

# 50 Cent, PT2 bump heads

[50 Cent]

I wanna be the reason you smile after you wipe ya tears  
The reason you have the courage to confront ya fears  
The reason there's two karats in each of ya ears  
I splurge with the paper ma, I don't care  
How you like it, pumps or boots, jeeps or coops  
Minks or leathers, fifty fall off never  
Whats mine is yours and whats yours is mine  
So when I shine, you shine  
The finest champagne, we can toast to life  
Crap table in Vegas, you can toss the dice  
Don't let ya fears let you confuse sayin' "fifty's bad news"  
I need you in my life girl, your too much to lose

[Beat switches]

[Hook]

Nigga, you won't deny that I'ma fuckin' ride out  
Then you'll bump heads wit me  
I'll put a hole in yo ass, you'll see  
That it ain't cool to fuck wit me

[Tony Yayo]

G-Unit, I roll wit gorillas  
Fuck a big body guard, I hang wit pint size killas  
I ain't tryin' to be dirty, still on the strip  
I'm tryin' to be dirty, filthy rich  
Give a nigga too much rope, he think he a cowboy  
Give Tony too much dope, I'm pushin' the big boy  
V12, SL detailed

I rap and wait for them checks in the mail  
If you hatin', your due time life will expire  
Cause my guns speak jamaican, they be like "Bloodfire!"  
Where I'm from, niggas be on some sleek shit  
They hungry, use they lighters to cook their beef stick  
And this 'dro and this nestle got me right  
So my lungs be as black as Wesley Snipes  
I'm on first class flights heading towards Vegas  
Ya slot machines niggas, we crap table players  
I roll a seven, cause we crap table players

[Hook]

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[Lloyd Banks]

I know a lot of niggas want Banks gone  
My kind of beef will fuck up ya grill and not the kind you put franks on  
I'm hidin' out, so my meals is home cooked  
I deal wit more ho's than a chinese phone book  
Your high with your messed up ratchets  
I'm out blowin' haze bags the size of ketchup packets  
Fuck who's in ya ride, there's tools on my side  
By the females standin' with tattoos on they thighs  
There's a lot of cats losin' they wives  
Cause next time I see 'em, they got black and blues on they eyes  
Nah, I ain't ready to die, but I'm prepared  
But I'd rather grow old with grey hairs in my beard  
They know me in the field, the kid with the fans  
That argue over my balls like Kobe and Shaquille  
If you talkin' bout millions throw me in the deal  
Big city, stadium tour, ruining the bill motherfucker