

# Bad News

## 50 Cent & G-Unit

Lloyd Banks in the house, bad news  
Tony Yayo in the house, bad news  
50 cent in the house, bad news whenever 50 around its 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 its bad news(Lloyd Banks)  
I think little man 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 round here that the horses have  
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 99 bananas  
That's why I got 99 niggaz wit 99 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 cokes know  
That's why I'mma 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 5th grade  
that's why my best friend the tray pound, a ice pick, and a switch blade  
(Chorus)  
I don't like you, you don't like me  
Its 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  
Its not likely that we'll ever be friends  
Why pretend? (Ma, Tony's back at it again)(Tony Yayo)  
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 2nd rule please leave the crime scene please  
3rd rule pick a day, 4th rule pick a time  
5th rule pick a fifth, 6th rule pick a nine  
And the seventh rule make sure your sidearm sweet  
So when the shootout you leave him 6 feet deep  
8th meet in a fast car with disguise  
Use a ski mask with shades on your eyes

9th rule don't say shit cause Po-Po listen  
 Fuck around you end up being stuck in the system  
 And the 10th 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  
 (Chorus)  
 I don't like you, you don't like me  
 Its 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  
 Its not likely that we'll ever be friends  
 Why pretend? (Ma, 50's back at it again)(50 cent)  
 Go ahead 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  
 Licking my lips at yo' bitch like I'm L L  
 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 ship and watch the seas 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 with my check  
 I come through with my knife cut that vein on ur neck (YEAH!)(Chorus)  
 I don't like you, you don't like me  
 Its 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  
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 Why pretend? (Ma, 50's back at it again)Lloyd Banks in the house, bad news  
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 Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.