50 Cent, Outta Control (Remix)

[Intro: Havoc (50 Cent)]
It's the Infamous Mobb, M-O-B-B (Ha Ha)
We can't be touched nigga can't you see (G-Unit!!!)

[50 Cent:]
You do you man cause me I'm 'gon do my thang (You know I do my thang)
I'm a get my drink on and party like it's ok

[Verse 1: 50 Cent]
Trust me man it's ok bounce with me in slow mo
When they hear the kid in the house it's like oh no
50 got 'em locin again, they open again
Got 'em sippin on that juice and gin
You could find me in the background burnin that backwood
Stylin and stuntin doin my two step frontin
Now I'm a tell you What Em told me homey
Just lose the parental discretion's advised this is grown folk music
Now blend in with me, as I proceed to break it down
It's always off the chain man when I'm around
I play the block bumpin, it was all for the dough
I get the club jumpin, cause I'm sick with flow
You know it's sold out, like wherever I go
I jam packed the show man that's fo' sho'
I got the info you already know
Man I get it poppin in the club everybody show me love let's go

[Chorus: 50 Cent]
You, know, I, got, what it takes to make the club go outta control
Quit playin turn the music up a little bit, bounce with me now shorty let's get into it
You, know, I, got, what it takes to make the club go outta control
Quit playin turn the music up a little bit, bounce with me now homey let's get into it

[Verse 2: Havoc]
You wanna search me than search me but hurry up cause I'm thirsty
I need that, grind in my system P, on my side twistin
In club today for the chick to go both, ways let me see that ID just for proof
With the drink till the burn is gone, hit the dancefloor like a scene from soft porn
Before it pop, make me sign a disclaimer
Try to get me on some pop shit these chicks will frame ya
But, in any event, keep fuckin with 50 it make cents
Cents, into them dollars, the hoes wanna holla
But you lookin at a nigga that done came from the squalla
Now my buddy so gone I can pop ya collar
Now follow same nothin let me see you swallow
In my crib got the co-ed back the new problem
In the club feed them liquor of the wise I'm starvin
So much green gettin twisted like Botanical Garden, let's go

[Chorus: 50 Cent]
You, know, I, got, what it takes to make the club go outta control
Quit playin turn the music up a little bit, bounce with me now shorty let's get into it
You, know, I, got, what it takes to make the club go outta control
Quit playin turn the music up a little bit, bounce with me now homey let's get into it

[Verse 3: Prodigy]
You already know how it go I bang I shine
I play I stay I'm goin for mine
I'm young I'm black I'm rich and yes
I'm ghetto than the motherfuckin project steps
I'm cool I'm calm you lookin real stressed
I'm strapped I'm armed kid hold your head
I'm known for Gat poppin, when I got problems
I don't run, I just gun you all up
But we ain't come here to start no drama

We just lookin for our future baby mamas
With money with face with style and body
I cook I clean I swear that mami
Just as long as you don't go off and tell nobody
I go down low, I'm lyin I'm tryin my best to let you know
Sugar pop get at P The Doc beat make it easy to get 'em in the bed sheets

[Chorus: 50 Cent]
You, know, I, got, what it takes to make the club go outta control
Quit playin turn the music up a little bit, bounce with me now shorty let's get into it
You, know, I, got, what it takes to make the club go outta control
Quit playin turn the music up a little bit, bounce with me now homey let's get into it