

# Get out the Club

50 Cent

It's gangsta nigga  
It's too gangsta nigga  
I keep it gangsta nigga  
Wha wha  
It's gangsta nigga  
It's too gangsta nigga  
I keep it gangsta nigga  
Wha

Get out the club BITCH  
Niggas tryin to holla at you  
We want parlay wit you  
You won't show us no love BITCH  
Never thought you'd be on that loser shit  
You on some movie shit  
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I hate when bitches act like they too good for a nigga (yea)  
Like they anit grow up in the same hood wit a nigga  
In the club givin niggas the wrong numbers and wrong names  
Bitch why don't you take ya ass home and quit playin games  
They on that pretty shit (what) that high saditty shit (yea)  
They want me to trick, I ain't P. Diddy BITCH (woo)  
I'm gone show em now  
I'm gone show em how (show em how)  
How we break it down  
This is how it's goin down  
Them bitches think pussy precious  
Them niggas they wanna test us  
Got beef so we be wearin vest-es  
Look I don't give a fuck nigga  
Bitch I aint buyin no pussy  
Nigga you'll die if you push me  
Nigga you know I'm holy  
Bitch picture me rollin  
Hooker probably for paper, cause pussy come wit it  
I aint joking, pistol smoking, any nigga can get it  
While I'm ballin she by my side wit me  
But if some shit jump off she aint gone ride wit me  
Get out the club bitch

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My whole team gettin dough bitch

On the low bitch, friends'll kick a nigga do' down fo sho bitch  
Shorty we aint trippin, niggas just wanna dance wit cha  
I mean damn wont you give a nigga a chance wit you  
On that pre-Madonna shit, that Dolce & Gabbana shit  
Bet I can teach ya about Gucci, Fendi, and Prada bitch  
I met cha in the parkin lot, shit woulda been diffrent then  
You fix ya make-up, so much chrome on my Mercedes Benz  
I take ya to see Beth in Jersey, but you aint worthy  
Thats where we buy the ice at the right price  
Bitch you think you high class, you aint worth a third of a nigga  
Ya man is gangsta, but we aint never heard of the nigga  
Shit hit the fan, we fuck around and murdered a nigga  
Tell a punk to play his position and turn up missin  
Fuck around, his body get found, cut up in the kitchen  
I aint playin wit you bitch you better listen

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This a low rider here bitch, in L.A. they show me love  
Niggas be under palm trees twistin Cali bud  
Call a Crip "Cuz", call a Blood "Dawg"  
I aint bangin so I holla like "Wat up yall?"  
Bitches know I be buggin when they don't show me no lovin  
I aint gotta say nuttin, niggas know I be thuggin  
When ever I'm around motherfuckas stop joke-in  
They know how I get down, I be motherfuckin Loc-in  
Shorty she like Bussa-Bus, she love Nas  
She like when L lick his lips, the bitch love stars  
After the club, Ima have her in the hot tub  
Her and her girlfriend gone show me some puppy love

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2000 shit motherfucker you know how this shit goin down  
This is my shit, from now on this is my shit  
Nigga can't eat, nigga can't sleep, nigga can't do shit  
Unless I say he can nigga  
Nigga come 15 niggas, 10 knives I'll leave wit 4 stiches  
Nigga thats not assault, thats a insult  
You and every motherfucka that roll wit you

You bitch ass nigga I'ma see you

Nigga is sweet like candy  
I can get cha now or later  
You fucked up, shoulda murdered me playa  
Nigga is sweet like candy  
I don't care how much you pray  
Nigga I don't care how much you paid  
And you sweet like candy  
I can get you now or later, later, playa