

Gatman And Robbin

50 Cent

Gee wilikers, Gatman, they got me surrounded
I'm on my way
I got a Gatman
There's a problem, I'ma solve it
A nigga movin' around
With a big ass revolver
And a black man
What the fuck, are you retarded?
You touch Shady, I'll leave you dearly departed
They say Batman
Robin, Cagney and Lacey, it's 50 Cent and Shady
The worst, baby, put your hands on my peoples, I'll react crazy
Put a hole through ya front and ya back maybe
But dude, if you try me, I'll have ya ass hooked up to an IV
I'll leave no witnesses when I ride B
You fuck with me, you'll see
I'll react like an animal, I'll tear you apart
If a masterpiece was murder, I'd major in art
Niggaz knew I wasn't wrapped too tight from start
But bein' a little off, landed me on top of the charts
So, you take the good with the bad, I guess
Level three Teflon plate on my chest
And my cock back, hollow tip in the chamber
Danger, anger will change ya
And make ya aim that and squeeze
I got a Gatman
There's a problem, I'ma solve it
A nigga movin' around
With a big ass revolver
And a batman
Motherfucker, you retarded
You touch 50
I'll leave you dearly departed
We're walkin' away from a beef, in which clearly you started
I said we're walkin' away, did you hear me? You wanna be thankful
That we ain't beefin', we're still breathin' and just leave it at that
'Cause if me and 50 and G-Unit hop back in that Bat mobile
It ain't gonna be no more rappin', it's gonna be brat
Retaliation will be like them Muslim Shi'ite attacks

Some where along the line, it's like me and 50 made a pact
He's got my back, I got his, back, back
It's almost like we're kinda like Siamese twins
'Cause when we beef we pull each other in

To the bullshit like we're conjoined at the hip
It's just unavoidable, some of this shit is washable
And some shit will never boil up
And some of it will just simmer at best
If left alone, we'll let it be, no, there won't be no sit downs
With no Ray Benzinos, there will no peace discussions with me
There ain't gon' be no friendly debates over crumpets and tea
Just quit fuckin' with me and I'll gladly quit fuckin' with you
Just spit ya sixteen and do what you gotta do to get through
Without mentionin' me and the machine or Jimmy Iovine and Dre and 50
Or D-Twizzie, Obie and just let it be or we'll be back with a
Gatman

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Nigga, you get it twisted, you can get ya wig splitted
I don't give a fuck, I don't care if police know I did it
Man, I hustle, I get money in the sunshine or a blizzard
I go hard for that paper, homie, I just gotta get it
Got a money scheme, I'm plottin' in the county and I'm with it
You cross me, you gon' make a cemetery visit
That's gangsta, you know me I told it 'cause I live it
Shell cases drop, when that chopper chop
Way up the block, get hit with copper tops
When the drama pop, the llama pop
And it won't stop, you can run, call the cops
They say no, nigga's know how I be on it
That shit you got, put my pistol to you, I want it
It's not a game, perfect aim, you feel the flame
Up against ya brain, man, it's so hot I'll make ya wish it rained

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