

We Up

50 Cent

[Verse 1]

Im around the bullshit like a matador

Im used to the bullshit, it dont matter, boy

Corporate acquisitions, accumulations of wealth

Build with the gods and double knowledge of self

Entrepreneur visions, Moulin Rouge religion

That pussy make a weak nigga break down

So what you want, the cheese or the chicks?

You want the chicks but you want the cheese

A bitch gotta eat

Im havin the epiphany you niggas aint shit to me

Worse than the scum in the slum Im from

Im a southside nigga, yeah Im bout mine

You be that next nigga coroners come and outline

You aint made of what Im made of

You a bum nigga with a bum bitch

Your shoes come from Vegas

Counterfeit, fraudulent fakers

What kind of rich nigga bitch look like that?[Hook]

You all know when we pullin off the lot

Brake, hit the button, then we pullin down the top

Shines on stuntin and Im pullin out a knot

Strapped with the glock, wont pull it out a lot

But front, Ill make it pop

Yall dont do it how we do

Niggas aint on the shit we on

Everything new

Spikes on the Louis Vuittons

We up, nigga[Verse 2]

Eat pussy for dinner, bomb kush for breakfast

Deep-colored VS stones around my neck, bitch

Coupe a four-door, jeep a Convoy

Bulletproof front flash, shinin, Armor All

It feels like a nigga dreamin

Seat back, music bumpin, niggas leanin

Bulls eye, thats what we came for

The bread, now a nigga run the game, boy

I shouldve sent the broad to report whats in the yard

Aloof livin, I came up so hard

No pain, no gain, its embedded in the brain
Im in it for the grip, motherfuck the fame[Hook]

You all know when we pullin off the lot
Brake, hit the button, then we pullin down the top

Shines on stuntin and Im pullin out a knot
Strapped with the glock, wont pull it out a lot

But front, Ill make it pop
Yall dont do it how we do

Niggas aint on the shit we on
Everything new

Spikes on the Louis Vuittons
We up, nigga[Verse 3]

Round the world tourin, the city got borin
Bury me a G with a new pair of Jordans
Coupe foreign, top peeled like an orange

Blue Ferrari, so many iron horses
Living life with no worries

My gun got a Zodiac sign, it's a Taurus
Don't make it slam on you like I'm Maury

Him zone write a gang in a story
Oops, that's your baby, my bad, I'm sorry

She call me daddy too, we should be on Maury
Everything you owning, fly nigga soaring

Purple label Ralph Lauren, kick game like Atari
You so special, babe, I'm in the restroom

Just keep performing, go girl
About to film a movie, guess who's starring?[Hook]

You all know when we pullin off the lot
Brake, hit the button, then we pullin down the top

Shines on stuntin and Im pullin out a knot
Strapped with the glock, wont pull it out a lot

But front, Ill make it pop
Yall dont do it how we do

Niggas aint on the shit we on
Everything new

Spikes on the Louis Vuittons
We up, nigga[Outro]

Got pussy for dinner, bomb kush for breakfast
Deep-colored VS stones around my neck bitch
Feels like a nigga dreamin', feels like a nigga dreamin'