

Stunt 101

50 Cent

Yeah, ah ha
Stunt 101, yeah
I'll teach you how to stunt, my wrists stay rocked up
My TV's pop up in a Maybach Benz
I'll teach you how to stunt, n*** you can't see me
My Bently GT got smoke gray tints
I'll teach you how to stunt, my neck stay blingin'
My rims stay gleamin', I'm shinin' man
I'll teach you how to stunt, I see you schemin'
N*** you can keep on dreamin', I hurt ya mans
I'll teach you how to stunt
Seven series BM, six series Benz
Twenty four inches, Giovanni rims
R1 one wheel when I'm on one of them
Ma that boy out there actin' a fool that's him
They say I've changed man, I'm gettin' paper, I'm flashy
They like me better when I'm f*** up and ashy
My royalty check's the rebirth of Liberace
Stunt so hard, everybody got to watch me
And I don't really care if it's platinum or white gold
As long as the VS bling, look at that light show
In the hood they say fifty man your sneaker look white yo
Just can't believe Reebok did a deal with a psycho
Bank's a sure thing, y'll n*** might blow
I'm fittin' to drop that so I suggest you lay low
Buc, he from Cashville, Tennekee n***
Getting them ten of keys, save ten for me n***
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I'll teach you how to stunt
I'm sensin' a lot of tension now that I'm rappin'
But the kids used to look up to you, what happened?
Me on the contrary, hand covered with platinum

Different color Coupes but I'm in love with the black one
On point 'cuz you get R.I.P.'s when slackin'
So the stashbox's big enough to squeeze the mack in
Yeah, I'm feelin' new but I demand some respect
'Cuz I already wear your advance on my neck
I'm fresh off the jet then I breeze to the beaches
Blue yankee fitted, G-Unit sneakers
I already figured out what to do with all my features
Decorate the basement, full of street sweepers
When it comes to stuntin' there's nothin' you can teach us
We're in a different time zone, your records don't reach us
Naw, I ain't here to save the world, just roll up a b***
Come with me out front, I'll teach you how to stunt
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Chain so icy, you don't have to like me
In a throwback jersey with the throwback nikes
I know you probably seen me with cash money from back in the days
The only thing changed is the numbers on the range
I bought me an old school and blew out the brains
The Roc the Mic tour, I threw off my chain
My Sprewell's spinnin' man, I'm doin' my thing
And whodi now in trouble now that you in the game
Come on now, we all know gold is gettin' old
The ice in my teeth keep the crystal cold
G-Unit homie, actin' like y'll don't know
Look, I can't even walk through the mall no more
I just pull up, get out and get all the h***
They never seen doors lift up on a car before
Don't be mad at me dog that's all I know
That's how to show these fougaisies how it's supposed to go
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