

Wu-Tang Clan, Who The Fuck Is 50 Cent

fuckin around, its that the fuckin clown?
40 Cent? (uh-huh)
If you real thing, cuz you was here
You'll be fuckin dead, you hear me cock-sucker, DEAD!
Yo, yo, yo,
Who the hell is 50 Cent? Crook with a deal
Keep talkin, you gon' meet a crook with a steel
You really want beef, I'ma hand you war
Got big guns, shit you never seen before
Just a no-name nigga, seekin the rep
'bout to take aim, spit a hot flame in your chest
Although everythin was cool, had to start wildin
Front all you want, but not on Shaolin
Point blank, simple and plain, you small change
Tear you up out of the frame from close range
Fake 50 Cent tryin to face the best
Wanna impress me? Let me see you fake your death
Until then, you herb, don't deserve respect
What possessed you? Who gave you the nerve to flex?
God bless you, I'ma lay your soul to rest
Think about it next time you'll pose a threat
Who the hell is 50 Cent? Cornball frontin
'nother studio thug, ain't hurtin nothin, nigga
And your raps ain't built for that
On the real, niggas get killed for that
So you wanna stick the Gods for they funny-ass rings?
How dare you? Clip your wings and straight aim
You be careful, how you mention the name
Speaks codes, I violate your clan like parole
Who want it? Run in your lab without a warrant
What you gon' do now? Got your ass cornered
Feel a squad closing in, from all angles
Hit you, split you from your ass to your ankle
Let my dogs eat your food, hear my wolves howl at the moon
Lock down your body, leave the room
You fake fuck, wanna start with us?
Anybody ever told you, you talk too much?
Niggas want mine, I'ma put five on your bucket
Shine on the wrist, cost more than your budget
Who you? Face it, your whole camp doo-doo
Wanna get it on, nigga do you, fake fuck
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Yo, I lay long enough, for you cowards to eat
It's time to apply pressure, devour the streets
Yo, it seems another crab, like runnin his mouth
Where he at? Point him out, and I'm callin him out
Make his chick nod the head like she's suckin me off
Keep it raw, meat combat with the dog, dustin me off
No joke, you ain't never seen gun smoke
Nickel pump bastard, stick to playin jump rope
Who the bosses? Power like thoroughbred horses
With more guns than armed forces
You ain't ready, overnight joker
Strip you like poker, your bullshit's over
Give it to me raw, I want mine the foul way
Small change in this game, nigga like a child's play
Motherfuckin coward

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Fuckin 40 Cent
4 dimes and a nickel, God
I challenge you, thats right
Fuckin cheesy boy
Cream Team niggas see you boy
You better have your shit out
You better have your shit right, nigga
Youknowl'msayin?
We the flavoury niggas
We fuckin flavoury niggas
You fuckin coward
Trying to come in this shit
You know I'm sayin'?
We out here, you just small change