

Death To My Enemies

50 Cent

[Intro:]

Dre, niggas think we're bullshittin'! [gun cocks]

Yeah!

Yeeaaaah! [Chorus:]

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 baaaaag!

Front on me, I'm on ya aaaaass!

I bring money to my niggas, that bring death to my enemies! [police sirens]

I bring money to my niggas, that bring death to my enemies! [police sirens][Verse 1:]

Nigga front on me, the goons and goblins come out

Wishmaster 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 can!

They make the hammers ring! - They on ya ass now!

Hair trigger, stare nigga, yeah niggas'll flip!

Six?, let it off at your will

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 hustle, air it out! - Make it hard to eat!

Have you lookin' both ways

Like you crossin' the street! [Repeat Chorus:] [Verse 2:]

Yeah! - Niggas send me the wrong message, we gon' fucking kill the messenger

Your whole clique! - Hollowtips'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 concieved 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! [Repeat Chorus:] [Verse 3:]
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! [Repeat Chorus:]

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