

# In da Club - 50 Cent

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## "In da Club"

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 fuck it's not your birthday

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

Look, mami, I got the X, if you into takin' drugs

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

So come give me a hug, if you into getting rubbed

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

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So come give me a hug, if you into getting rubbed

When I pull out up front, you see the Benz on dubs  
When I roll 20 deep, it's 20 knives in the club  
Niggas heard I fuck with Dre, now they wanna show me love  
When you sell like Eminem, and the hoes they wanna fuck  
But, homie, ain't nothing change hoes down, G's up  
I see Xzibit in the cut, that nigga roll that weed up  
If you watch how I move, you'll mistake me for a playa or pimp  
Been hit wit' a few shells, but I don't walk wit' a limp (I'm ight)

In the hood, in L.A., they saying "50 you hot"  
They like me, I want them to love me like they love 'Pac  
But holla, in New York them niggas'll tell ya I'm loco  
And the plan is to put the rap game in a chokehold  
I'm full of focused man, my money on my mind  
I got a mill' out the deal and I'm still on the grind  
Now shorty said she feeling my style, she feeling my flow  
Her girlfriend wanna get bi and they ready to go

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I'm into havin' sex, I ain't into makin' love  
So come give me a hug, if you into getting rubbed

You can find me in the club, bottle full of bub'  
Look, mami, I got the X, if you into takin' drugs  
I'm into havin' sex I, ain't into makin' love  
So come give me a hug, if you into getting 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, nigga, I done came up and I ain't change

And you should love it, way more then you hate it  
Nigga, you mad? I thought that you'd be happy I made it

I'm that cat by the bar toasting to the good life  
You that faggot ass nigga trying to pull me back, right?

When my jaws get to bumpin' in the club it's on  
I wink my eye at you, bitch, if she smiles she gone

If the roof on fire, let the motherfucker burn

If the talk ain't 'bout money, homie, I ain't concerned

I'm a tell you what Banks told me, "Cuz, go 'head switch the style up

If the niggas hate then let 'em hate and watch the money pile up"

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

They know where we fuckin' be

You can find me in the club, bottle full of bub'  
Look, mami, I got the X, if you into takin' drugs  
I'm into havin' sex, I ain't into makin' love  
So come give me a hug, if you into getting rubbed

You can find me in the club, bottle full of bub'  
Look, mami, I got the X, if you into takin' drugs  
I'm into havin' sex, I ain't into makin' love  
So come give me a hug, if you into getting rubbed

Don't try to act like you don't know where we be neither, nigga  
We in the club all the time, nigga, so pop, pop off, nigga

G-Unit

**For any correction please mail us at [showthelyrics1@gmail.com](mailto:showthelyrics1@gmail.com)**

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