

50 Cent, 50 Bars

50 bars of pleasure 50 bars of pain

When I'm dead and gone niggaZ gonna remember my name 50

[reapeat]

Yo black is flashy like Alpo gun happy like Pappy

Sneaky muthafucka remind me of nigga that crack me

He ain't the type you shoot dice with and win dog

Unless you wanna get your ass layed out in gilmore

Yes we soldiers, remind me of Troy and E-Bags

When they came through they hollored like "What up Conrad?"

Grimey niggaZ they loved to get gully

Summer time still had on black gloves and scullies

The Lex 450 pulled up that's Cornbread

Them niggaZ from Philly would of called him an old head

But he an OG remind me of ChaZ and Bump real low key

Sounded like he didn't know nothing about drama

For this money shit many men do trauma

Switchy walked in son, this bitch had the baddest ass

The bulletproof glass was rolled up on the S-Class

Heard in DC he kept mad blocks in order

Picture this a young nigga gettin it like Rich Porter

Sonny came in for half a pit

He got knocked, he on lock still controllin' his block from constop

Pop pulled up in the CL5 his project changed

His man just got fucking murked by Salene

Heard he got it in the range nigga Bean popped one in his brain

Over some-thing took his watch and his chain

Country boys off the hook down there and Richmond main.

In the black 740 I sat, hat turned back

Bow down baby nelly singing my wrist blinging What!

I'm waiting on this nigga Wise we lost for two pies

Son he smokin that shit I can see it in his eyes

Comin up wise emotions closed

Most buying round looking for wisemen toast

Benny hopped out the Esculade with a few thourough men from B-More

They sellin herion in Maryland reverse back to diesel

Killed like 4 fiends his popularity grew that only ment more cream

First it was him and his brother now he got a team

Went from 5 and a half grams to living the dream

City pulled up Goddamn you know his format

Bentley is all marble in the door and floor match

Got the gats out the stash box popped two glocks

Peace "All eyeZ on me" 2pac

Everybody knows he a boss he gotta floss

He on the same bullshit that sent Gotti up north

That's Dime in the blue ts stunting like he Nicky Barnes

He broke but he talk like a Don

Homes hoppin out the Jag that's Max haitin cat

Kill a nigga quick remind me of Haitian Jack

I peep his style son I know his stelo, He on the d-low

He smile at niggaZ mumbling fuck you in Creole

Heard war stories bout how he maneuver with the Ruger

Hold the iron horiZontally and send shots throug h ya

Few niggaZ tried to murk him, most them got fount

Some turnt away try to run they in wheelchairs now

Banks hopped out bulletproof this, bulletproof that

Bulletproof snorkel, bulletproof hat

Got out a Black Hummer he blew 90 on that

Poppin mad shit like he gonna bulletproof that lets go