IN DA CLUB
Words & Music Curtis Jackson/Andrew Young/Michael Elizondo

Moderately \( \text{\( \frac{j}{92} \)} \)

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

(simile)

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...
Chorus:

club, bottle full of bub. Ma-ma, I got what you need if you need to feel a buzz. I'm into having

sex, I ain't into making love, so come... give me a hug if you into getting rubbed. You can find me in da

(simile)

club, bottle full of bub. Ma-ma, I got what you need if you need to feel a buzz. I'm into having

To Coda

sex, I ain't into making love, so come... give me a hug if you into getting rubbed. I...
Verse:

front, you see the Benz on dubs. When I roll twenty deep, it's always drama 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 plenty 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
bub. Come on, they know where we be. You can find me in da
hug if you in-to get-ting rubbed.

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.

Shady/Aftermath
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)