

# 50 Cent, Bump Heads

[50 Cent]

Yeah, Shady, Haha  
G-G-G-G-G-Unit!!!

...

Does it make you mad when I switch my flow?  
You can't understand how I get my dough  
50 Cent, I'm on fire cuz Shady said so...  
I'm on fire!!

[Eminem]

Everybody's in a rush tryna get to the throne  
I just get on the track and try to set the tone  
I ain't tryna use nobody as a steppin stone  
But don't compare me, I'm better off just left alone  
And I ain't even tryna go there wit record sales  
I'm just tryna keep it humble and respect myself  
Say what up, keep steppin, and just rep D-12  
Keep my nose clean, stay away from weapons, jail and livin wreckless  
But if you go check my belt  
You may see something else I used to protect myself  
A vest, to stop a Rueger and deflect the shells  
And send 'em back at you faster than they left the barrel  
And I don't even carry guns no more, I don't got to  
Got undercover cops that'll legally pop you  
And I done seen a lot of people cross the line  
But this muthafucka Ja must've lost his mind  
That X, got him thinkin he was DMX  
Then he switched to Pac now he's tryna be him next  
So which one are you? X, Luther, Pac or Michael?  
Jus keep singin the same song recycled  
We'd all much rather get along and fight you  
Me and Hailie danced to your songs, we like you  
And you don't really wanna step inside no mic booth  
C'mon now, you know the white boy'll bite you  
I hurt your pride dog and you know I don't like to  
But I will if I have to, with syllable after syllable I just slap you  
Killin you fasta than you poppin pill afta little pill of them tabs of that shit you on  
But if you want it you got it you'd bump this shit too, if we ain't diss you on it  
But if we lock horns we can charge harder than Busta  
We bump heads wit any motherfucker that wants ta  
So whats the, deal where was all the tough talk?  
When I walked up to you like, "Ja what up, dog?"  
How come you didn't say you had a problem then?  
When you was standin there wit all your men, we coulda solved this then  
I'm a grown man dog come holla  
All you did was slapdance, smile and swallow another one of them little X pills in front of me  
And tell me 50 Cent was everything you wanna be

Chorus x2:

[50 Cent]

I know you don't want it with me  
You know you don't want it with me  
You talk and soon ya go'n see  
You don't wanna bump heads with me

[Tony Yayo]

You couldn't son me if my father helped you  
My punchlines is hot, my bars'll melt you  
Ja, you Stuart Little, shells'll lift you  
Every other week I'm buyin a new pistol  
I clap at your ass with this chrome 38  
And put six thru your hats of 7 and 3/8s  
Irv you ain't Suge Knight, (???)  
I put my knife in ya wind pipe and freeze ya on the turnpike  
You know and I know who took ya chain  
You got robbed two times so ya ass is laid  
I'm down to die for this shit all I need is bail

You betta stick to tha movies with Steven Siegel, bitch  
(Chorus x2)  
[Lloyd Banks]  
Fuck that I'm miles away  
And these industry niggas startin' to get outta hand  
I'ma find your whereabouts by stompin' 'em out ya man  
Tellin New York, even in Compton they understand  
I'm on the block where you was raised doin chocolate out tha game and  
They see me pop a boy for an icy cuz I could  
Shootin guns for money you probably forgot your way around the hood  
Bitch when you paranoid it's hard to make a song  
Now you want it wit us, half your artists got to make a point  
Every magazine I own your on your knees takin prayer pictures  
And you ain't even got shot yet, you scared bitches  
You don't know nuttin about what pain is sucka  
I'll put your ass to the ground like a train conductor, muthafucka  
(Chorus x2)