

# Get In My Car

## 50 Cent

Uhh

Yeah

Uhh

Yeah I'm a straight guerilla with it, cold hearted killa wit it

Any nigga gettin' outta line can get it

I make it hot, motherfuckers, freeze up when I come through

Mac-10, thirty-two shot clip in my snorkel I might smile and say whats up but I don't fuck with you niggaz

My rap money slow up, I'll run up on you niggaz

I'm on the edge, I'm just waitin' on a nigga to push me

Put my hand on my strap, what you lookin' at pussy We ain't buddies, we ain't partners and we damn sure ain't friends

So much chrome on my Benz, you see ya face in my rims

If your bitch wanna roll, I'ma let her get in

I don't play but I'm a playa till the motherfuckin' end I got no pickup lines

I stay on the grind

I tell the hoes all the time

Bitch get in my car

(Bitch get in)

I got my 64, ridin' on Dayton spokes

And when I open that do'

Bitch get in my car I got no pickup lines

I stay on the grind

I tell the hoes all the time

Bitch get in my car

(Bitch get in)

I got my 64, ridin' on Dayton spokes

And when I open that do'

Bitch get in my car Don't tell me you don't know that, uhh, I'm the shyt

Now you better watch ya girl mayn, I leave with ya bitch

I ain't [unverified] these hoes, man I'm bout my paper

If your bitch really bout it nigga, I'm gon' take her Backseat of my jeep, fuck till I fuck up her make up

Take her to the Diamond District, introduce her to Jacob

Tell her if she like me she should keep me icey

My game fuck with a bitch brain till she think she wifey Spent a life savings in a day, cause she likes me

Commitment for me, uhh, nah not likely

One hour, Vivica, I thought I was onto somethin'

But then the next week, nah man, it was nothin' I got no pickup lines

I stay on the grind

I tell the hoes all the time

Bitch get in my car  
(Bitch get in)  
I got my 64, ridin' on Dayton spokes  
And when I open that do'  
Bitch get in my carI got no pickup lines  
I stay on the grind  
I tell the hoes all the time  
Bitch get in my car  
(Bitch get in)  
I got my 64, ridin' on Dayton spokes  
And when I open that do'  
Bitch get in my carLook into the windows of my soul, the eyes never lie  
They blood shot red, its gaunja in my system, I'm high  
First its pain when you lust for love, then its smooth and calm  
Feel the rush, like a needles in your armIts a cold world, baby girl, lovin' me is not enough  
Find out when you fuckin' broke, love won't get you on the bus  
Man you should see the pretty bitches that be sexin' me  
They suck cock that make 'em hot, I just let 'em stand next to meHundred percent thug, freak too, I'll taste your  
love  
69's the position, your mouths full baby, huh?  
My conversations so deep, I get in your head  
Next thing you know, you yawnin', turnin' over and I'm in the bedI got no pickup lines  
I stay on the grind  
I tell the hoes all the time  
Bitch get in my car  
(Bitch get in)  
I got my 64, ridin' on Dayton spokes  
And when I open that do'  
Bitch get in my carI got no pickup lines  
I stay on the grind  
I tell the hoes all the time  
Bitch get in my car  
(Bitch get in)  
I got my 64, ridin' on Dayton spokes  
And when I open that do'  
Bitch get in my carHahaha  
Quit playin' bitch, get it  
You know you wanna ride with a nigga  
50 Cent  
G-G-G-Unit