Straight To The Bank

50 Cent

Yeah! When I'm out in N.Y. boy it's blunts and phillies
When I'm out in L.A. boy it's wraps and swishes
Now Blood walk to this, now crips walk to this
Now throw it up, raise it up for that gangsta shit
Now Blood walk to this, now crips walk to this
Now throw it up, raise it up for that gangsta shitI'm in my Lambo' maggot, my fo' fo' fagot
Doors lift up I'm like Go Go Gadget
See the shit I got on, homey I hate too
My Teflon arm brought my government issues
I'll hit your vertebrae bullets rip through tissues
Your wife on the futon huggin' that shitzo
Homey you a bitch you got feminine ways
Heard you got four lips and bleed for seven days
I got fo' fifths and bananas on the case
And got more whips than a runaway slave
Me and Yayo go back like some high top fades
When I made fifty mill, Em got paid
When I made sixty mill, Dre got paid
When I made eighty mill, Jimmy got paid
I ain't even gotta rap now life is made
Said I ain't even gotta rap, I'm filthy man[Chorus]
I'm laughin straight to the bank with this
(Ha, ha ha ha ha ha, ha, ha ha ha ha ha)
I'm laughin straight to the bank with this
(Ha, ha ha ha ha ha, ha, ha ha ha ha ha)
I'm laughin straight to the bank with this
(Ha, ha ha ha ha ha, ha, ha ha ha ha ha)
I'm laughin straight to the bank with this
(Ha, ha ha ha ha ha, ha, ha ha ha ha ha)
I'm laughin'I see nothin' but hundred dollar bills in the bank roll
I got the kind of money that the bank can't hold
Got it off the street movin' bundles and loads
Seventy Three Caprice old school when I roll
Breeze pass with the EZ Pass fuck the toll
No more platinum I'm wearin gold
I'm internationally known as the kid with the flow
That brings enough dough it's never enough dough
Shit I need mo' I need shit out the sto'
Baby ble was cold fresh out the flo'

Stash box by the dash box encase they want war
Make the purple bring the green in fuck the law
I'm oh so raw, I'm hot I'm sure
I'm like the coolest motherfucker around the globe boy
I set the club on fire I told ya
I'm the general salute me soldier[Chorus]Now work it out now, shorty work it out, work it out
I wanna see you, break it down
Now back it up now, you know what I'm about
It's like a bank job I'm rentin' them out
Now work it out now, work it out, work it out
Now work it out now, work it out, work it out

Songwriters
JACKSON, CURTIS JAMES / FYFFE, TYRONE / YOUNG, ANDRE ROMELLPublished by
Lyrics Â© Universal Music Publishing Group, MEMORY LANE MUSIC GROUP Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/