

Too Hot

50 Cent

Niggas bit off Nas shit
Admit it, you bit it
Niggas bit off Nas shit, niggas
Niggas, bit off, Nas shit
Admit if, you bit it, bit it
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Admit if, you bit it, bit it
You can be a ridah and ride, or a coward and hide
Either way you go against me, you still gon' die
I got four macs, a few nines, I'm ready for beef
You wanna talk, it ain't about money, then let it be brief
I need a drop for when it's a hot, a Hummer for when it's cold
An ill attorney's in my corner when these fake niggas fold
The shit I kick, fuck with niggas mentally
Makes them wanna mention me
And see me doing a quarter century in the penitentiary
Nastradamus predicted 50's the future, that's a fact money
I run up on your workers with the mac, like where that pack money
I'm a tell y'all what Papi told me
I got what you need, 19, 5 a key
I stay catching a stunt, frontin' in somethin' mean
And I'll clap any nigga for the right amount of cream
Run up on them all with the same problem solver
Beat up ass, tape on the handle, trey eight revolver
What
Projects too hot, niggas better hope we never hit rock
'Cause then we gonna run up in your spot
Screamin' get the fuck on the floor, give us the Ro'
Projects too hot, niggas better hope we never hit rock
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Screamin' get the fuck on the floor, give us the Ro'
Aiyyo, aiyyo, aiyyo, aiyyo
I'm like Sugar Shane Mosley, it ain't no beef
You're staring, a ticket holder that sits in row three
Next to Ron Artest and Kobe
Yo, I woulda went pro too, then I let them phillies slow me

I'm like a black man's asthma, seeking a pump
Breathin' deeper when I'm creeping up
Y'all need to fuck with the tightest, I stick niggas
Ensevilitus, leavin' whole families in silence
My virus is obvious, past on to most rap fiends
Un cured, ain't no vaccine
Last seen at the automatic teller machine, maxing out
Or in the studio booth, blacking out
It's Con Ed style, real twisted, I disappear on some Blair Witch shit
Comin' back I'm rich kid
Either or you can't stop me with my feet in the door
Or walk away from the street or the morgue, play your part nigga
Projects too hot, niggas better hope we never hit rock
'Cause then we gonna run up in your spot
Niggas bit off Nas
Admit it, you bit it
Tell these niggas somethin', God
What, yo?
I disturb niggas and white boys with five pointed stars
Tattooed on they arms, pimp your moms like I'm Magic Don Juan
From Queens to Hong Kong, weed in the bong
We smoke that, leave our minks on the coat rack
Those that plot on me, nine times outta ten the nine is on me
Feds search the God, but nothin' they find on me
When I rap don't wait to clap applaud sooner
Unless you hate a nigga like George Bush Jr., I bring awkward to you
Porsche maneuvers through the city like New York sewers
Stinkin' up the air, Central Park, horse manure
Rims is 22 inches, Benz suspensions
22 inch dick when I'm pimpin'
Impotent you niggas get me sick, wanna be soundin' like
You knowin' my arithmetic, but we don't sound alike
50 Cent with Bravehearted, we ride to the grave depart us
You fake niggas imitate what I started, let's go
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