

Follow Me Gangster

50 Cent

Yeah, Sha, you ready? Drop that
Ferrari F 50 style baby
I'ma show 'em how I do it
G-G-G-G-G-G-Unit
I keep hearin' niggas is happy, the D's come, niggas wit guns
When I'm out on bail, ridin' wit' some new ones
Big got hit in that passenger seat, Pac got hit in that passenger seat
Now I'm ridin' 'round in that passenger seat
Come near the whip, I'm blastin' my heat
It don't take long, for my juvenile delinquent thinkin' to sink in
The consequences mean nothin', those semi auto's is bustin'
Crack sellin', predicate villain, spit big words but I can't spell 'em
Put a shot in your Mellon
That'll keep your punk ass from tellin'
That I got that nine and that fo'-fo', the H2 on double fours
Bullet proof windows and doors, gangsta how 'bout yours
Southside tatted on my back
My last gun shipment got the whole hood strapped
Now all I got is two 380's and a nine
Nigga you can knock and tell the cops but you're dyin'
You're thicker than water
Ouch, twizzy wizzy wa
You're thicker than water
Ouch, twizzy wizzy wa
You're thicker than water
Ouch, twizzy wizzy wa
You could be a Blood or a Crip
Nigga, bitch follow me
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You could be a Blood or a Crip
Nigga, bitch follow me
I used to chill in the hood, to support the fiends
But now I'm eatin' caviar instead of pork and beans
I'm in the money green 7-45, with 7 shots in the fo' five
Y'all niggas wanna die?

I got a love affair, wit' violence and guns
So this is for them gangstas, rep' where you from
When I got O'd up, my heart turned colder
That's why the mac react like a king cobra

Now I'm jumpin' out of Rovers, in Gucci loafers
Y'all niggas wanna stun? I'll bury you cockroaches
Gimme one year, in this industry
I'll buy enough guns to declare war on a small country

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Nigga, bitch follow me

Still walk around wit' the hammer boss rope and a cross

Hard times'll make a lil' nigga hate Santa Claus

Your mountains is high, holdin' in Diana Ross

I'm like a 2003 banana Porsche

I don't gotta hide sluts, to get your ties cut

They on my dick, 'cause I make groupies set off a fire truck

My team in the cutt, packin' middle things

I got more foreign shooters than the Sacramento Kings

It's 8 class karats in the border

I poke holes in plastic, to avoid a vaginal disorder

I'm a savage on your daughter, she ain't in the college dorm

Then I guess I'm squirtin' on the cabin that you bought her

I'm a heavy weed smoker, so the average is a quarter

Brown colored from shit, he established in the water

You got Banks on your jersey, you part of my fan base

Just 'cause you pour syrup on shit, don't make it pancakes

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