

# Bad News

## Chucks Nation

Lloyd Banks in the house, bad news  
Tony Yayo in the house, bad news  
50 cent in the house, bad news  
Whenever 50 around it's bad news  
Tray pound's in the house, bad news  
40 Kal's in the house, bad news  
I got a knife in the house, bad news  
Whenever 50 around it's bad news  
Niggaz mad 'cause I'm flossin' bad  
I ain't a wrestler, but I'll put your bitch the Boston crab  
I talk money 'cause it costs to brag  
'Round here bitches walk around wit the hair that the horses had  
Rap it get your face stuck on them bricks  
I don't really like to exercise but I'll push up on a bitch  
Y'all sweet like ninety-nine bananas  
That's why I got ninety-nine niggaz wit' ninety-nine hammers  
They all want a nigga to stop  
'Cause I rap slick enough to slip the ring off of Vivica Fox  
I'm just a playa that found out where the coaches know  
That's why I'ma be around longer than the Oprah show  
You and your man, y'all both should know  
That all it takes is a finger to send you where the ghosts go  
Shit I been hated since the fifth grade  
That's why my best friend the tray pound, a ice pick, and a switch blade  
I don't like you, you don't like me  
It's not likely that we'll ever be friends  
Why pretend?  
(Ma, Banks' back at it again)  
I don't like you, you don't like me  
It's not likely that we'll ever be friends  
Why pretend?  
(Ma, Tony's back at it again)  
Rule number one pick a target and study him for weeks  
See where they rest at and lay with their peeps  
Now you got the drop, know their daily routine  
So the second rule please leave the crime scene please  
Third rule pick a day, fourth rule pick a time  
Fifth rule pick a fifth, sixth rule pick a nine  
And the seventh rule make sure your sidearm sweet

So when the shootout you leave him six feet deep  
Eighth meet in a fast car with disguise  
Use a ski mask with shades on your eyes  
Ninth rule don't say shit 'cause po-po listen  
Fuck around you end up being stuck in the system  
And the tenth rule, don't put a tag on a broken heart  
Just put a toe-tag on your mark  
And rule number 11, you caught a body but you not a legend  
You better watch where you heading  
I don't like you, you don't like me  
It's not likely that we'll ever be friends  
Why pretend?  
(Ma, 50's back at it again)  
I don't like you, you don't like me  
It's not likely that we'll ever be friends  
Why pretend?  
(Ma, 50's back at it again)  
Don't go go against me, I'll hurt your feelings  
Stones in my cross the size of your earrings  
My confidence level's high nigga, can't tell  
Lickin' my lips at ya bitch like I'm LL  
I smile like a nigga in jail receiving mail  
Better yet like nigga Bookers that made bail  
From day one I came in the game they said, I was hot  
They got scared, "Cent got money," and I got shot  
You so much pressure on me when you compare me to 'Pac  
I'm just a new kid, I can't help that I'm hot  
What little niggaz say to 50 cent don't matter  
I'll fire shots at the chef and watch the sheeps scatter  
My enemies never turn into friends, my friends turn into enemies  
You scared then get the fuck around me  
Record execs, know not to play wit' my check  
I come through with my knife 'cause I'm a pain your neck  
(Yeah)  
I don't like you, you don't like me  
It's not likely that we'll ever be friends  
Why pretend?  
(Ma, 50's back at it again)  
I don't like you, you don't like me  
It's not likely that we'll ever be friends  
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(Ma, 50's back at it again)  
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