

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 what's 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 shyit
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 icy

My game fuck with a bitch brain till she think she wifey
Spent a life savings in a day, 'cause she likes me
Committment 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 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
Look into the windows of my soul, the eyes never lie
They blood shot red, it's gaunja in my system, I'm high
First it's pain when you lust for love, then it's smooth and calm
Feel the rush, like a needles in your arm
It's 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 me
Hundred 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 bed
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
Hahaha
Quit playin' bitch, get it
You know you wanna ride with a nigga
50 Cent
G-G-G-Unit

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