

50 Cent, Gangsta Shit

[50 Cent - Talking]

Yeah, niggas talkin all that gangsta shit
Actin like my money ain't no good in the hood, you know what I mean?
Fuckin head blown off nigga, you know?

[Chorus x2]

They, they talkin that
That gangsta shit
They ain't about that
Man matter of fact
Hand me my strap
Show me where they at
I'll stop 'em from talkin like that

[50 Cent]

I'm the talk to hit every barbershop and beauty salon
Cause these other niggas that rap ain't on the shit that I'm on
Cause 50 this, 50 that, 50 stay with a gat
Thirty-two shots in the clip, hollow tips in the Mack
But when I come through, shh... the talkin stop
My money long now, I can make the Pope get shot
Now, we can blow an hour talkin bout the stones I rock
All the hoes I got, cause he stunts in the drop
Now, naw, you love the kids, 50 on that killa shit
That been mobbed the bad man, bitchy as gorilla shit
I'm markin my music like diesel on the block
So if you with me you gon' eat and you gon' starve if you not
Weed smokers love me like they love Buddha
I'll send your kids through the shooter, Crip niggas love me like they love Hoova
They tell me see careful good, cause niggas wanna see like you
They ain't used to a G like you, BLAM!

[Chorus]

[Young Buck]

You think you a killer but we gon just pay 'em a visit
Put the potato in the barrel so nobody hear it
I keep a holster on my shoulder like I'm John Wayne
Shootin these niggas lights out like LeBron James
Holla my name, gimme a reason to see you bleedin
After you feel these hollow tips, nigga, then we eatin
Full of anger until there's no more bullets in the chamber
Ain't nothin like when you get popped and don't know who to blame-a
Nigga told me, 'Do your dirt all by your lonely'
So I go hit them niggas 'fore 50 couldn't even hold me
I'm waitin, anticipatin to put a nigga under
Smokin like we some Jamaicans fuckin with this ganja
Ride with no hesitation, retaliation is a must
Bad as I want to, some shit I just don't discuss
So point him out and watch how I knock him off
Everywhere you bitches go, I got a nigga watchin y'all, motherfucker!

[Chorus]

[Lloyd Banks]

Come on, nigga, I ain't here to make no friends, just cut the checks
I got a long pump that'll put your stupid ass up in steps
Beggin niggas don't understand though
Probably cause my hand glow when I'm anticipatin the lambo
Lean out my bucket for niggas thinkin they Rambo
You get one warnin so I suggest you let your man know
These rap niggas portray to be tough, nobody acting soft
'Til they laid out in the hospital, eatin applesauce
Usually for yappin off and turn apologetic

Waving a white flag, the danger they might have
My niggas buyin so much ammo
If you reach in the couch for loose change, you'll probably feel on the handle
Holdin sixteens to get your bandages and broke bones
So I suggest you get alarm systems in both homes
There's only one team on top, we number one with a glock
Fuck around and get your dumb ass SHOT!

[Chorus]