

# Fuck Up the Club

DJ Khaled

Yeah! This that '63 AMG Ghost music  
It's that Ace of Spade, girl and it's toast music  
Nigga let's toast to it  
DJ Khaled!

We just gon' f\*\*k up the club, baby, f\*\*k up the club, baby  
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We just gon' f\*\*k up the club, baby, f\*\*k up the club, baby  
And you better bring your whole crew  
We just gon' f\*\*k up the club, baby, f\*\*k up the club, baby  
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Yes any time you want to

Boss  
305 on my plates, a nigga still sellin' weight  
Still tippin' them scales, I'm Ross, fit in the Wraith  
They want too much for the taxes, I got my money in walls  
I got all the bitches, nigga I got all the sauce  
No reason I should lose, the leaders of the new  
Got on a couple chains, toy bands and tennis shoes  
Got on my Vacheron, Belaire, my bottles come  
Talkin' menage a trois, shawty let's have some fun  
Bellas at Wimbledon, hell of a gentleman  
There is no bigger boss, sip slow, this cinnamon  
I'm talkin' numbers, nigga, I've never fumbled, nigga  
Standin' on a ball ballin' and I do it when I want it, nigga

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4hunnid!  
4hunnid, hunnid!  
Young nigga, young nigga, got a gun, right nigga  
Painted all the rivers red, this blood shit stuck with him  
Hustle hard, hustle hard, bad bitches, f\*\*k 'em all  
Businessman, businessman, always tryna cut the costs  
That's photos, that's more dough  
Maybachs for everybody, nigga, squad goals  
Flex on 'em, they're like, "Uh oh!"  
Entourage, entourage, pullin' up in four 4-doors  
West coast, that's my shit, 4hunnid, that's my clique  
Last nigga that beat the pussy up, well, um, that's my bitch  
I don't give no f\*\*ks, I don't give no f\*\*ks  
40 bands, just blew in the club, oh well, nigga, so what?

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Aces comin' by the 12 pack, young nigga in a Hellcat  
GPS on the pack, tell the plug they can mail that  
Tell the plug they can mail that, young nigga, I'ma sell that  
Mouth closed, I'll never talk, won't say a word and went to jail that  
Sauce drippin', I'll f\*\*k 'em up  
40 on me 'til I cough it up  
Big Gotti, I'm bossin' up  
If it's not a hunnid it don't cost enough  
Tearin' clubs up like Three Six  
I be tearin' plugs up, that's that street shit  
I be f\*\*kin' boss bitches, they don't need shit  
Tell me, where my boss bitches who don't need shit?  
Yeah, these diamonds, not rhinestones  
Trap jumpin', yeah the line long  
All this money, got my mag on  
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