

# 50 Cent, A Little Bit Of Everything U.T.P.

[Bun B]

Everytime I'm in the kitchen, you in the kitchen  
Let me finish this brick, 'fore you put that fish in  
Listen, I know we just came from fishin'  
But I'm on a mission, you see, there's money that I'm missin'  
I got 'em posted, so the move and I'm gonna murder ya'll  
You and all the trouble goin' through by servin' ya'll  
And only cause my man heard of ya'll  
Other than that, shit, ya'll won't get served at all

[Tony Yayo]

I went from oodles and noodles to lobster and shrimp  
I went from bare bubble coats, to brand new minks  
And yo my neck upgraded (uh huh), my wrist's upgraded  
I stay C of F, I ain't got time for Jacob  
I'm still on the strip, tryin' to get my grims off  
Nigga tryin' to flip and its a Mexican stand off  
I'll put a hole in your grill, with the nine mil  
Dressed in all black, lookin' for souls to steal

[Chorus] - 2X

Little bit of dust, little bit of cocaine  
Little bit of dro, little bit of heroine  
A little bit of ecstasy  
That's why your bitch want to be next to me  
We sell a little bit a everything

[Pimp C]

I put the two mags, up to your do-rag  
And rock a by baby  
I'm in the blue Jag, with new tags  
In case you wanna chase  
I never knew that, the impact  
Comin' up out a desert eagle'll  
Make a nigga wooble and we be screamin' call my people  
We got these fiends goin' liters, and they shootin' needles  
We could be takin' your connection, cause we got it cheaper  
Shit I ain't new to this, I met this air stewardess  
Who knows the ins and outs on how to get it in and out, niggas

[Lloyd Banks]

Ya if I put a dress code all black, non-Howells and a laser  
And the party is an ink pen, bottle, or a razor  
Your hollerin' for praise ya  
Catch me in the hood with a model named Taysha  
And the swallow game major  
These cowards ain't gangsta  
They tellin' you lies, by sellin' you dreams  
And they ain't fill ins, they fiends  
Plus they rat, and it's too hot to chill in the sun  
My pops 39 years old, and still on the run

[Chorus]

[Too \$hort]

Order what you want, you want dope, you want coke  
Order what you want, you want X, you want dro  
Shit you got beef, I got a tec and a 4  
You feelin' hot and moist, I even get you a ho  
If you don't got no whip, I get you a car  
If you don't got no skills, I get your some more  
My nigga we don't cut it, we serve it raw  
Got anythin' you want, play us off a hard

[50 Cent]

My 22's bling, so niggaz scheme

745 I clean, these lil' shell nigga

Fuck a triple beam, coffee pot to cook coke

Joe to smoke, I was born to loc

Method cut the coke, 50 no joke

I ain't "Scarface", no women, no kids, I don't give a fuck

Better teach that bitch, and that little nigga to duck

With a P-90 Roger, I put shots all through ya

If you survive you gonna feel what talent, do to ya

[Chorus]