Cutmaster C Shit

50 Cent

[Intro] New York City (New York City), you are now rackin' with 50 Cent (with 50 Cent) Are you ready? (are you ready?) [gun cocks] I said are you ready? (are you ready?) Paid for a hooptie but I wanted a drop See you with me nigga? (with me nigga) Drop that! (drop that) [Verse 1] G-UNIT! Somethin' new, somethin' new I'm not a trick, I don't love the hoes I'm not that nigga, in your video But I miss my dough, and I twist my dro And niggas know I be, on the low I'm not that nigga, that you think you know I walk around with a big four four You front on me, I'm gonna get at you dog I be right at your crib, waitin' at your door (What up bitches) [Verse 2] Comin' up I ain't had much, I wanted a lot I had paper for a hooptie, but I wanted a drop So you know, I had to make somethin' out of nothin' (Yeah) Like turn an empty spot, into a crack spot pumpin' (woo) The older niggas really wasn't feelin' the kid Also hard at 19, I bought a Benz I did But you can't hustle a hustler, I peeped in a sled Tried to find out where I lived, so they could run in my crib In 6 months, I sold a million gold tops on got brew Back then niggas yousta call me boo Country came around, ease it and clappin' then Country left, strange shit started happenin' Cory shot Drew, and we was friends Like C shot Ra for some ends, Ra shot Dro for some chins Money turns boys into men The cycle never changes, shit just starts again [Verse 3] Yeah I've been gone for a minute, but I'm back Nah nigga, ain't nothin' change nigga Damn 50 good to see you back in the hood Sometime I can't find the words to say how I feel You see my cherry red SL, nigga I'm doin' good So I take a quote from Menace, "look at the wheels" I got a trunk full of guns, from VA today I'm addicted to stuntin', now that I'm holdin' somethin' (oh yeah, let me hold somethin') I don't play games, I'm about my money, nigga buy somethin' Nigga you high or somethin' Here nigga, take one, catch it took, and bring me mine I got a few fifths, I got a few nines [Outro - 50 Cent talking] Yeah, don't ever say I don't do nothin' for you nigga You know, uh, don't say I don't look out for ya You know what I'm sayin'? Say I don't want it back, nigga don't try to use it Ya know what I mean, but make sure you nigga, you go catch some jokes And you come back, nigga have 'em, and have my paper for that thang thang In fact, I can see ya'll niggas now And don't get it back for me, nigga and no shit like that Run around sayin', 50 gettin' all this rap money, and he won't help us (haha) Sit tight nigga I'm comin' You know, new shit, all this shit I put out on the mixtapes Is for the mixtapes, I got a million, OH MY GOD! My shit is so hot right now, I'm in a zone

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

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