

Crash da Club

Lil Wyte

Ah yeah, Hypnotize Minds, wassup Lil' Wyte, featuring Juvenile
Crash the mothafuckin' club, the remix
And it's goin' down for you hoes like this
Multiple Memphis scares, outlining your insides wit' bars
Grippin' your nina hard, bitch my blood inhaled by heart
When the fuck you gon' start recognize
that life is a game
And it's always the same them dice you rolling ain't 'bouta change
I'm snatchin' your chain, reimbursing you with some pain
It's all over mane, in which direction he makes a zane?
I ain't 'bout that fame, I'm 'bout the
cheese and this 'bouta bring
So fuck your hoe name, with you my faith was lacking some things
I'm starting all over with composition sticky like doja
And I thought I told ya when I come through I'm crushing like boulders
I'm hard ta top, shoot at plenty I bet it's gon' knock it, whatever I drop
But even your beef can't touch what I got
You wildin' or not, if is so bring all your beef ta the spot
Hope you got your glock, I'm strapped with no hesitant ta pop
So back your words up and keep on choking out on that cock
You like it or not, it's everlasting, ain't 'bouta stop
We 'bouta crash da club, throw some chairs
Break, break, break, break, break something
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We 'bouta crash da club, throw some chairs
Break, break, break, break, break something
Aiyo, smoke something, choke something, get real
nice
We ain't gon', fall on our face but we gon' be right
Look, police ain't around when I do my dirt
Becuz I map it all loud and then I put in work
You with them freaks, I be in the streets
Y'all be wearing them Bee's, I be wearing Ree's
Running wit' my g's from the U T P
This is where I'm gonna be until I D I E
Wodie, it's goin' down from the Easy Bay ta the West
Bay
Where niggaz drank VSOP until they breath stank
Bitch gatta say something, err' time

