

Whoo Kid Kayslay Shit!

50 Cent

[Intro - 50 Cent - talking, breathing noises in background]

Hey pass that nigga, we gettin' high

Yo, yo this is some bomb shit right here man

50 can't even smoke this motherf**ker (ah haha, haha)[Verse 1]

I can't smoke weed, cause my PO make me piss in a cup

Nigga go ahead, disrespect me, I'll f**k you up

I ain't talkin' about a fist fight, I'll cut you up

Yo don't want stitches in yo grill motherf**ker, then chill

As a young buck, niggas always knew I puff

Yousta see me go to school, on a smoiler bus (woo)

I'm a sped ed kid, I'm gettin' all this paper (uh huh)

You should sit, scibble lines and see where it take ya

Had violent tendencies, so they thought I was dumb

Why the so called smart kids was poppin' guns

I think about poppin' a gun, and then get the lump sum

Grampa my role model, yousta suck on a bottle

A pint a Crown Royal, make your insides boil

Been smell like Ben Gay, cause his back go outHe the one that taught me, what bein' black's about

Now peep the roach on the walls, that fall and crawl on my
friend's

Wrist, Sittin' up in them Benz, to be in the pen

In the hood we hit the number, but never the lotto

Life in the fast lane, one wheel hit the pothole

Let's go, let's flow nigga[Chorus - Singing] - 2X

War, what is it good for absolutely nothin'

But niggas keep frontin'

F**k a nigga, live like a soldier

Die like a soldier

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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