Bad News

Ida Maria

Lloyd Banks in the house, bad news
Tony Yayo in the house, bad news
50 cent in the house, bad news
Whenever 50 around it's bad news
Tray pound's in the house, bad news
40 Kal's in the house, bad news
I got a knife in the house, bad news
Whenever 50 around it's bad news
Niggaz mad 'cause I'm flossin' bad
I ain't a wrestler, but I'll put your bitch the Boston crab
I talk money 'cause it costs to brag
'Round here bitches walk around wit the hair that the horses had
Rap it get your face stuck on them bricks
I don't really like to exercise but I'll push up on a bitch
Y'all sweet like ninety-nine bananas
That's why I got ninety-nine niggaz wit' ninety-nine hammers
They all want a nigga to stop
'Cause I rap slick enough to slip the ring off of Vivica Fox
I'm just a playa that found out where the coaches know
That's why I'ma be around longer than the Oprah show
You and your man, y'all both should know
That all it takes is a finger to send you where the ghosts go
Shit I been hated since the fifth grade
That's why my best friend the tray pound, a ice pick, and a switch blade
I don't like you, you don't like me
It's not likely that we'll ever be friends
Why pretend?
(Ma, Banks' back at it again)
I don't like you, you don't like me
It's not likely that we'll ever be friends
Why pretend?
(Ma, Tony's back at it again)
Rule number one pick a target and study him for weeks
See where they rest at and lay with their peeps
Now you got the drop, know their daily routine
So the second rule please leave the crime scene please
Third rule pick a day, fourth rule pick a time
Fifth rule pick a fifth, sixth rule pick a nine
And the seventh rule make sure your sidearm sweet

So when the shootout you leave him six feet deep
Eighth meet in a fast car with disguise
Use a ski mask with shades on your eyes
Ninth rule don't say shit 'cause po-po listen
Fuck around you end up being stuck in the system
And the tenth rule, don't put a tag on a broken heart
Just put a toe-tag on your mark
And rule number 11, you caught a body but you not a legend
You better watch where you heading
I don't like you, you don't like me
It's not likely that we'll ever be friends
Why pretend?
(Ma, 50's back at it again)
I don't like you, you don't like me
It's not likely that we'll ever be friends
Why pretend?
(Ma, 50's back at it again)
Don't go go against me, I'll hurt your feelings
Stones in my cross the size of your earrings
My confidence level's high nigga, can't tell
Lickin' my lips at ya bitch like I'm LL
I smile like a nigga in jail receiving mail
Better yet like nigga Bookers that made bail
From day one I came in the game they said, I was hot
They got scared, "Cent got money," and I got shot
You so much pressure on me when you compare me to 'Pac
I'm just a new kid, I can't help that I'm hot
What little niggaz say to 50 cent don't matter
I'll fire shots at the chef and watch the sheeps scatter
My enemies never turn into friends, my friends turn into enemies
You scared then get the fuck around me
Record execs, know not to play wit' my check
I come through with my knife 'cause I'm a pain your neck
(Yeah)
I don't like you, you don't like me
It's not likely that we'll ever be friends
Why pretend?
(Ma, 50's back at it again)
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