

# IN DA CLUB

Words & Music Curtis Jackson/Andrew Young/Michael Elizondo

Moderately ♩ = 92

Chord progression for the first system: F#m, C#m, C#m/E, D#m7(b5), F#m, C#m/E, F#m.

Chord progression for the second system: C#m, C#m/E, D#m7(b5), F#m, C#m/E, F#m.

Chord progression for the third system: C#m, C#m/E, D#m7(b5), F#m, C#m/E, F#m.

Vocal lyrics:

Go, go, go, go, go, go, go,

shaw - ty, It's your birth - day. We gon' par - ty like — it's your birth - day. We gon' sip Ba -

car-di like — it's your birth-day. And you know we don't give a f\*\* it's not your birth-day!

You can find me in da

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Chorus:

C#m C#m/E D#m7(b5) F#m C#m/E F#m

club, bot-tle full of bub. Ma-ma, I got what you need if you need to feel a buzz. I'm in-to hav-ing

C#m C#m/E D#m7(b5) F#m C#m/E F#m

sex, I ain't in-to mak-ing love, so come... give me a hug if you in-to get-ting rubbed. You can find me in da

(simile)

C#m C#m/E D#m7(b5) F#m C#m/E F#m

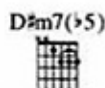
club, bot-tle full of bub. Ma-ma, I got what you need if you need to feel a buzz. I'm in-to hav-ing

To Coda

C#m C#m/E D#m7(b5) F#m C#m/E B5

sex, I ain't in-to mak-ing love, so come... give me a hug if you in-to get-ting rubbed. 1. When I pull up out

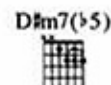
Verse:



front, you see the Benz on dubs. When I roll twen-ty deep, it's al-ways dra-ma in the club. When they heard I roll with  
2. See additional lyrics



Dre, ev-'ry-bod-y show me love. When you sell like Em-i-nem, you get plen-ty of group-y love. But hom-ie, ain't noth-in'



change, hold down, G's up. I see X-zib-it in the Cutt and, man, he roll 'em. If you watch how I



move, you'll mis-take me for a play-a or pimp. Been hit with a few shells but I don't walk with a limp. In the

C#m C#m/E D#m7(b5) F#m C#m/E F#m

hood, then the la-dies say-in', "Fif-ty, you hot." \_ They like me, I want them to love me like they love 'Pac. But holl-a

C#m C#m/E D#m7(b5) F#m C#m/E B5

in New York fo' sho, they tell\_ you I'm lo - co and the plan is to put the rap game\_ in a choke\_ hold. I'm feel-in'

C#5 C#m/E D#m7(b5) F#m C#m/E F#m

fo-cused, man, my mon-ey on my mind. I got a mill out the deal and I'm still in the grind.\_ Now shaw-ty

1. C#m C#m/E D#m7(b5) F#m C#m/E F#m

said she feel-in' my style, she feel-in' my flow.\_ Her girl-friend wan-na get bi and they read-y to go.\_ You can find me in the

12.

D.S.  $\text{al Coda}$ D $\sharp$ m7( $\flat$ 5)F $\sharp$ mC $\sharp$ m/EF $\sharp$ m

bub. Come on, they know where we be. You can find me in da

Coda

D $\sharp$ m7( $\flat$ 5)F $\sharp$ mC $\sharp$ m/E

B5

hug if you in-to get-ting rubbed.

C $\sharp$ 5C $\sharp$ m/ED $\sharp$ m7( $\flat$ 5)F $\sharp$ mC $\sharp$ m/EF $\sharp$ m

Spoken: Don't try to act like you don't know where we be, neither.

We in the club all the time, it's about to pop off.

C $\sharp$ mC $\sharp$ m/ED $\sharp$ m7( $\flat$ 5)F $\sharp$ mC $\sharp$ m/EF $\sharp$ m

Shady/Aftermath

C $\sharp$ mC $\sharp$ m/ED $\sharp$ m7( $\flat$ 5)F $\sharp$ mC $\sharp$ m/EF $\sharp$ mC $\sharp$ mC $\sharp$ m/E



D#m7(b5) F#m C#m/E B5 C#5 C#m/E D#m7(b5) F#m C#m/E F#m

C#m C#m/E D#m7(b5) F#m C#m/E F#m

*Repeat ad lib. and fade*

**Verse 2:**

My flow, my show brought me the dough  
 That bought me all my fancy things,  
 My crib, my cars, my pools, my jewels.  
 Look, homie, I done came up and I ain't change.  
 And you should love it, way more then you hate it.  
 Oh, you mad? I thought that you'd be happy I made it.  
 I'm that cat by the bar toasting to the good life.  
 Moved out the hood, why you trying to pull me back, right?  
 When my junk get to pumpin' in the club, it's on.  
 I wink my eye at ya chick, if she smiles, she gone.  
 If the roof on fire, man, just let it burn.  
 If you talking 'bout money, homie, I ain't concerned.  
 I'm a tell you what Banks told me 'cause, go 'head switch the style up.  
 And if they hate, then let 'em hate and watch the money pile up.  
 Or we can go upside the head with a bottle of bub.  
 Come on, they know where we be.  
 (To Chorus:)