

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