

# GATman and Robbin

## 50 Cent

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Gee wilikers, Gatman, they got me surrounded  
I'm on my way I got a Gatman  
There's a problem, I'ma solve it  
A nigga movin' around  
With a big ass revolver And a black man  
What the fuck, are you retarded?  
You touch Shady, I'll leave you dearly departed  
They say Batman Robin, Cagney and Lacey, it's 50 Cent and Shady  
The worst, baby, put your hands on my peoples, I'll react crazy  
Put a hole through ya front and ya back maybe But dude, if you try me, I'll have ya ass hooked up to an IV  
I'll leave no witnesses when I ride B  
You fuck with me, you'll see I'll react like an animal, I'll tear you apart  
If a masterpiece was murder, I'd major in art  
Niggaz knew I wasn't wrapped too tight from start  
But bein' a little off, landed me on top of the charts So, you take the good with the bad, I guess  
Level three Teflon plate on my chest  
And my cock back, hollow tip in the chamber  
Danger, anger will change ya  
And make ya aim that and squeeze I got a Gatman  
There's a problem, I'ma solve it  
A nigga movin' around  
With a big ass revolver And a batman  
Motherfucker, you retarded  
You touch 50  
I'll leave you dearly departed We're walkin' away from a beef, in which clearly you started  
I said we're walkin' away, did you hear me? You wanna be thankful  
That we ain't beefin', we're still breathin' and just leave it at that  
'Cause if me and 50 and G-Unit hop back in that Bat mobile  
It ain't gonna be no more rappin', it's gonna be brat Retaliation will be like them Muslim Shi'ite attacks  
Some where along the line, it's like me and 50 made a pact  
He's got my back, I got his, back, back It's almost like we're kinda like Siamese twins  
'Cause when we beef we pull each other in

To the bullshit like we're conjoined at the hip  
It's just unavoidable, some of this shit is washable  
And some shit will never boil up And some of it will just simmer at best  
If left alone, we'll let it be, no, there won't be no sit downs  
With no Ray Benzinos, there will no peace discussions with me  
There ain't gon' be no friendly debates over crumpets and tea Just quit fuckin' with me and I'll gladly quit  
fuckin' with you  
Just spit ya sixteen and do what you gotta do to get through  
Without mentionin' me and the machine or Jimmy Iovine and Dre and 50  
Or D-Twizzie, Obie and just let it be or we'll be back with a Gatman  
There's a problem, I'ma solve it  
A nigga movin' around  
With a big ass revolver And a black man  
What the fuck, are you retarded?  
You touch Shady  
I'll leave you dearly departed Nigga, you get it twisted, you can get ya wig splitted  
I don't give a fuck, I don't care if police know I did it  
Man, I hustle, I get money in the sunshine or a blizzard  
I go hard for that paper, homie, I just gotta get it Got a money scheme, I'm plottin' in the county and I'm with it  
You cross me, you gon' make a cemetery visit  
That's gangsta, you know me I told it 'cause I live it  
Shell cases drop, when that chopper chop Way up the block, get hit with copper tops  
When the drama pop, the llama pop  
And it won't stop, you can run, call the cops  
They say no, nigga's know how I be on it That shit you got, put my pistol to you, I want it  
It's not a game, perfect aim, you feel the flame  
Up against ya brain, man, it's so hot I'll make ya wish it rained I got a Gatman  
There's a problem I'ma solve it  
A nigga movin' around  
With a big ass revolver And a black man  
What the fuck, are you retarded?  
You touch Shady  
I'll leave you dearly departed

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