

Can I Speak To You

50 Cent

[50 Cent - Verse 1]Summer heat, hot, murder plots, niggas getting shot

Chrome rims for sixes

One will, one gypsy

Throw it up, one hand

Wave back at the bitches

I'm silent

Right before I snap I'm violent

I call myself the tussle

Boss in the muscle

Boy I feed your ass brass knuckles

A nigga come creeping through the four

You scared, get a dog

Get a male, because a bitch'll get you both in the mall

Now peep the punchlines I'm punching these are knockout blows

I'm cyber pimping I got sci-fi hoes

This is next-level mack shit

That's why my money stack quick

12 V's V12 half of them triple black bitch

Lust, gluttony, greed, jealousy envy me

Your blinds blurring your vision, see I'm where I'm supposed to be

On top of the underground

Still gritty

Still running cities

Still Em', Dre, and Fiddy

Fuck with me, I'm an usual suspect when it's a hit

Turn up the volume and hear my voice, yeah it's the shit

[Chorus (x2)]Pardon me please, may I speak to you (May can I speak to you)

Feel this is something (You know, I just do what I wanna do)

I'm compelled to do (Who gon' stop me, who gon' stop me, uh?)

[Schoolboy Q - Verse 2]Pistols and bad bitches

Hustlers and bad business

Rapping was just a hobby, that hobby turned to a million

Had that oxy on sale

You can get it 50 a pill

Sniff it or let it grill

Rap the foil you know the drill

Money, power, and drugs

My only reason to love

Never played cops and robbers, nigga we played
Crips and Bloods
Like to the pimps saying who the sluts?
211 on hookers purses
Another double up purchase
Slanging a hundred meters from churches
God forgive me, but the steal was worth it
Man I swear I needed some change,
chains and golden rings and thangs
Niggas watch videos and think them dudes
went from rags to hardest
For real lokes know that type of thing makes you a target
Either the pigs or I'm gonna get you while you playing boy
Hold you like an animal
Strapped with a bean that's Adam Braun
50 told me ambition wins when your talent ain't working
I say I'd rather relapse
Than reenact Curtis and put that work in
[Chorus (x2) {+ad-libs}]Pardon me please, may I speak to you (You see that?)
Feel this is something (That's what I'm talking about)
I'm compelled to do (I like that, nigga)
[Schoolboy Q - Verse 3]Floss if you want I've seen your home broke nigga
It ain't a secret I get money you's a joke nigga
Make what you make in 2 years in less than a month nigga
5th side to south side but we up nigga

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