

Bad News

G-Unit

Lloyd Banks in the house, bad news
Tony Yayo in the house, bad news
50 cent in the house, bad news whenever 50 around its bad news
Tray pound's in the house, bad news
40 Kal's in the house, bad news
I got a knife in the house, bad news whenever 50 around its bad news[Lloyd Banks]
I get little (?) mad cause I'm flossin' bad
I ain't a wrestler, but I'll put your bitch the Boston crab
I talk money cause it costs to brag
Round here bitches walk round here at the horse's head (?)
Rap it get your face stuck on them bricks
I don't really like to exercise but I'll push up on a bitch
y'all sweet like 99 bananas
That's why I got 99 niggaz wit 99 hammers
They all want a nigga to stop
Cause I rap slick enough to slip the ring off of Vivica Fox
I'm just a playa that found out where the cokes know
That's why I'mma be around longer than the Oprah show
You and your man y'all both should know
That all it takes is a finger to send you where the ghosts go
Shit I been hated since the 5th grade
that's why my best friend the tray pound, a ice pick, and a switch blade[Chorus]
I don't like you, you don't like me
Its not likely that we'll ever be friends
Why pretend? (Ma, Banks' back at it again)
I don't like you, you don't like me
Its not likely that we'll ever be friends
Why pretend? (Ma, Tony's back at it again)[Tony Yayo]
Rule number one pick a target and study him for weeks
See where they rest at and lay with their peeps
Now you got the drop, know their daily routine
So the 2nd rule please leave the crime scene please
3rd rule pick a day, 4th rule pick a time
5th rule pick a fifth, 6th rule pick a nine
And the seventh rule make sure your sidearm sweet
So when the shootout you leave him 6 feet deep
8th meet in a fast car with disguise
Use a ski mask with shades on your eyes
9th rule don't say shit cause Po-Po listen

Fuck around you end up being stuck in the system
And the 10th rule don't put a tag on a broken heart
Just put a toe-tag on your mark

And rule number 11, you caught a body but you not a legend
You better watch where you heading[Chorus]

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Why pretend? (Ma, 50's back at it again)
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Why pretend? (Ma, 50's back at it again)[50 cent]

Go ahead go against me I'll hurt your feelings
Stones in my cross the size of your earrings
My confidence level's high nigga can't tell
Licking my lips at your bitch like I'm L.L.
I smile like a nigga in jail receiving mail
Better yet like nigga Bookers that made bail

From day one I came in the game they said I was hot
They got scared, "Cent got money" and I got shot
You so much pressure on me when you compare me to Pac
I'm just a new kid, I can't help that I'm hot
What little niggaz say to 50 cent don't matter
I'll fire shots at the ship and watch the seas scatter
my enemies never turn into friends, my friends turn into enemies
you scared then get the fuck around me
Record execs, no not the (?) on my check

I come through with my knife cause I'm a pain your neck (YEAH!)[Chorus]

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Songwriters

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