

50 Cent, Touch The Sky

(Chorus)

(5C) Man I run this rap shit

(TY) Get yo' hands up high, hands up high, hands up high

(5C) Rest in peace to Biggie Smalls

(TY) Get yo' hands up high, hands up high, hands up high

(5C) R.I.P. to 2Pac

(TY) Get yo' hands up high, hands up high, hands up high

(5C) Nigga roll that good shit

(TY) Get yo' hands up high, hands up high, hands up high

(50 Cent)

You wan' dance, let's dance nigga, I take you to the prom

I'm armed, trey-pound in my palm, I'm calm nigga

My momma made a baby boy, the hood made a man

My first 14 grams, took that and made a grand

I do this, you knew this, I told you pussy

Your fate, your death day to fuckin come if you push me

Have you like E.I. E.I., uh-ohhh after the four-four blow

I get low, they say I go like a pro

It's a wrap, and I'm ghost, in the smoke, like a roach

You've been clapped, and in fact, there's no comin back from that

I'm the last of my breed, no Henny, no weed

Just my vest, and my semi, in the back, of the Bentley

Enage, a mirage, see I'm there, then I'm gone

Cause my lawyers are strong and my money is long

So when I'm right I'm right, and when I'm wrong I'm right

I hit your ass up right, nigga it's nighty-night

(Chorus)

(Tony Yayo)

Yeah! Yeah! Yo, YO

Aiyyo I'm higher than a pilot man, I catch a body man

Beat the case, I lie on the polygram

These O.G.'s talkin 'bout, back in the days

I have a R.I.P. sign, on your MySpace page

I'm in your, top 8 nigga, drop 8 nigga

G-C-T Coupe, it's sour grape nigga

I'm a ape nigga, a guerilla in the mist

I HOLD WEIGHT NIGGA~! My connect got bricks

I went gold, you went platinum, we still got the same cars

Same house, and still fuck the same broads (I ain't lyin)

Dreams of fuckin an R&B bitch

Damn you look good girl but get your teeth fixed

I'm the Teflon Don boy, I get busy

Your next two songs you do them shits with Pretty Ricky

Seven-sixty, drive by light tint

With two hoes in the whip lookin like flint