

ICIBILLET

Paroles de chanson

03/05/2026

In Da Club

Par VARIOUS ARTISTS

Album : ShadyXV [Best Exclusive Edition]

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 care it's not your birthday

You can find me in the club, bottles full of bub'

Look, mami, I got that X if you into gettin' touched

I'm into havin' sex, I ain't into makin' love

So come give me a hug, if you're into gettin' rubbed

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When I pull up in the fronts, the Benz on dubs (uh-huh)
When I roll it's 20 deep, it's 20 nines in the club (yeah)
Brothers heard I hang with Dre, now they wanna show me love
When you sell like Eminem, man, they girls, they wanna tuck (woo)
But homie, nothin' changed, hoes down, G's up
I see Xzibit in the club, fool, roll that weed up (roll that weed up)
If you watched me how I move, you'll mistake me for a player or pimp
Been hit with a few shells, but I don't walk with a limp (I'm alright)

In the hood, the ladies are sayin' that 50's hot (uh-huh)
They like me, I want 'em to love me like they love rock
But holla in New York, they goin' to say that I'm loco (yeah)
And the plan is to put this rap game in a chokehold (uh-huh)
I'm feelin' the focus, man, my money on my mind
Got a mil' out the deal, and I'm still on the grind (woo)
Now shorty said she feelin' my style, she feelin' my flow (uh-huh)
Her girlfriend's ready to ride, and they ready to go (okay)

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So come give me a hug, if you're into gettin' rubbed (rubbed)

My flow, my show brought me the dough

That bought me all my fancy things

My crib, my cars, my clothes, my jewels

Look, brother, I done came up and I ain't changed (yeah)

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

Brother, you mad? (Ha-ha)

I thought that you'd be happy I made it (woo)

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

You that raggin'-ass brother trying to pull me back, right?

When my jaw get to bumpin' in the club, it's on

But when I get the girl, once she smiles, she gone

If the roof 's on fire, let the whole roof burn

If you not talkin' about money, homie, I ain't concerned

I'ma tell you like Banks told me, "Cuz, go 'head and switch the style up

And if they hate, then let 'em hate and watch the money pile up"

Or we can go upside your head wit' a bottle of bub'

Then you know where the hell we be

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It's a party in the club

Don't try to act like you don't know where we be neither, foo'

In the club, it's all the time, bottles pop off, foo'

G-Unit, yeah