

# 50 Cent, Whoo Kid

[50 Cent talking]

[Hook]

You want beef wit me? take a number, and get in line  
You bump heads wit me? I pop ya top off wit the nine  
You mad at me? Shit cause you can't shine  
You ain't gettin' yours? thats fucked up cause I'm gettin' mine

[50 Cent]

I got a M1 in my hand, I'm feelin' to start killin' shit  
I'm not the nation's new Malcolm X, but I'm militant  
What, I'm supposed to be scared cause you got a big chest?  
My four fifth will lift you and your motherfuckin' bench press  
Why you screamin' war senseless, I'm tryin' to spaz  
Swing my knife, tore break it off in yo ass  
Niggas get hugged up in the huddle, I know how to clear 'em out  
Four fifth, four shots, that'll fuckin' air 'em out  
In the hood niggas love me cause I keep it real  
G-Unit niggas, they gon' always make bail  
Whether it's two G's or twenty G's  
Whether or not wit two pieces or two keys  
Bitch please, get on ya knees you can lick these balls  
I'm not that nigga that you striptease for  
You gotta a problem or anger nigga to call  
Cause I'm out like a pimp and a trick, bitch!

[Hook]

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You ain't get yours? That's fucked up cause I'm gettin' mine

[50 Cent talks till end]