

The Re-Up

50 Cent

We should do something like that
Boom boom chuck, boom b-boom chuck
Boom boom chuck, yeah, that's what's up
Boom boom chuck, boom b-boom chuck
Boom boom chuck, b-boom, Shady
There's never been this, much of a menace in this game as this
And it's the, most sinister duo in the business
Once again it's the illest and realest killas
The most villainous Dre protege, Shady apprentice
Drop them zeros and get with these heroes
Do you want losers or winners, this music is in us, and it's
Not over 'til we say it's finished and G-Unit spinners
Will keep spinnin', this is hip hop when it's in it's
Truest form, the greatest, hate us or love us
Make voodoo dolls of us and keep stickin' them pins in us
Thick as his skin is or as short as his wick is
The trick is to be able to walk big as his dick is
And as sick as his music is, or was, still is
Whatever, forever, he will be the illest
To ever sh-shock the world, what to do next
He's already reconciled with his ex a chainsaw and an axe
Jump a bitch's desk, strangle her neck
While we have sex while Bill Clinton plays the sax
I sprays the vex, yeah, bring Shady on back
The maniac of rap, devil baby on crack
Resurrect, I never left, baby I'm bad
I've gone mad, my comrade Drezy automatically
He says I'm too broke to fix, way beyond that
I may be off drugs, but it's made me off track
In fact, this right here very well could be the last rap
I ever do spit, I'll never do shit, that's that
Fuck it I quit, suck on a dick, jackass
I'm done with this wack ass rap, kiss my black ass, 50 Cent
Nah, 'em, tell 'em to kiss my black ass
The clean parts, the shitty parts
My bullet wounds, my beauty marks
The Fif'll tell you're ass apart
A came in this game
Crush a motherfuckers from tha start

Shady paid me, Shady crazy
Fifty crazy rich, bitch
Different day, nothing change, it's the same shit, trick
Teflon wrapped on case I get clapped on
D's searchin' the whip, glad I left the mac home
Still grindin', still shinin', nigga lord knows
You're rockin' with the kid that spit sicka sick flows
I carried Game's style for nine months and gave birth to it
Now I'm feeling like a proud father watching him do it
E'eryday Dre day, front and 'cause a maylay
Turn the town upside down wit a frown upside down
I smile through sumthin' fowl, and watch my money pile
I'm fuckin' with strict stacks, I'm kickin' you stripped fats
I hit you with it, bag it, pump it, bring me mines right back
Boom boom chuck, boom b-boom chuck
Boom boom chuck, go 'head, funky funk up
Boom boom chuck, boom b-boom chuck
Boom boom chuck, yeah, that's what's up
Boom boom chuck, boom b-boom chuck
Boom boom chuck, I hit yo' ass up
Boom boom chuck, boom b-boom chuck
Boom boom chuck, yeah, that's what's up
Boom boom chuck, boom b-boom chuck
Boom boom chuck, it's the re-up
Shady

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>