

Death To My Enemies

50 Cent

Dre, niggas think we're bullshittin'
Yeah! Yeah! Nigga try me son, he best have the heat on him
Want my eyes closed, get to moppin' the street with him
Well I put your body in a bag
Front on me, I'm on ya ass
I bring money to my niggas, that bring death to my enemies
I bring money to my niggas, that bring death to my enemies Nigga front on me, the goons and goblins come out
Bushmaster hundred shot drums'll run out
They dumb out, you heard of me, they call me big homie
Me I make the register ring
I'm the cash cab
They make the hammers ring
They on ya ass now
Hair trigger, stare nigga, yeah niggas'll flip
Six, let it off at your wig
Here I is, where the money is, I still get biz
D's know about the beef
You gon' still get did
It be your tombstone and your fuckin' grave they dig
Have that ass in the precinct tryna talk to the pigs
I'm like Damien nigga
When I start gettin' loose on ya
Closest thing to lucifer, you think you got a noose on ya
I make it hard to breathe
I come with your heart, so air it out
Make it hard to eat
Have you lookin' both ways
Like you crossin' the street! Nigga try me son, he best have the heat on him
Want my eyes closed, get to moppin' the street with him
Well I put your body in a bag
Front on me, I'm on ya ass
I bring money to my niggas, that bring death to my enemies
I bring money to my niggas, that bring death to my enemies Yeah niggas send me the wrong message, we gon'
fucking kill the messenger
Your whole clique hollow tips'll tear up the best of ya
This ain't the "carter" nigga, this is sparta
It's harder I die and be a martyr, respect me like your father
Let off a clip or let a case off
I have your pussy ass runnin' like a race horse

Follow orders now yay' shoot his "face off"
You can have one, blast one, it's mad fun
See how when you listen to me all of the cash gone
I was born with the tec it's a birth defect
I was conceived in the bins, ended up in a Benz
This is what happens when have nots turn into sasquatch
Let the gat pop, boogie down on the back blocks
It's horrific nah it's terrific
I got it if you sniff it, go head nigga twist it
Get lifted, Goddamn I'm gifted Nigga try me son, he best have the heat on him
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Well I put your body in a bag
Front on me, I'm on ya ass
I bring money to my niggas, that bring death to my enemies
I bring money to my niggas, that bring death to my enemies Yeah I tell 'em ride on 'em then they ride on 'em
Get the line on 'em and squeeze the .9 on 'em
Head shot, .40-glock blow his mind on him
They say ain't not a jooks, leave the shines on 'em,
Now you can watch me, nigga like the police watch me
I move proper go ahead catch a shell tryna stop me
That 4-30 spider, carbon fibre
And my dog is like Al-Qaeda natural fighter
Rapid fire, you're sweet like apple cider,
The mack'll fire, mask like Michael Myers
It's off the wire when I get on my bullshit
No smiles, no laughs, you gets no pass
You can explain to my niggas while they whoop yo' ass
My hands itch when the money comes, it's hard to explain it
Last time I itched like this, a truckload came in
Get money, get bread, that's what I do kid Nigga try me son, he best have the heat on him
Want my eyes closed, get to moppin' the street with him
Well I put your body in a bag
Front on me, I'm on ya ass
I bring money to my niggas, that bring death to my enemies
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