

50 Cent, This Is How We Do

(Hook - 50 Cent)

This is how we do

We make a move and act a fool while we up in the club

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Nobody do it like we do it so show us some love

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(Verse I - Game)

Fresh like, unhh; Impala, unnh

Crome hyrdolics, 808 drums

You don't want, none

Nigga betta, run

When beef is on, I'll pop that, drum

Come get, some

Pistol grip, pump

If a nigga step on my white Air, Ones

Since red, rum

Ready here I, come

Compton, unh

Dre found me in the, slums

Sellin that skunk, one hand on my gun

I was sellin rocks when Master P was sayin "Unnhh"

Buck pass the blunt

These G-Unit girls just wanna have, fun

Coke and rum

Got weed on the ton

I'm bangin with my hand up her dress like, unh

I'll make her cum, purple haze in my lungs

Whole gang in the front in case a nigga wanna, stunt

(Verse II - 50 Cent)

I put Lamborghini doors on that Es-co-lade

Low pro's so low look like I'm riding on blades

In one year mang, a nigga's so paid

I have a straight bitch in the telly goin both ways (Ah!)

Touch me, tease me, kiss me, please me

I give it to ya just how you like it, girl

You know I'm rockin with the best tre pound on my hip

Teflon on my chest

They say I'm no good

'cause I'm so hood

Rich folks do not want me around

'cause shit might pop off, and if shit pop off

Somebody gon' get laid the f**k out

They call me new money, say I have no class

I'm from the bottom, I came up too fast

The hell if I care, I'm just here to get my cash

Bougie ass bitches, you can kiss my ass

(Hook)

(Verse III - Game)

I put gold Daytonas on that Cherry Six-Four

White walls so clean it's like I'm ridin on bulbs

Hit one switch mang, that ass so low

Cali got niggaz in New York ridin on hundred spokes

Touch me, tease me, kiss me, please me

I give it to ya just how you like it, girl

You know I'm rockin with the best fo' pound on my hip

Gold chain on my chest (Ah!)

(Verse IV - Game and 50 Cent)

(50 Cent)

50, unh

Bentley, unh

Em came 'n gotta nigga fresh out the, slum

Automatic, gun

F**k 'em one-on-one

We wrap up ya punk ass, stunt 'n ya done

Homie, it's Game time

(Game)

You ready? Here I come

Call Lloyd Banks and get this motherf**ker, crunk

It took two, months

But Fifty got it done

Signed with G-unit

Had niggaz like, "huh?"

Don't try to front

I'll leave yo' ass, slumped

Thinkin I'm a punk

Get your f**kin head, lumped

Fifty got a, gun

(50 Cent)

Ready here he come

Gotta sick, vendetta

To get this, chedda

Meet my Ba, Retta

The dra-ma, setta

Sip Am-a, retta

My flow sounds, betta

Than average

On tracks I'm a savage

I damage

Any nigga tryin' to front on my clique (G-Unit!)