

Wanksta (8 Mile OST,2002)

50 Cent

Yea, It's 50, A.K.A. Ferrari, F-50, break it down
I got a lot of living, to do before I die,
And I ain't got time to waste. Let's make it
You say you a gangsta, but you never pop nothing
We say you a wanksta, then you need to stop fronting
You ain't a friend of mine,(yea) you ain't no kin to
mine,(c'mon)
What makes you think that I won't run up on you wit the nine, (uh huh)
We do this all the time (what), right now we on the grind (yea)
So hurry up and cop and go resell it nicks and dimes, (uh huh)
Shortie, she so fine, I gotta make her mine,
A ass like that, gotta be one of a kind,(Whoo)
I crush em every time, punch em wit every line
I'm fucking with they mind, I make em press rewind
They know they can't shine, If I'm around to rhyme
Been on parole since ninety four, cause I commit the crime
I say them my line, I did it three to nine
The D's ran up in my crib, you know who drop the dime
You say you a gangsta, but you never pop nothing,
You say you a wanksta, then you need to stop fronting
You go to the dealership, but you don't never cop nothing
You been hustling a long time, but you ain't got nothing
You say you a gangsta, but you never pop nothing
You say you a wanksta, then you need to stop fronting
You go to the dealership, but you never cop nothing
You been hustling long time, but you ain't got nothing
Damn homie,
In high school you was the man homie
What the fuck happened to you, I got the sickest vendetta, when it come to the chedda,(uh huh)
Nigga, you play with my paper, you gon meet my baretta
Now shortie think I'm a sweat her,(uh huh) I'm sippin on Amaretto, (yea)
I'm out here doin stillella, I know I could do betta
She look good, but I know she after my chedda
She tryin to get in my pockets, homie, and I ain't gon let her
Be easy, start some bullshit, you get your whole crew wet
We in the club doin the same ol two step
Gorilla unit 'cause, they say we bugged out
Cause we don't go nowhere without toast be thugged out
You say you a gangsta, but you never pop nothing,
You say you a wanksta, then you need to stop fronting
You go to the dealership, but you don't never cop nothing
You been hustling a long time, but you ain't got nothing
You say you a gangsta, but you never pop nothing
You say you a wanksta, then you need to stop fronting

You go to the dealership, but you never cop nothing
You been hustling long time, but you ain't got nothing
Me, I'm no mobster, me, I'm no gangsta
Me, I'm no hit man, (yea) me, I'm just me
Me, I'm not wanksta, me, I'm no actor
But it's me you see, on your TV, cause I hustle babe
This rap shit is so easy, I'm getting what you get for a brick, to talk greasy
By any means, partner, I got to eat on these streets
When you play me close, fa' sure, I'ma pop my heat
Niggas say they goin' murder 50, how
We riding round wit guns the size, of Lil' Bow Wow
What you know about AK's and are-15's
Equipped wit night vision, shell catchers and empties, huh
You say you a gangsta, but you never pop nothing,
You say you a wanksta, then you need to stop fronting
You go to the dealership, but you don't never cop nothing
You been hustling a long time, but you ain't got nothing
You say you a gangsta, but you never pop nothing
You say you a wanksta, then you need to stop fronting
You go to the dealership, but you never cop nothing
You been hustling long time, but you ain't got nothing
Damn homie!

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