

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 barettta

Now shortie think I'm a sweat her,(uh huh) I'm sippin on Amaretto, (yea)

I'm out here doin stilletta, 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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