

Shit Hits the Fan

Bad Credit No Credit

Yeah
Yo, let's bring it
What you gonna do when shit hits the fan?
Are you gonna stand and fight like a man?
Will you be as hard as you say you are?
Or you gonna run and go get your bodyguard?
I said what you gonna do when shit hits the fan?
Are you gonna stand and fight like a man?
And show us you're as hard as you say you are
Or you gonna run and go get your bodyguard?
Niggaz is so gangsta, niggaz is thugs
Niggaz'll spend their whole life peddlin' drugs
Slanging dope in hopes of one day bein' able
To own their own label, and give the game up
Some niggaz came up, some just didn't
That's just the way it is, if it ain't meant it, it just isn't
Some niggaz'll get money and pay niggaz to back 'em
So they can act up, feel comfortable, and rap tough
And that's ass backwards
'Cuz them niggaz just gon' keep coming back
And that's when extortion happens
You struggle to get free, I know how this shit be
You deal with anything to live legitimately
But you gon' find if you do get in this industry
It is best to be business with me than against me
Niggaz get behind mics and ain't even MCs
Niggaz get on MTV, just to diss me
This shit don't even piss me off
I'm laughin' all the way to the bank
Watchin' the satellite from a Bentley
You niggaz ain't even got a car
You're so far under my radar
I don't even know who the fuck you are
To tell you to suck my dick while I'm pissin'
I don't even listen to your shit
To know who the fuck I'm dissin'
The media just feeds into these feuds
Tryin' to add fuel to the fire, this little nigga, Ja Rule
Talking bout he's gonna slap me, nigga please

You gotta jump and swing up to hit me in the knees
I laugh at these magazines when they interview 'em
All they doin' is making fake threats to us through 'em
And pussy you're not Pac, I knew 'em
Pac was a real nigga, you just a fuckin' insult to 'em
It's too bad we had to fallout before he passes
If he could see this shit now, he'd be whoopin' your ass
You're talkin' to a pioneer, who engineered this shit for 19 years
Who you got in your ear? I ain't even gotta say it, the fans know
Quit tryin' to be tough, nigga, you look like a asshole

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They say, "Why don't we increase the peace?"
The only peace increased is that which deletes your peeps
'Cuz niggaz run mouths, but they don't run streets
Till that 4 5 will cease the speech
Yeah, it's a shame how the beef'll creep
Could've reached the peep, now you're left with a horrible leak
I'm tryin' to be as bleak with my speech as possible
Just in case a nigga tryin' to throw me an obstacle
Nigga, I'm not boxin' you, I'm hospitable
I put you in a hospital, that's how I get at you
Let the doc op on you, he don't rid you?
You back on the streets? I send another hit at you
This is not a hypocritical issue
I will critical condition your tissue
Give a fuck if all ten of them with you
I throw a extra ten of them missiles
Turn gangstas into gentlemen vicko
And ever since Eminem dissed you
I swear I see the women and bitch in you
All this bickering back and forth over who signs who
Curtis, pull your skirt up, nigga, you got murdered
Now take it like a man and shake it off, damn
And quit tellin' all these magazines your plans
How you gone slap up my mans, you're fictitious
Nigga, we send Stan to come murder your bitches
What you gonna do when shit hits the fan?

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Are you gonna stand and fight like a man?
And show us you're as hard as you say you are
Or you gonna run and go get your bodyguard?
Yeah, yeah
Go out behind all the gangstas you want, nigga
Matter fact, go get every gangsta from every hood
In the United States of America to back you, nigga
Ain't nobody ridin' with you
You can't see that?
You fell off, nigga, damn
Shady slash aftermath, motherfucker
2003 to infinity

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