

50 Cent - In Da Club

Tom: G

(Abm - Am Gbm - Abm Am - Abm)

50 Cent}
 Go, go, go, go
 Go, go, go shawty
 It's your birthday
 We gon' party like it's yo birthday
 We gon' sip Bacardi like it's your birthday
 And you know we don't give a fuck
 It's not your birthday!
 {Chorus} (2x)
 You can find me in the club, bottle full of bub
 Look mami I got the X if you into fell the buff
 I'm into having sex, I ain't into making love
 So come give me a hug if you into to getting rubbed
 {Verse}
 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 hold down, G's up
 I see Xzibit in the Cutt 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 dont walk wit a limp
 In the hood then the ladies 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 im loco
 And the plan is to put the rap game in a choke hold

I'm feelin' focused man, my money on my mind
 I got a mill out the deal and I'm still on the grind
 Now shawty said she feeling my style, she feeling my flow
 Her girlfriend wanna get bi and they ready to go
 {Chorus} (2x)
 {Bridge}
 My flow, my show brought me the doe
 That bought me all my fancy things
 My crib, my cars, my pools, my jewels
 Look nigga I got K-Mart and I ain't change
 {Verse}
 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 junk get to pumpin in the club it's on
 I wink my eye at ya bitch, if she smiles she gone
 If the roof on fire, let the motherfucker 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
 If the niggas hate then let 'em hate
 Watch the money pile up
 Or we go upside there wit a bottle of bub
 You know where we fucking be
 {Chorus} (2x)
 {Talking}
 (laughing) Don't try to act like you ain't know where we been
 either nigga
 In the club all the time nigga, its about to pop off nigga
 G - Unit

Acordes

