

50 Cent, Im So Sorry

50 cent

50 cent, uh
Llod banks,uh
Young Buck, uh
Game Nigga~ G-UNIT
haha its easy man, its easy man
Ay yo i swith my hustle, no more dice games or limosuine you see blood
in the snow after the shots in december
Niggas is broke thats why they stay ice grillin
im in the aspens laughin snow mobilin
with a beautiful bitch she chocolate athletic
ass bigger then serena asks banks he seen her
plus she hood she hood she aint hollywood remind me of trina
D's come shorti even down to hold my beretta
G stand for gangsta unit stand for u niggaz in trouble
better lock and load on the ground YEAH

Chorus:

Im so sorry
niggaz all fucked up they aint gettin money in the hood
I So Sorry
i lied to ya homie told ya id let you hold something if i could
Im so sorry

50 talking: You know i could but i dont wanna help you out nigga
Im SO sorry

Game:

Im in that 6,7 glass house
in and out of lanes
murder on my mind
old english runnin through my veins
i think about easy and it eases my pain
i drink a 40 ounce g unit soakin in the game
i came into this world both feet in the dirt
no purple label no button down shirt
no harm intended to subliminal disses
but hardcore seperate the men from the bitches
i would popped your ass if i thought you was worthy
lookin like boy george in that larry bird jersey
buck pass the dutch im blowin that bob marley
hop off the G-4 lets have a boston tech party G-UNIT

50 Chorus:

Im so sorry
You niggas dont sound that good when you step in the booth
im So sorry
nigga i know it hurts but god damnit you know its the truth
Im So Sorry
to see me do good its makin your punk ass sick
Im so sorry
that i aint got room for all you niggas on my dick
Im so Sorry

Lloyd Banks: Yeah

a snap of a finger will make you guys cripple
i came up with shitta, nigga
i handle bars like a bicycle
stars make your eyes trickle
as stiff as an icecycle
the muffalas the sounds of land thats why i whistle
file your status you know thats wrong
before you go and put that foot locker noback on

around here niggas get shot for performin that song
and hoes cut they eyebrows off and draw them back on
they try to merk me yo
thats why 50 bought me a trey pound with a nose longer then pinnchio
pop shit i stroke your slut
and soon as her mouth open up what?
same color as coconut

50 Chorus3:

Im so Sorry
you aint from compton you aint gotta flow like game
im so sorry
you aint lloyd banks mixtape artist of the year man
Im so sorry
you aint young buck you dont let the gun buck son you butt
im so sorry
you get outta line ill personally come fuck you up

Young Buck:

we dont chase no hoes
we dream about it while we makin dough
ill have a hundred fuckin hatians come and cut your throat
i stood tuff to dough
niggas my ears to the street
i got niggas from your own hood workin for me
i got ya man out
you cant even bail your man out
we no real cuz the bitch niggas stand out
nobody gonna miss you when the dessert eagle hits you
just do like pac said pour out a little liquor
picture gettin your chest blown open and no one there to save ya
you momma gotta wake up makin funeral arrangements
you kno who to play with and we aint the ones
thins G-unit shit is deeper than a prick in your thumb motha fuckas

50 talking: yeah i wanna take the time out to apologize to all yall niggas
that put out records this year and didnt seel none im so sorry
hahaha oh man i dont know how to explain it how we get that money man haha
i just say shit i swith my hustle motha fucka