

50 Cent, Say what yoy want

Yo, niggas be askin me "yo 50 who you got beef wit?"
I'm a tell yall niggas who I got beef wit
I got beef wit any nigga I can't make no money wit
If I can't make no money wit you, fuck you nigga
G-Unit nigga, thats whatsup cause I said thats whatsup
[Tony Yayo]

I get money, money I got
so its a 100 grams or better when I'm going to cop
I never hold the toaster cause I use my little soldier
And my down bitch as a holster, like I'm supposed ta
heavy pistol sales for living
my gun rip through lungs and tear through tissue
while I'm out for the ends, you out for a rep
thats the same thing that have yo mama in a black dress
see me in a black lex, hard-top
My mink drop-top, fresh out the carlot
I got the gift of raw pugilist speeches(?)
So I'm gon sell like the box office features
Niggas in the hood can't see G-UNIT!
but deep in they heart they wanna be G-UNIT!
cause we got them three b's: benzes, burners and bitches
and plus we on the road to the riches

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

You can say what you want about me
As long as you don't get in the way of my money
Cause all that talking shit to me played out
Nigga keep bumping your gums you get laid out
[Lloyd Banks]

Lately I been going through a phase
Hope they aint tap the phones
Cause we got pumps the size of saxophones
Therefore I'm on the move with the squad
I'm stingy as ever, known to trick fast food on a broad
Picture me putting jewels on a broad
I'd rather put shoes on the car
A pool in the yard
You don't really wanna fool with the god
Nigga my front line long enough to fill two boulevards
In this game, you only make it far if you loyal
And if you grew up with your mother and your father you spoiled
Why swing, you gotta be strapped to get rid of me
Ill leave you in water like the statute of liberty
Tryin to be cool

Blowin green that strong enough to make a white boy open fire on a school
Keep rappin for your hood, I'm rappin for benzes
And long assault rifles with straps on the lenses

[Chorus]

[50 Cent]

Yall niggas gotta learn from me (Yeah!!)
What I learned from Gotta Rock and Spank G (Un-Huh)
Yall niggas gotta learn from me (Yeah!!)
What I learned from watching Brucie B
Look, I shot the sheriff
And nigga if you get too close yo punk ass getting shot
Here's the plan, I'm a keep stackin my ends
Till I'm on airplane seats in the Maebach benz
I'm all about the chips
I done took them trips
22's on the 6
26 on the bricks
And them outta town niggas, I'm chargin yall more
I tapdance on the shit I aint servin it raw
You sell smoke, look nigga I got what you need
But it aint goin cheap I got mouths to feed

Niggas always sayin damn 50 you bugged
Cause I got hoes giving niggas the date rape drug
Gimme his watch and his chain
We not the same, he a lame
He want pussy I'm bout my money man
Crap table in Vegas had his bitch on my dick
Threw a 7 so many times they thought the dice was fixed
Yo its 50, when your mindframe change and start to rearrange
I'll see you another day motherfucker it's 50
Shots 'til your heart drop and freeze up, ease up motherfucker
[Chorus]