Elementry

50 Cent

G Unit, A, B
You can't fuck with me
C, D
We from the Harlem streets
E, F
Don't talk me to death
G, H
It's elementaryPicture me rolling Range Rover
Same color your Air Force Ones
White on white, ya like? Red I flight the night
From L.A. to N.Y. I'm Harlem boundYou see how bitches tense up, when Scarlett 'round
Niggas get the heart to holla while we up in the club
But get intimidated when they see me sitting on dubs
I hear 'em whispering, "That ain't a man, shit that's her"She roll with them G Unit niggas, that's what's up
Disrespect me, I'll have niggas blast ya up
Take my advice, don't let ya peoples grass ya up
I got a fetish for the chips, 20's for the six hollows for the clipsTry me, if you think I'm playing bitch
And the police we'll have another crime scene taker
Jim Star crush your head, give your ass a shape-up
Uptown niggas known for the money they make
Everybody ain't shook, you see doing the shakeThe boss spending ends
Saying, "Gimme that Benz, 20 inch rims, and four TV's"
The snitch in the precinct saying
"He sell X, he sell techs, and he sell D"The balla by the bar saying
"Everybody drink, the best champagne, it's all on me"
Snitch in the back of the police car
Pointing out the window saying, "He robbed me"
It's elementary1, 2, 3, 4
Lloyd Banks' in the houseNow get the fuck on the floor I slid through the front door
With the 9 and the velor, a cal in my pocket
You will, I'ma pop it, I'm down for a profit
I'm ghetto as hell, you can't you tell?
My road dog, under the jail getting frustrating mailSo I'm drinking and smoking thinking and hoping
This cell gon' open, you can dance next to me
But don't throw an elbow, I'll throw one back
And leave blood on your Shell Toes
Hell no I ain't paying for pleasureYour pussy don't bring rainbows and pots of treasure
It's every girl's dream, to floss with the team
Long on the suine, DVD's on the screen

Blowing on cream waiting for you to scheme
You ain't gotta know how to read, to spray a magazineThe boss spending ends
Saying, "Gimme that Benz, 20 inch rims, and four TV's"
The snitch in the precinct saying
"He sell X, he sell techs, and he sell D"The balla by the bar saying
"Everybody drink, the best champagne, it's all on me"
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It's elementaryI don't wanna grow up, I'ma hustler kid
Go 'head and stunt, see I don't pop two your wig
I'm artistic, intelligent, so much ability
When I use them big words, your bitch be feeling meSo y'all niggas hate me, 'cause your wives be our groupies
Y'all irritate me, like loud people in the movies
Fall back, matter fact back down
'Cause I just passed security without no pat downYou can catch me in the bathroom blowing a sticky
Or catch me on the dance floor feeling some tits
Sex sells, so I'ma P I M P
So my pockets never be emptyIt ain't no problem, we scoop them models
We got condoms, coups, and lavish condos
50 got me getting ass like I never did
So when I step in the club, hoes love the kidThe boss spending ends
Saying, "Gimme that Benz, 20 inch rims, and four TV's"
The snitch in the precinct saying
"He sell X, he sell techs, and he sell D"The balla by the bar saying
"Everybody drink, the best champagne, it's all on me"
Snitch in the back of the police car
Pointing out the window saying, "He robbed me"
It's elementaryThe cat in the house go
Meow, meow, meow, meow, meow, meow, meow, meow, meow
The bird in the cage go
Tweet, tweet, tweet, tweet, tweet, tweet
It's elementary

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