What Up Gangsta

50 Cent

G-Unit (Bo!) We in here (Bo!)
We can get the drama popping, we don't care (Bo! bo! bo!)
It's going down (Bo!) Cause I'm around (Bo!)
50 Cent, you know how I gets down[Chorus: x2]
What up, Blood? (What?)
What up, Cuz? (What?)
What up, Blood? (What?)
What up, gangsta?They say I walk around like got an S on my chest
Naw, that's a semi-auto, and a vest on my chest
I try not to say nothing, the DA might want to play in court
But I'll hunt or duck a nigga down, like it's a sport
Front on me, I'll cut ya gun-butt ya or bump ya
You getting money? I can't get none with ya, then fuck ya
I'm not the type to get knocked for D.W.I
I'm the type that'll kill your connect when the coke price rise
Gangstas, they bump my shit, them they know me
I grew up around some niggas that's not my homies
Hundred G's I stash it (what) the mack I blast it (yeah)
D's come we dump the diesel and battery acid
This flow's been mastered, the ice I flash it
Jux me, I'll have your mama picking out your casket, bastard
I'm on the next level, Breitling baguette bezel
Benz pedal to the metal, hotter than a tea kettle, blood (what)[Chorus: x2]We don't play that
We don't play that
We don't play that (G-Unit)
We don't play aroundI sit back, twist the best bud, burn and wonder
When gangstas bump my shit, can they hear my hunger?
When the 5th kick, duck quick, it sounds like thunder
In December I'll make your block feel like summer
The rap critics say I can rhyme
The fiends say my dope is a nine, every chick I fuck with is a dime
I'm like Patti LaBelle, homie, I'm on my own
Where I lay my hat is my home, I'm a rolling stone
Cross my path I'll crush ya, thinking I won't touch ya
I'll have your ass using a wheelchair, cane or crutches
Industry hoes fuck us, in the hood they love us
Stomp a bone out your ass with some brand new Chuckers[Chorus: x2][Repeat: x4]
We don't play that
We don't play that

We don't play that (G-Unit)
We don't play around

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