

# 50 Cent, Gangsta Shit

[50 Cent - Talking]

Yeah, niggas talkin all that gangsta shit  
Actin like my money ain't no good in the hood, you know what I mean?  
Fuckin head blown off nigga, you know?

[Chorus x2]

They, they talkin that  
That gangsta shit  
They ain't about that  
Man matter of fact  
Hand me my strap  
Show me where they at  
I'll stop 'em from talkin like that

[50 Cent]

I'm the talk to hit every barbershop and beauty salon  
Cause these other niggas that rap ain't on the shit that I'm on  
Cause 50 this, 50 that, 50 stay with a gat  
Thirty-two shots in the clip, hollow tips in the Mack  
But when I come through, shh... the talkin stop  
My money long now, I can make the Pope get shot  
Now, we can blow an hour talkin bout the stones I rock  
All the hoes I got, cause he stunts in the drop  
Now, naw, you love the kids, 50 on that killa shit  
That been mobbed the bad man, bitchy as gorilla shit  
I'm markin my music like diesel on the block  
So if you with me you gon' eat and you gon' starve if you not  
Weed smokers love me like they love Buddha  
I'll send your kids through the shooter, Crip niggas love me like they love Hoova  
They tell me see careful good, cause niggas wanna see like you  
They ain't used to a G like you, BLAM!

[Chorus]

[Young Buck]

You think you a killer but we gon just pay 'em a visit  
Put the potato in the barrel so nobody hear it  
I keep a holster on my shoulder like I'm John Wayne  
Shootin these niggas lights out like LeBron James  
Holla my name, gimme a reason to see you bleedin  
After you feel these hollow tips, nigga, then we eatin  
Full of anger until there's no more bullets in the chamber  
Ain't nothin like when you get popped and don't know who to blame-a  
Nigga told me, 'Do your dirt all by your lonely'  
So I go hit them niggas 'fore 50 couldn't even hold me  
I'm waitin, anticipatin to put a nigga under  
Smokin like we some Jamaicans fuckin with this ganja  
Ride with no hesitation, retaliation is a must  
Bad as I want to, some shit I just don't discuss  
So point him out and watch how I knock him off  
Everywhere you bitches go, I got a nigga watchin y'all, motherfucker!

[Chorus]

[Lloyd Banks]

Come on, nigga, I ain't here to make no friends, just cut the checks  
I got a long pump that'll put your stupid ass up in steps  
Beggin niggas don't understand though  
Probably cause my hand glow when I'm anticipatin the lambo  
Lean out my bucket for niggas thinkin they Rambo  
You get one warnin so I suggest you let your man know  
These rap niggas portray to be tough, nobody acting soft  
'Til they laid out in the hospital, eatin applesauce  
Usually for yappin off and turn apologetic

Waving a white flag, the danger they might have  
My niggas buyin so much ammo  
If you reach in the couch for loose change, you'll probably feel on the handle  
Holdin sixteens to get your bandages and broke bones  
So I suggest you get alarm systems in both homes  
There's only one team on top, we number one with a glock  
Fuck around and get your dumb ass SHOT!

[Chorus]