We Up (feat. Kendrick Lamar)

50 Cent

I'm around the bullshit like a matador
I'm used to the bullshit, it don't matter, boy
Corporate acquisitions, accumulations of wealth
Build with the gods and double knowledge of self
Entrepreneur visions, Moulin Rouge religion
That pussy make a weak nigga break down
So what you want, the cheese or the chicks'
You want the chicks but you want the cheese
A bitch gotta eat
I'm havin' the epiphany you niggas ain't shit to me
Worse than the scum in the slum I'm from
I'm a southside nigga, yeah I'm 'bout mine
You be that next nigga coroners come and outline
You ain't made of what I'm made of
You a bum nigga with a bum bitch
Your shoes come from Vegas
Counterfeit, fraudulent fakers
What kind of rich nigga bitch look like thatYou all know when we pullin' off the lot
Brake, hit the button, then we pullin' down the top
Shine's on stuntin' and I'm pullin' out a knot
Strapped with the glock, won't pull it out a lot
But front, I'll make it pop
Y'all don't do it how we do
Niggas ain't on the shit we on
Everything new
Spikes on the Louis Vuittons
We up, nigga!Visualize everything I needed and dream (uh-huh)
Penalized every ho nigga that have a scheme (what else?)
Guns in your video get you locked in a bing
Yeah, I kill a nigga quick, no worries, my record clean
Murder one become manslaughter as soon as they brought up
Charity work, parking tickets and no charges
Fuck nigga you fucked over your father when he gave you a dick
Should have been a bitch in pajamas
I made my first million fucking dollars
Bought a Bible, oh yeah, God got me
Made my second million dollars, bought a chopper and a binocular
I'm scared, this shit don't happen to everybody
I'm on Instagram looking at your favorite singer

Debating on should I fuck her or jump on her single
20 thou, she got a hell of a adlib
I'm in her mouth like I knew I could have kids, K-DotYou all know when we pullin' off the lot
Brake, hit the button, then we pullin' down the top
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Niggas ain't on the shit we on
Everything new
Spikes on the Louis Vuittons
We up, nigga!Good pussy for dinner, bomb kush for breakfast
Deep-colored VS stones around my neck bitch
It feels like a nigga dreamin'
Seat back, music bumpin', niggas leanin'
Bulls eye, that's what we came for
The bread, now a nigga run the game boy
I should've sent the broad to report what's in the yard
Aloof livin', I came up so hard
No pain, no gain, it's embedded in the brain
I'm in it for the grip, motherfuck the fameYou all know when we pullin' off the lot
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