

In Da Club

1. Go, go, go, go, go, go

Go shorty, it's your birthday

We gonna party like it's your birthday

We gonna sip Bacardi like it's your birthday

And you know we don't give a **fuck** it's not y our birthday

[Hook]

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're into gettin' 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're into gettin' rubbed

[Verse 1]

When I pull up out front, you see the Benz on dubs

When I roll twenty deep it's twenty 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 nothin' changed: hoes down, G's up

I see Xzibit in the cut, hey nigga, roll the weed up!

If you watch how I move, you'll mistake me for a player or pimp

Been hit with a few shells, but I don't walk with a limp

In the hood in L.A. they sayin', "50, you hot."

They like me, I want 'em to love me like they love Pac

But holla in New York, the niggas'll tell you I'm loco

And the plan is to put the rap game in a chokehold

I'm fully focused, man, my money on my mind

Got a mil' out the deal and I'm still on the grind

Now shorty said she feelin' my style, she feelin' my flow

Her girlfriend willin' to get bi and they ready to go

Ads by ZINC

[Hook]

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[Bridge]

My flow, my show brought me the dough

That bought me all my fancy things

My crib, my cars, my pools, my jewels

Look, nigga, I done came up and I ain't changed

[Verse 2]

And you should love it way more than you hate it

Nigga, you mad? I thought that you'd be happy I made it

I'm that cat by the bar toastin' to the good life

You the faggot-ass nigga tryin' to pull me back, right?

When my joint get to pumpin' in the club, it's on

I wink my eye at your bitch, if she smiles, she gone

If the roof on fire, let the motherfucker burn
[If you talkin' about money, homie, I ain't concerned](#)
[I'ma tell you what Banks told me:](#)
["Cuz, go 'head, switch the style up](#)
[If niggas hate, then let them hate, and watch the money pile up."](#)
[Or we can go upside your head with a bottle of bub'](#)
[They know where we fuckin' be](#)

[Hook]

[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're into gettin' 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're into gettin' rubbed

[Outro]

[Don't try to act like you don't know where we be neither](#)
[We in the club all the time, so pop, pop off](#)
[Shady, Aftermath](#)

2. Xs and Os

Well, I had me a boy, turned him into a man
I showed him all the things that he didn't understand
Whoa, and then I let him go

Now, there's one in California who's been cursing my name

'Cause I found me a better lover in the UK

Hey, hey, until I made my getaway
One, two, three, they gonna run back to me
'Cause I'm the best baby that they never gotta keep
One, two, three, they gonna run back to me
They always wanna come, but they never wanna leave
Ex's and the oh, oh, oh's they haunt me
Like ghosts they want me to make 'em all
They won't let go
Ex's and oh's
I had a summer lover down in New Orleans
Kept him warm in the winter, left him frozen in the spring
My, my, how the seasons go by
I get high, and I love to get low
So the hearts keep breaking, and the heads just roll
You know that's how the story goes
One, two, three, they gonna run back to me
'Cause I'm the best baby that they never gotta keep
One, two, three, they gonna run back to me
They always wanna come, but they never wanna leave
Ex's and the oh, oh, oh's they haunt me
Like ghosts they want me to make 'em all
They won't let go
My ex's and the oh, oh, oh's they haunt me
Like ghosts they want me to make 'em all
They won't let go
Ex's and oh's

One, two, three, they gonna run back to me
Climbing over mountains and a-sailing over seas
One, two, three, they gonna run back to me
They always wanna come, but they never wanna leave
My ex's and the oh, oh, oh's they haunt me
Like ghosts they want me to make 'em all
They won't let go
Ex's and the oh, oh, oh's they haunt me
Like ghosts they want me to make 'em all
They won't let go
Ex's and oh's

3. Uptown Funk

This hit, that ice cold
Michelle Pfeiffer, that white gold
This one for them hood girls
Them good girls straight masterpieces
Stylin', wilin', livin' it up in the city
Got Chucks on with Saint Laurent
Got kiss myself, I'm so pretty
I'm too hot (hot damn)
Called a police and a fireman
I'm too hot (hot damn)
Make a dragon wanna retire man
I'm too hot (hot damn)
Say my name you know who I am
I'm too hot (hot damn)

Am I bad 'bout that money, break it down

Girls hit your hallelujah (whoo)

Girls hit your hallelujah (whoo)

Girls hit your hallelujah (whoo)

'Cause uptown funk gon' give it to you

'Cause uptown funk gon' give it to you

'Cause uptown funk gon' give it to you

Saturday night and we in the spot

Don't believe me just watch (come on)

Don't believe me just watch uh

Don't believe me just watch

Don't believe me just watch

Don't believe me just watch

Don't believe me just watch

Hey, hey, hey, oh

Stop, wait a minute

Fill my cup, put some liquor in it

Take a sip, sign a check

Julio, get the stretch

Ride to Harlem, Hollywood

Jackson, Mississippi

If we show up, we gon' show out

Smoother than a fresh jar of Skippy

I'm too hot (hot damn)

Called a police and a fireman

I'm too hot (hot damn)

Make a dragon wanna retire man
I'm too hot (hot damn)
Bitch say my name you know who I am
I'm too hot (hot damn)
Am I bad 'bout that money
Break it down
Girls hit your hallelujah (whoo)
Girls hit your hallelujah (whoo)
Girls hit your hallelujah (whoo)
'Cause uptown funk gon' give it to you
'Cause uptown funk gon' give it to you
'Cause uptown funk gon' give it to you
Saturday night and we in the spot
Don't believe me just watch (come on)
Don't believe me just watch uh
Don't believe me just watch uh
Don't believe me just watch uh
Don't believe me just watch
Don't believe me just watch
Hey, hey, hey, oh
Before we leave
Lemmi tell y'all a lil' something
Uptown funk you up
Uptown funk you up
Uptown funk you up
Uptown funk you up uh

I said uptown funk you up

Uptown funk you up

Uptown funk you up

Uptown funk you up

Come on, dance, jump on it

If you sexy then flaunt it

If you freaky then own it

Don't brag about it, come show me

Come on, dance

Jump on it

If you sexy then flaunt it

Well it's Saturday night and we in the spot

Don't believe me just watch come on!

Don't believe me just watch uh

Don't believe me just watch uh

Don't believe me just watch uh

Don't believe me just watch

Don't believe me just watch

Hey, hey, hey, oh

Uptown funk you up

Uptown funk you up (say what?)

Uptown funk you up

Uptown funk you up

Uptown funk you up

Uptown funk you up (say what?)

Uptown funk you up

Uptown funk you up

Uptown funk you up

Uptown funk you up (say what?)

Uptown funk you up

Uptown funk you up
Uptown funk you up
Uptown funk you up (say what?)
Uptown funk you up

Anaconda

My anaconda don't, my anaconda don't
My anaconda don't want none unless you got buns, hun
Boy toy named Troy used to live in Detroit
Big dope dealer money, he was gettin' some coins
Was in shootouts with the law, but he live in a palace
Bought me Alexander McQueen, he was keeping me stylish
Now that's real, real, real
Gun in my purse, bitch, I came dressed to kill
Who wanna go first? I had them pushing daffodils
I'm high as hell, I only took a half a pill
I'm on some dumb shit, by the way, what he say?
He can tell I ain't missing no meals
Come through and fuck him in my automobile
Let him eat it with his grills and he tellin' me to chill
And he telling me it's real, that he love my sex appeal
Say he don't like 'em boney, he want something he can grab
So I pulled up in the Jag, and I hit him with the jab like
Dun-d-d-dun-dun-d-d-dun-dun
My anaconda don't, my anaconda don't

My anaconda don't want none unless you got buns, hun

Oh my gosh, look at her butt

Oh my gosh, look at her butt

Oh my gosh, look at her butt

(Look at her butt)

Look at, look at, look at

Look, at her butt

This dude named Michael used to ride motorcycles

Dick bigger than a tower, I ain't talking about Eiffel's

Real country-ass nigga, let me play with his rifle

Pussy put his ass to sleep, now he calling me NyQuil

Now that bang, bang, bang

I let him hit it cause he slang cocaine

He toss my salad like his name Romaine

And when we done, I make him buy me Balmain

I'm on some dumb shit, by the way, what he say?

He can tell I ain't missing no meals

Come through and fuck him in my automobile

Let him eat it with his grills, and he telling me to chill

And he telling me it's real, that he love my sex appeal

He say he don't like 'em boney, he want something he can grab

So I pulled up in the Jag, Mayweather with the jab like

Dun-d-d-dun-dun-d-d-dun-dun

My anaconda don't, my anaconda don't

My anaconda don't want none unless you got buns, hun

Oh my gosh, look at her butt

Oh my gosh, look at her butt

Oh my gosh, look at her butt

(Look at her butt)

Look at, look at, look at

Look, at her butt

Little in the middle but she got much back

Little in the middle but she got much back

Little in the middle but she got much back

(Oh my God, look at her butt)

My anaconda don't, my anaconda don't

My anaconda don't want none unless you got buns, hun

My anaconda don't, my anaconda don't

Don't want none unless you got buns, hun

Oh my gosh, look at her butt

Oh my gosh, look at her butt

Oh my gosh, look at her butt

(Look at her butt)

Look at, look at, look at

Look, at her butt

Yeah, he love this fat ass, hahaha!

Yeah! This one is for my bitches with a fat ass in the fucking club

I said, where my fat ass big bitches in the club?

Fuck the skinny bitches! Fuck the skinny bitches in the club!

I wanna see all the big fat ass bitches in the muthafuckin' club

Fuck you if you skinny bitches, what?! Kyuh

Haha, haha

I got a big fat ass (ass, ass, ass)

Come on!

5. Hello

Hello, it's me

I was wondering if after all these years you'd like to meet

To go over everything

They say that time's supposed to heal ya, but I ain't done much healing

Hello, can you hear me?

I'm in California dreaming about who we used to be

When we were younger and free

I've forgotten how it felt before the world fell at our feet

[Pre-Chorus 1]

There's such a difference between us

And a million miles

[Chorus]

Hello from the other side

I must've called a thousand times

To tell you, I'm sorry for everything that I've done

But when I call, you never seem to be home

Hello from the outside

At least, I can say that I've tried

To tell you, I'm sorry for breaking your heart

But it don't matter, it clearly doesn't tear you apart anymore

[Verse 2]

Hello, how are you?

It's so typical of me to talk about myself, I'm sorry

I hope that you're well

Did you ever make it out of that town where nothing ever happened?

[Pre-Chorus 2]

It's no secret that the both of us

Are running out of time

[Chorus]

So hello from the other side

I must've called a thousand times

To tell you, I'm sorry for everything that I've done

But when I call, you never seem to be home

Hello from the outside

At least, I can say that I've tried

To tell you, I'm sorry for breaking your heart

But it don't matter, it clearly doesn't tear you apart anymore

[Bridge]

(Highs, highs, highs, highs, lows, lows, lows, lows)

Ooh, anymore

(Highs, highs, highs, highs, lows, lows, lows, lows)

Ooh, anymore

(Highs, highs, highs, highs, lows, lows, lows, lows)

Ooh, anymore

(Highs, highs, highs, highs, lows, lows, lows, lows)

Anymore

[Chorus]

Hello from the other side

I must've called a thousand times

To tell you, I'm sorry for everything that I've done

But when I call, you never seem to be home

Hello from the outside

At least, I can say that I've tried

To tell you, I'm sorry for breaking your heart

But it don't matter, it clearly doesn't tear you apart anymore

6. Nobody Speak

Picture this

I'm a bag of dicks

Put me to your lips

I am sick

I will punch a baby bear in his shit

Give me lip

I'mma send you to the yard, get a stick, make a switch

I can end a conversation real quick

I am crack

I ain't lying kick a lion in his crack

I'm the shit, I will fall off in your crib, take a shit

Pinch your momma on the booty, kick your dog, fuck your bitch

Fat boy dressed up like he's Santa and took pictures with your kids

We the best

We will cut a frowny face in your chest, little wench

I'm unmentionably fresh, I'm a mensch, get correct

I will walk into a court while it wrecks, screaming "Yes!

I am guilty motherfuckers, I am death."

Hey, you wanna hear a good joke?

Nobody speak, nobody get choked

Get running

Start pumping your bunions, I'm coming

I'm the dumbest, who flamethrow your function to Funyons
Flame your crew quicker than Trump fucks his youngest
Now face the flame fuckers your fame and fate's done with
I walk Charlie Brown, Peppermint Patty, Linus and Lucy
Put coke in the doobie roll moodies to smoke with Snoopy
I still remain that dick grabbing slacker that spit a loogie
'Cause the tolda of the toolie'll murder you Frank and Moolies
Fuck outta here, yeah
Nobody speak, nobody get choked, hey
Nobody speak, nobody get choked, hey
Nobody speak
Nobody speak
Only facts I will shoot up
Baby duck if it quacks, with a Ruger
Top billin', come cops and villainous shots is blocked, shipped out, and bought, and you're
feeling it
El-P killing it, Killer Mike killing shit
What more can I say? We top dealing it
Valiant without villiany
Viciously file victory
Burn towns and villages
Burning, looting and pillaging
Murderers try to hurt us we curse them and all their children
I just want the bread and bologna bundles to tuck away
I don't work for free, I am barely giving a fuck away
So tell baby Johnny and Mommy to get the fuck away

Hey yo here's a gun son now run get it the gutterway

Live to shoot another day

Nobody speak, nobody get choked, hey

Nobody speak, nobody get choked, hey

Nobody speak

Nobody speak

Nobody speak, nobody get choked

7. Te amo

[Te amo, te amo](#)

She says to me

I hear the pain in her voice

Then we danced underneath the candelabra

She takes the lead

That's when I saw it in her eyes, it's over

[Chorus]

Then she said te amo

Then she put her hand around me waist

I told her no

She cried te amo

I told her I'm not gonna run away

But let me go

My soul is awry

Without asking why

I said te amo

Wish somebody'd tell me what she said?

Don't it mean I love you?

Think it means I love you

Don't it mean I love you?

[Verse 2]

Te amo, te amo

She's scared to breathe

I hold her hand, I got no choice uh

Pulled me out on the beach, danced in the water

I start to leave

She's begging me and asking why it's over

[Chorus]

Then she said te amo

Then she put her hand around me waist

I told her no

She cried te amo

I told her I'm not gonna run away

But let me go

My soul is awry

Without asking why

I said te amo

Wish somebody'd tell me what she said?

Don't it mean I love you?

Think it means I love you

Don't it mean I love you?

[Bridge]

Listen, we can dance

But you gotta watch your hands

Watch me all night

I'm moving through the light

Because I understand

That we all need love

And I'm not afraid
To feel the love, but I don't feel that way

[Chorus]

Then she said te amo
Then she put her hand around me waist
I told her no
She cried te amo
I told her I'm not gonna run away
But let me go
My soul is awry
Without asking why
I said te amo
Wish somebody'd tell me what she said?
Don't it mean I love you?
Think it means I love you
Don't it mean I love you?
Think it means I love you

8. Rockstar

Ayy, I've been fuckin' hoes and poppin' pillies
Man, I feel just like a rockstar (star)
Ayy, ayy, all my brothers got that gas
And they always be smokin' like a Rasta
Fuckin' with me, call up on a Uzi
And show up, man them the shottas
When my homies pull up on your block
They make that thing go grrra-ta-ta-ta (pow, pow, pow)

Ayy, ayy, switch my whip, came back in black

I'm startin' sayin', "Rest in peace to Bon Scott"

Ayy, close that door, we blowin' smoke

She ask me light a fire like I'm Morrison

Ayy, act a fool on stage
Prolly leave my fuckin' show in a cop car
Ayy, shit was legendary
Threw a TV out the window of the Montage
Cocaine on the table, liquor pourin', don't give a damn
Dude, your girlfriend is a groupie, she just tryna get in
Sayin', "I'm with the band"
Ayy, ayy, now she actin' outta pocket
Tryna grab up from my pants
Hundred bitches in my trailer say they ain't got a man
And they all brought a friend
Yeah, ayy
Ayy, I've been fuckin' hoes and poppin' pillies
Man, I feel just like a rockstar (star)
Ayy, ayy, all my brothers got that gas
And they always be smokin' like a Rasta
Fuckin' with me, call up on a Uzi
And show up, man them the shottas
When my homies pull up on your block
They make that thing go grrra-ta-ta-ta (pow, pow, pow)
I've been in the Hills fuckin' superstars
Feelin' like a pop star (21, 21, 21)
Drankin' Henny, bad bitches jumpin' in the pool
And they ain't got on no bra
Hit her from the back, pullin' on her tracks
And now she screamin' out, "no más" (yeah, yeah, yeah)

They like, "Savage, why you got a 12 car garage
And you only got 6 cars?" (21)
I ain't with the cakin', how you kiss that? (kiss that?)
Your wifey say I'm lookin' like a whole snack (big snack)
Green hundreds in my safe, I got old racks (old racks)
L.A. bitches always askin' where the coke at
Livin' like a rockstar, smash out on a cop car
Sweeter than a Pop-Tart, you know you are not hard
I done made the hot chart, 'member I used to trap hard
Livin' like a rockstar, I'm livin' like a rockstar
Ayy, I've been fuckin' hoes and poppin' pillies
Man, I feel just like a rockstar (star)
Ayy, ayy, all my brothers got that gas
And they always be smokin' like a Rasta
Fuckin' with me, call up on a Uzi
And show up, man them the shottas
When my homies pull up on your block
They make that thing go grrra-ta-ta-ta (pow, pow, pow)
Rockstar
Rockstar, feel just like a rock
Rockstar
Star
Rockstar
Feel just like a

9. New Rules

One, one, one, one, one

Talkin' in my sleep at night
Makin' myself crazy
(Out of my mind, out of my mind)
Wrote it down and read it out
Hopin' it would save me
(Too many times, too many times)
My love, he makes me feel like nobody else
Nobody else
But my love, he doesn't love me
So I tell myself, I tell myself
One, don't pick up the phone
You know he's only calling 'cause he's drunk and alone
Two, don't let him in
You'll have to kick him out again
Three, don't be his friend
You know you're gonna wake up in his bed in the morning
And if you're under him
You ain't getting over him
I've got new rules, I count 'em
I've got new rules, I count 'em
I've gotta tell them to myself
I've got new rules, I count 'em
I've gotta tell them to myself
I keep pushin' forwards
But he keeps pullin' me backwards
(Nowhere to turn, no way)

(Nowhere to turn, no)
Now I'm standing back from it
I finally see the pattern
(I never learn, I never learn)
But my love, he doesn't loves me
So I tell myself, I tell myself
I do, I do, I do
One, don't pick up the phone
You know he's only calling 'cause he's drunk and alone
Two, don't let him in
You have to kick him out again
Three, don't be his friend
You know you're gonna wake up in his bed in the morning
And if you're under him
You ain't getting over him
I've got new rules, I count 'em
I've got new rules, I count 'em
I've gotta tell them to myself
I've got new rules, I count 'em
I've gotta tell them to myself
Practice makes perfect
I'm still tryna' learn it by heart (I got new rules, I count 'em)
Eat, sleep, and breathe it
Rehearse and repeat it 'cause I (I got new, I got new, I)
One, don't pick up the phone
You know he's only calling 'cause he's drunk and alone

Two, don't let him in
You have to kick him out again
Three, don't be his friend
You know you're gonna wake up in his bed in the morning
And if you're under him
You ain't getting over him
I've got new rules, I count 'em
I've got new rules, I count 'em
I've gotta tell them to myself
I've got new rules, I count 'em (baby you know I count 'em)
I've gotta tell them to myself
Don't let him in, don't let him in
Don't be his friend, don't be his friend
Don't let him in, don't let him in
Don't be his friend, don't be his friend
You ain't getting over him

10. Look at me now

I don't see how you can hate from outside of the club
You can't even get in
Ha ha ha, Leggo
Yellow model chick
Yellow bottle sipping
Yellow Lamborghini
Yellow top missing
Yeah, yeah
That shit look like a toupee
I get what you get in ten years, in two days
Ladies love me, I'm on my Cool J

If you get what I get, what would you say?
She wax it all off, Mister Miyagi
And them suicide doors, Hari Kari
Look at me now, look at me now
Oh, I'm getting paper
Look at me now
Oh, look at me now
Yeah, fresher than a motherfucker
Lil nigga bigger than gorilla
'Cause I'm killing every nigga that try to be on my shit
Better cuff your chick if I want her, I can get her
And she accidentally slip and fall on my dick
Oops I said on my dick
I ain't really mean to say on my dick
But since we talking about my dick
All of you haters say hi to it
I'm done
Ayo Breezy
Let me show you how to keep the dice rolling
When your doing that thing over there homie
Let's go!
'Cause I feel like I'm running
And I'm feeling like I gotta get away, get away, get away
Better know that I don't and I won't ever stop
'Cause you know I gotta win everyday day, day, go!
See they don't really wanna pop me (Blow!)

Just know that you never flop me (Oh!)

And I know that I can be a little cocky

You ain't never gonna stop me

Every time I come a nigga gotta set it

Then I gotta go, and then I gotta get it

Then I gotta blow and then I gotta shudder any little thing that nigga think he be doing

'Cause it doesn't matter, 'cause I'm gonna dadadada

Then I'm gonna murder every thing and anything a badaboom a badabing

I gotta do a lot of things, to make it clearer to a couple niggas

That I'm always winning and I gotta get it again, and again, and again

And I be doing it to death and now I move a little foul

A nigga better call a ref, and everybody knows my style

And niggas know I'm the the best when it come to doing this

And I be banging on my chest

And I bang in the east, and I'm banging in the west

And I come to give you more and I will never give you less

You will hear it in the street or you can read it in the press

Do you really wanna know what's next? Let's go

See the way we on and we all up in the race

And you know we gotta go, don't try to keep up with the pace

And we struggling and hustling and sending it and getting it

And always gotta take it to another place

Gotta taste it and I gotta grab it

And I gotta cut all through his traffic

Just to be at the top of the throne

Better know I gotta have it, have it

Look at me now, look at me now

Oh, I'm getting paper

Look at me now

Oh, look at me now

Yeah, fresher than a motherfucker

Man fuck these bitch ass niggas, how y'all doin'?

I'm Lil Tunechi, I'm a nuisance

I go stupid, I go dumb like the Three Stooges

I don't eat sushi, I'm the shit, no I'm pollution, no substitution

Got a bitch that play in movies in my Jacuzzi, pussy juicy

I never gave a fuck about a hater, got money on my radar

Dress like a skater, got a big house, came with an elevator

You niggas ain't eatin', fuck it, tell a waiter

Marley said, "Shoot 'em", and I said, "Okay"

If you wanted bullshit then I'm like ole

I don't care what you say, so don't even speak

Your girlfriend a freak like Cirque Du Soleil

That's word to my flag, and my flag red

I'm out of my head, bitch I'm outta my mind, from the bottom I climb

You ain't hotter than mine, nope, not on my time and I'm not even trying

What's poppin' Slime? Nothin' five, and if they trippin' fuck 'em five

I ain't got no time to shuck and jive, these niggas as sweet as pumpkin pie

Ciroc and Sprite on a private flight

Bitch I been tight since guiding light

And my pockets white, and my diamonds white

And my mommas nice and my daddy's dead

You faggots scared 'cause I'm too wild

Been here for a while I was like "fuck trial", I puts it down

I'm so Young Money, if you got eyes look at me now, bitch

Look at me now, look at me now

Oh, I'm getting paper

Look at me now

Oh, look at me now

Yeah, I'm fresher than a motherfucker

Okay

Okay

Is that right?

I'm fresher than a motherfucker