

# 50 Cent, Da Repercussions

[Talking]

Uh huh, Uh huh, five, five, one... it's real shit nigga

[Chorus]

You niggas say somethin' slick, you'll get SLAPPED for that  
You niggas schemin' on some jewels, you'll get CLAPPED for that  
If ya'll niggas want war, I got the MACK for that  
Run up with some work, and get your head CRACKED for that

[Verse 1]

Nigga if a nickel bag sold in the park, I want in on it  
The bullshit I'm in right now nigga, I've been on it (yeah)  
If I don't eat, nobody eat, code of the street  
No surrender, no retreat, my niggas rollin' with heat (woo)  
You'll know my stees, I spark trees, under palm trees  
Feel a breeze, and fees, in expanded keys  
Cop it straight from the bay, tap dance on the yay  
Your people make a G day, you ain't rich, you just ok  
I take the stand under oath and lie  
Before I snitch on my clique, I'll fry  
Or watch time go by  
Niggas want to steal slabs, and dib or dab  
In the posse, who steals from the hands that feed 'em, deserve to die

[Chorus - 2X]

[Verse 2]

You gettin' money nigga (yeah), you dimed out (yeah)  
Well 50 Cent is the hottest shit out this (yeah)  
You bust your gun nigga (yeah), you on the run nigga (yeah)  
You treat a grown man, like he ya son (nigga)  
Yo, I ain't the first parolee, to catch his nigga for his rolee  
And after being on the street, less than a week  
Look, niggas who know me, know I'm up to no good  
Man my fan base is spreading like HIV in the hood  
Why smack a nigga silly, when I can squeeze the nilly (squeeze that shit)  
A slug'll split a niggas ass, worst than the philly  
I stay with the heater, cut the D with Bonita  
My wifey kept acting up, so I had to leave her  
It hurted when I left, but I knew I didn't need her  
If it wasn't for my seed, I wouldn't even hafta see her  
She tried to front like she don't need me, she miss me, believe me  
It's that soap opera shit, the bitch watch too much TV

[Chorus - 2X]

[Verse 3]

Aight you niggas tryin' to do too much (STOP FRONTIN')  
Them little bit of chips you got son, (AIN'T NOTHIN')  
I seen you with your whip outside (YOU STUNTIN')  
You spent your last on that (YOU AIN'T HOLDIN' NOTHIN')  
Rap niggas, they actin' like they ready to flip  
When I let off a clip, it ain't a part of the script  
Its like tradition, rap niggas, dyin' they whips  
So I spent a little chips, to bulletproof my shit  
You a 6 coupe nigga, but you gears behind  
Nigga yours a 92, mine's a 99  
Your not in my league, the ghetto taught me tools to succeed  
Shallow up a seed, I'll write it down so you can read  
If you've been listening, I know you've been loving what I said  
If not you dumb fuck, I just run over your head

[Chorus - 2X]

[singing in background until fade]