

# 50 Cent, Wanksta (Remix)

(feat. Flipmode Squad)

[Intro: Busta Rhymes]

Yeah.. it's a problem, Flipmode nigga  
We on the highest temperature level of the fucking pressure cooker  
Blowing niggas tops, what?  
Flipmode up in this bitch, The Rulership Movement nigga  
Check it, let me talk, check it, check it

[Busta Rhymes]

There's only one God sonny, and there ain't no replacement  
And anybody thinkin different jus get locked in the basement  
You know we had to touch the beat cuz the track is dope, nigga  
And throw some bullet's at you the size of cantaloupes, nigga  
A lotta niggas rollin around like they can't get touched  
Even the pope know to stay in bullet proof Benz trucks  
Flipmode up in this bitch, ya niggas know we on fire  
We hang niggas like old sneakers from telephone wires

[Rampage]

Puerto Rican mami's call me Papi  
Cuz they see me in the hood, poppin wheelies on my Kawasaki  
Yo they can't stop me, Ramp yo, I'm kinda cocky  
I'll break your fucking ribs like I'm playing ice hockey  
Bigger than life, extort the game, critically acclaimed  
Smack you in your face with my chain  
Now I'm ready to go to war like Saddam Hussein  
Everybody in the industry know my squad's name

[Chorus 1: Busta Rhymes]

Yo we jus an idiot, and we here to merge somethin  
You know what chu dealing with, you know we here to hurt somethin  
So stop with the stupid shit, cuz it ain't even worth frontin  
Hope you know that you could really end up in the earth cuzin

[50 Cent]

We do this all the time, right now we on the grind  
So hurry up and cop and go selling nicks and dimes  
Shorty she's so fine, I gotta make her mine  
A ass like dat gotta be one of a kind  
I crush 'em every time, punch 'em with every line  
I'm fuckin with they mind, I make 'em press rewind  
They know they can't shine if I'm around the rhyme  
Been on parole since ninety four cuz I commit the crime  
I say you on my line, I did it three ta nine  
If D's ran up in my crib, you know who droppin dimes

[Chorus 2: 50 Cent]

You say you a gangsta but you neva pop nuttin  
We say you a wanksta and you need to stop frontin  
You go to the dealership but you neva cop nuttin  
You been hustlin a long time and you ain't got nuttin

[Baby Sham]

I know your man, he says that you the bitch stuntin  
You don't know how the gun cock to reach somethin  
Yeah, I see ya face in ya grill  
But it's your conscience itchin to tell you the squad love a mil  
Like a forest field, we hunt ta god, it's surreal  
Flipmode, cop boy, get your weight up for real, get at 'em

[Chorus 1]

[Chorus 2]

[50 Cent]

Damn homie, in highskewl you was the man, homie  
What the fuck happened to you?  
I got the sickest vendetta, when it come to the chedda  
Nigga you play wit my paper, you gon meet my berretta  
Now shorty think I'ma sweat her, sippin on amoretta  
I'm hit once than deada, I know I can do betta  
She look good but I know she after my chedda  
She tryna get in my pockets homie and I ain't gon let her  
Be easy, start some bullshit ya get your whole crew wet  
We in the club doin the same ol' two step  
Guerrilla Unit cuz, they say we bugged out  
Cuz we don't go nowhere without toast, we thugged out

[Chorus 2 - repeat 2x]

[50 Cent]

Ah ha!