

50 Cent, 50/Banks

[50 Talking]

Yeah come on now
Y'all gonna make fifty mad
And you dont wanna see me mad

[50]

I keep hearin' niggas is happy, the D's come, niggas wit guns
When I'm out on bail, ridin' wit' some new ones
My homey told me to snitch the style up
Got 4 cats sent to jail, cause i told the cops
Now i gotta new diamond watch, and i wear vests on the block
I'ma snitch till im rich and theres no changin that
I used to sold crack? have to be a fool to believe that
They got my wearin vests and now im wearing them all the time
Did you just do a crime? Fifty's droppin the dime
When i get in jail the cops lemme right out
Cause i snitched on my best friend (eminem saying "thats right")

It don't take long, for my snitchin to sink in
[Chorus - repeat 2X]

You're thicker than water
Ouch! twizzy wizzy wa
You're thicker than water
Ouch! twizzy wizzy wa
You're thicker than water
Ouch! twizzy wizzy wa
You can be a Blood or a Crip
Nigga, you bitch

Follow Me

[Tony Yayo]

I'm in the money green 7-45, with 7 shots in the fo' five
Y'all niggas wanna die?
I got a love affair, wit' violence and guns
When I got O'd up, my heart turned colder
That's why the mac react like a king cobra
Now I'm jumpin' out of Rovers, in Gucci loafers
Y'all niggas wanna stun? I'll bury you cockroaches
Gimme one year, in this industry
I'll buy enough guns to declare war on a small country

[Chorus]

[Lloyd Banks]

Still walk around wit' the hammer boss
Rope and a cross
Hard times'll make a lil' nigga hate Santa Claus
Your mountains is high, holdin' in Diana Ross
I'm like a 2003 banana Porsche
I don't gotta hide sluts, to get your ties cut
My team in the cutt, packin' middle things
I got more foreign shooters than the Sacramento Kings
It's 8 class karats in the border
I poke holes in plastic, to avoid a vaginal disorder
I'm a savage on your daughter
She ain't in the college dorm
Then I guess I'm squirtin' on the cabin that you bought her
I'm a heavy weed smoker, so the average is a quarter
Brown colored from shit, he established in the water
You got Banks on your jersey, you part of my fan base
Just 'cause you pour syrup on shit, don't make it pancakes
[Chorus]