me like they love 'Pac
But holla in New York, fo sho, to tell you I'm loco
The plan is to put the rap game in a chokehold
I'm fully focused man, my money on my mind
Got a mill' out the deal, and I'm still on the grind
Now shorty says she feelin' my style, she feelin' my flow
Her girlfriend with her, they bi, and they ready to go

(Chorus X 2)

(Bridge)

My flow, my show, brought me the dough
That bought me all my fancy things
My crib, my car, my jewels, my crews
Look homie, I done came up and I ain't changed

(Verse 2)

And you should love it, way more than you hate it
Homie you mad? I thought that you'd be happy I made it
I'm that cat by the bar, toastin' to the good life
Moved out the hood right, you tryin' to pull me back, right?
When my dogs get to pumpin' in da club, it's on
I wink my eye at your chick, if she smile, she gone
If the roof on fire, man, just let it burn
If the talk ain't 'bout money homie, I ain't concerned
I'm a tell you what Banks told me: "Just go 'head, switch the styles up"
And if they hate, then let 'em hate, but watch the money pile up
Or we can go upside they head with a bottle of bub
Come on, they know where we be

(Chorus X 2)

(Outro)

Don't try to act like you don't know who we be, neither
We in da club all the time, so pop, pop off
Shady/Aftermath