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 heartWhen 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 stopWe 'bouta crash da club, throw some chairs

Break, break, break, break something

We 'bouta crash da club, throw some chairs

Break, break something

We 'bouta crash da club, throw some chairs

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Break, break, break, break somethingAiyo, 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 workYou 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 UTP

This is where I'm gonna be until I D I EWodie, it's goin' down from the Easy Bay ta the West

Where niggaz drank VSOP until they breath stank Bitch gatta say something, err' time They never handle they business but staying in lineSeeking you will find, the loaded up 9

Wanted at 'cha 'cuz it of fa' stealin' my mind

Juvenile and Three-6 thats a one of a kind

Tooken up yo golds, nigga, get ready ta blindWe 'bouta crash da club, throw some chairs Break, break, break, break, break something We 'bouta crash da club, throw some chairs

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Break, break, break, break somethingI'm 'Bouta crash da club, break the law Throw some chairs, crack your jaw

If it's killing season, ain't no reason, ain't no need ta stale
I'm the one put here ta absorb all this energy and pain
Non stop pop from the top of the clip in ya glock

I still don't feel you, mane'Cause of that, ground the coke and now I'm puffin' a pound of dro When I'm on that level and wit' my killaz you will be found on the flo'

I must confess, I ain't 'bout shit but if you think ta cross me, bitch

You'll end up stanky, walk the planky and empty out your pockets, bitchBreak da law, break your leg, crash da club and crack your neck

Wit' these issues that I'm facing daily I should tote a tec Get respect that's no option, all the haters filled with toxin'

Walk right through the center of the crowd and pistols get ta flossin'Causing problem, dodging bullets, soon as I corrupt the scene

Leaving damage, making havoc reaction fuckin' with me
Chair to your bizack go through my head when you ignite the flame
Lead to your bizack of your hizead before it hit your brainWe 'bouta crash da club, throw some chairs

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