

# 50 Cent, I'll Whip Ya Head Boy

[50 Cent Chorus]

I'll Whip Your Head Boy, you know i will  
I'll Whip Your Head Boy, with the back of the steal  
I'll Whip Your Head Boy, you'll get your cap pealed  
I'll Whip Your Head Boy, your ass could get killed

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[50 Cent Verse]

2 niggaz in the front, 2 niggaz in the back  
Thats 4 niggaz ridin' strapped in grandpa's Cadillac  
The voice in my head say fuck all these niggaz  
Then i start thinkin', i should rob all these niggaz  
Man my homies then wan' do whateva i wan' do  
I say i wan' eat they say shit we wan' eat to  
Lets ride around find a nigga stuntin' on front street  
With the shine's on niggaz be lookin' like lunch meat  
I run up on a nigga, pop one on the floor  
Tell um come up off that shit 'fore we start poppin' some more  
Fuck a ski mask, man niggaz know who i iz  
I got a full clip and niggaz know i get biz

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[50 Cent Verse]

I'm up early in the mornin', tryna make a movie  
Come in here with me shorty take your lil' on the school  
Even though she cause the drama, you love your baby momma  
I hit her with the llama to get this kick  
There is the coke, the cash, the combo and the safe  
But she don't know it, damn, ok go away  
I play with your kid on the couch, while your bitch on the phone  
Put a gun to her head sayin' daddy come home  
You was rollin' poppin' bubbly, didn't think it get ugly  
In the hood shit is lovely until it go bad  
Now you can pray for a miracle and God might be hearin' you  
When i'm not in the jam, i write in my hand

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[Young Buck Verse]

I got, its homies screamin' Buck you need to calm down  
Niggaz be gettin' killed everytime you come around

We ran up in his crib made his momma kiss the ground  
She askin' God, what my baby dunn did now?  
Im takin' everythang, jewellery i want it all  
Duck tape him up, rip the phone cords out the wall  
Fuck waitin' we can startin' waitin' on tomorrow  
So ask Satan if he got a car that i can borrow  
Im inpatient like a money hungry rap star  
I jack him for his chain and i can get a new Jaguar  
The mack i have his brains all over the fuckin' sidewalk  
And i'ma be on CNN again it ain't my fault  
March nigga steff, right nigga lef'  
G-Unit soldier i'm thuggin' till my death

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