

STCU

THEY.

Drippin' off my fingertips
Tell me how you like that shit
I'ma let you get off quick
Once I get inside, that's it

I'ma shoot the club up, shoot the club up
I'ma shoot the club up
I'ma shoot the club up, shoot the club up
I'ma shoot the club up

Your boy Juicy J, mane, let's get it, hey

Tore the club up, then I shot your club up
I might love her, I ain't use no rubber
She said don't worry 'bout that shit, you know I'm safe
I said don't matter anyway, bitch, it's too late
Throwback is a never, I know, I know better
Let her get on top, she came all on my Gucci sweater
Hope this not a set up, she just want some feta
Let her get me for my dough, no, I can't go, never
Million dollar nuts all up in her guts
Let's shoot a movie, cut, these hoes I cannot trust
Different diamond cuts, these chains all tangled up
Is it love or lust? I think I'm finna bust

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