

50 Cent, Elemntry

[50 Cent]

G Unit!

[50 Cent]

A, B

[Scarlett]

You can't fuck with me

[50 Cent]

C, D

[Scarlett]

We from the Harlem streets

[50 Cent]

E, F

[Scarlett]

Don't talk me to death

[50 Cent]

G, H

[Scarlett]

It's elementary

[Scarlett]

Picture me rolling Range Rover

Same color your Air Force Ones

White on white, ya like?

Red I flight the night

From L.A. to N.Y.

I'm Harlem bound

You see how bitches tips up, when Scarlett 'round

Niggas get the heart to holla while we up in the club

But get intimidated when they see me sitting on dubs

I hear 'em whispering "Ain't a man, shit that's heard."

She roll with them G Unit niggas, that's what's up

Disrespect me, I'll have niggas blast ya up

Take my advice, don't let ya peoples gas ya up

I got a fetish for the chips

20's for the six

Hollows for the clips

Try me, if you think I'm playing bitch

And the police we'll have another crime scene taker

Jim Star crush your head, give your ass a shape-up

Uptown niggas known for the money they make

Everybody ain't shook, you see doing the shake

[50 Cent][Chorus]

The boss spending ends

Saying, "Gimme that Benz, 20 inch rims, and four TV's"

The snitch in the precinct saying, "He sell X, he sell techs, and he sell D"

The balla by the bar saying, "Everybody drink, the best champgane, it's all on me"

Snitch in the back of the police car, pointing out the window saying, "He robbed me"

It's elementary

[Lloyd Banks]

1,2,3,4

[50 Cent]

Lloyd Banks' in the house

[Lloyd Banks]

Now get the fuck on the floor

I slid through the front door

With the 9 and the velour

A cal in my pocket

You wil', I'mma pop it

I'm down for a profit

I'm ghetto as hell

You can't you tell?

My road dog, under the jail

Getting frustrating mail

So I'm drinking and smoking

Thinking and hoping

This cell gon' open
You can dance next to me, but don't throw an elbow
I'll throw one back and leave blood on your Shell Toes
Hell no
I ain't paying for pleasure
Your pussy don't bring rainbows and pots of treasure
It's every girl's dream, to floss with the team
Long on the suine
DVD's on the screen
Blowing on cream
Waiting for you to scheme
You ain't gotta know how to read, to spray a magazine
[Chorus]
[Tony Yayo]
I don't wanna grow up, I'mma hustler kid
Go'head and stunt, see I don't pop two your wig
I'm artistic, intelligent, so much ability
When I use them big words, your bitch be feeling me
So ya'll niggas hate me, 'cause your wives be our groupies
Ya'll irritate me, like loud people in the movies
Fall back, matter fact back down
'Cause I just passed security without no pat down
You can catch me in the bathroom blowing a sticky
Or catch me on the dancefloor feeling some tits
Sex sells, so I'mma P-I-M-P
So my pockets never be empty
It ain't no problem, we scoop them models
We got condoms, coups, and lavish condos
50 got me getting ass like I never did
So when I step in the club, hoes love the kid
[Chorus]
[50 Cent]
The cat in the house go
Meow, meow, meow, meow, meow, meow, meow, meow, meow
The bird in the cage go
Tweet, tweet, tweet, tweet, tweet, tweet
It's elementary