Da Repercussions

50 Cent

[Talking]
Uh huh, Uh huh, five, five, one... it's real shit nigga[Chorus]
You niggas say somethin' slick, you'll get SLAPPED for that
You niggas schemin' on some jewels, you'll get CLAPPED for that
If ya'll niggas want war, I got the MACK for that
Run up with some work, and get your head CRACKED for that[Verse 1]
Nigga if a nickel bag sold in the park, I want in on it
The bullshit I'm in right now nigga, I've been on it (yeah)
If I don't eat, nobody eat, code of the street
No surrender, no retreat, my niggas rollin' with heat (woo)
You'll know my stees, I spark trees, under palm trees
Feel a breeze, and fees, in expanded keys
Cop it straight from the bay, tap dance on the yay
Your people make a G day, you ain't rich, you just ok
I take the stand under oath and lie
Before I snitch on my clique, I'll fry
Or watch time go by
Niggas want to steal slabs, and dib or dab
In the posse, who steals from the hands that feed 'em, deserve
to die[Chorus] - 2X[Verse 2]
You gettin' money nigga (yeah), you dimed out (yeah)
Well 50 Cent is the hottest shit out this (yeah)
You bust your gun nigga (yeah), you on the run nigga (yeah)
You treat a grown man, like he ya son (nigga)
Yo, I ain't the first parolee, to catch his nigga for his rolee
And after being on the street, less than a week
Look, niggas who know me, know I'm up to no goodMan my fan base is spreading like HIV in the hood
Why smack a nigga silly, when I can squeeze the nilly (squeeze
that shit)
A slug'll split a niggas ass, worst than the philly
I stay with the heater, cut the D with Bonita
My wifey kept acting up, so I had to leave her
It hurted when I left, but I knew I didn't need her
If it wasn't for my seed, I wouldn't even hafta see her
She tried to front like she don't need me, she miss me, believe
me
It's that soap opera shit, the bitch watch too much TV[Chorus] - 2X[Verse 3]
Aight you niggas tryin' to do too much (STOP FRONTIN')
Them little bit of chips you got son, (AIN'T NOTHIN')

I seen you with your whip outside (YOU STUNTIN')
You spent your last on that (YOU AIN'T HOLDIN' NOTHIN')
Rap niggas, they actin' like they ready to flip
When I let off a clip, it ain't a part of the script
Its like tradition, rap niggas, dyin' they whips
So I spent a little chips, to bulletproof my shit
You a 6 coupe nigga, but you gears behind
Nigga yours a 92, mine's a 99
Your not in my league, the ghetto taught me tools to succeed
Shallow up a seed, I'll write it down so you can read
If you've been listening, I know you've been loving what I said
If not you dumb f**k, I just run over your head[Chorus] - 2X{*singing in background until fade*}

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

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