Patiently Waiting

Andrew Reiver

Hey Em, you know you my favorite white boy, right?
I, I owe you for this one
I been patiently waiting for a track to explode on
(Yeah)
You can stunt if you want and ya ass'll get rolled on
(It's Fifty)
If it feels like my flow has been hot for so long
(Yeah)
If you thinking I'm a fuckin' fall off ya so wrong
(It's Fifty!)
I'm innocent in my head, like a baby born dead destination heaven
Sittin' politic with passengers from nine eleven
The Lord's blessin's leave me lyrically inclined
Shit I ain't even got to try to shine
God's the seamstress that tailor fitted my pain
I got scriptures in my brain I could spit at yo dame
Straight out the good book, look, niggas is shook
Fifty fear no man, warrior, swingin' swords like Conan
Picture me, pen in hand writin' lines knowin the source'll quote it
When I die, they'll read this and say a genius wrote it
I grew up without my pops, should that make me bitter?
I caught cases I copped out, does that make me a quitter?
In this white man's world, I'm similar to a squirrel
Lookin' for a slut wit a nice butt to get a nut
If I get shot today my phone'll stop ringin' again
These industry niggas ain't friends, they know how to pretend
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If ya patiently waitin' to make it through all the hatin'
Debatin' whether or not you can even weather the storm
Unless you lay on the table they operatin' to save you
It's like an angel came to you sent from the heavens above
They think they crazy but they ain't crazy, let's face it
Shit basically they just playin' sick
They ain't shit, they ain't sayin shit, spray em' fifty
A to the K get in the way I'll bring Dre and them wit me
And turn this day into fuckin mayhem, you stayin' wit me?
Don't let me lose you
I'm not tryna confuse you
When I let loose wit this uzi and just shoot through your Isuzu
You get the messege? Am I gettin' through to you?
You know what's comin',
You motherfuckers don't even know, do you?
Take some big and some Pac and you mix em' up in a pot
Sprinkle a little big L on top, what the fuck do you got?
You got the realest and illest killas tied up in a knot
The juggernauts of this Rap shit, like it or not
It's like a fight to the top just to see who'd die for the spot
You put ya life in this, nothin' like survivin' a shot
Y'all know what time it is, soon as fifty signs on this dot
Shit what you know about death threats, 'cause I get a lot
Shady Records was eighty seconds away from the towers
Them cowards fucked wit the wrong building They meant
To hit ours better evacuate all children, its nuclear showers
There's nothin' spookier
Ya now about to witness the power of fuckin' fifty
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If the gun spark I'll hear all of the shots go off
It's fifty, they say it's fifty
See a nigga layed out wit his fuckin' top blown off
It's fifty, man that wasn't fifty don't holla my name
You shouldn't throw stones if you live in a glass house
And if you got a glass jaw you should watch yo mouth

Cause I'll break yo face
Have yo ass runnin', mumblin' to the jake
You goin' ?gainst me dog, you makin' a mistake, I'll split ya
Leave ya lookin' like the Michael Jackson jackets wit all them zippers
I'm the boss on this boat, you can call me skipper
The way I turn the money over, you should call me flipper
Yo bitch a regular bitch, you callin her wifey
I fucked and feed her fast food, you keeping her icey
I'm down to sell records but not my soul
Snoop said this in ninety four, ?We don't love them hoes?
I got pennies for my thoughts now I'm rich
See the twenties spinnin' lookin' mean on the six
Niggas wearin' flags cause the colors match they clothes they get Caught in the wrong hood, they get filled up wit holes motherfucker
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