

# 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  
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 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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