

# 50 Cent, Rap Game

[Bizarre]

The rap game, hip hop 101  
The hardest nine to five you'll ever have  
You can't learn this shit in no history book  
You ready to rap motherfucker?  
You ready to sell your soul? hahaha  
The rap game will fuck you up

[Swiftly McVay]

I'ma disrupted nigga, you made me crazy  
You shoulda slayed me as a baby  
Behavin' shadier than Wes Craven  
And you ain't even gotta pay me  
I take pleasure of layin' a nigga down daily  
You face me, punk it's over, you'll faint fast  
I've never fucked up to where I can't whoop ya ass  
You'll neck'll get snapped with bare hands, fuck music  
Is he rappin'? It's cool but fools, just don't confuse it  
What happens: these dudes get rude then I lose it  
I'm scandalous, I blow ya two niggas off the atlas  
With a gat that's bigger than Godzilla's back nigga  
You are not realer, in fact you're feel the effects  
Of a crack dealer, y'all presidents since he smacked  
And got a mack 10 with it, so I ain't gotta rap  
But I'm thankful for that, don't mistakin' me black  
Cuz you'll be stankin' in the back of a fuckin' Cadillac

[Eminem]

I'ma get snuffed, cuz I ain't said enough to pipe down  
I pipe down, when the [White House] just wiped out  
When I see that little [Cheney] dike get sniped out  
Lights out, bitch adios, goodnight {\*gunshot\*} (AHH!)  
Now put that in ya little pipe and bite down  
Think for a minute cuz the hype just died down  
That I won't go up in the Oval Office right now  
And flip whatever ain't tied down upside down  
I'm all for America, fuck the government  
Tell that C. Delores Tucker slut to suck a dick  
Motherfuck ducked, what the fuck? son of a bitch  
Take away my gun, I'm gonna tuck some other shit  
Can't tell me shit about the tricks of this trade  
Switchblade, with a little switch to switch blades  
And switch from a six to a sixteen inch blade  
Shit's like a samurai sword or sensai  
Shit just don't change to this day  
I'm this way, still tell that utsl-ay itchb-ay  
Ucks-ay my ikcd-ay, 'scuse my igp-ay atinl-ay  
But uckf-ay you igp-ay

[Chorus: 50 Cent {\*sung\*}]

This rap game, this rap game  
I ain't sellin' my soul for this rap game  
And I ain't diggin' no hole for this rap game  
Man, I'm tellin' you, no it ain't happening  
This rap game, this rap game  
I ain't sellin' my soul for this rap game  
I ain't diggin' no hole for this rap game  
This rap game, this rap game

[Kon Artist]

I wouldn't wanna be drinkin', drowned in my own inequity  
But fucked that I'ma rap 'til y'all all get sick of me  
And clutch my nuts sack and spit all who pick at me  
A pitt and rott mix, fuck the dogs you sic on me

I'm sayin' you motherfuckers don't know us, quit playin'  
If I'm broke, then I'm breakin' up in the place where you layin'  
You know, same shit every nigga done in his life  
I look at this, why speak on when I want when I write  
So why should I ever fear another man  
If he bleed like I bleed, take a piss and he stand?  
OK, you win, you can say we can't rap  
But no Source never made me not buy an album when they say it was whack

[Kuniva]

I walk in that party and just start bussin' {\*gunshots and screaming\*}  
Right after I hear the last verse of "Self Destruction"  
This liquor makes me wanna blast the chrome  
To let you know +The Time+ without Morris Day and Jerome (nigga)  
I'm low down and shifty, quickly call Swifty  
To do a drive-by on the tenth speed with 50  
Ya feelin' lucky? Squeeze  
I catch you outside of Chuckie Cheese  
With ya seed, you be an unlucky G  
My lifestyle is unstable, a partyin' addict  
They said no fightin' in the club so I brought me a 'matic  
Coughin' the static, I jump niggas, call me a rabbit  
Poppin' the tablet and guns that saw you in half

[Chorus: 50 Cent {\*sung\*}]

Believe me, we run this rap shit, fo sheezy  
Make makin' millions look easy  
Everywhere you turn you see me, you hear me  
Believe me, before you see my pistol in 3-D  
No time to call a peace treaty  
Dial 911 cuz you need the- police to help you believe me

[Proof]

I snatch the chalk from the sidewalk and piss on the curb  
This is absurd, these street niggas twistin' my words  
We finally could "Say Goodbye to Hollywood"  
Cuz Proof and Shyne man shit nothin' in common  
The nastiest band with gas in each hand  
We never bow down to be a flash in the pan  
No remorse, fuck ya stature dog  
Nothin' to do with hands when I clap at y'all  
Put your jaw on the ground with the four and the pound  
Then I'm gone outta town 'fore the law come around  
So we can battle with raps, we can battle with gats  
Matter of fact, we can battle for plaques (This rap game)

[Bizarre]

I'm too fuckin' retarded  
I don't give a fuck about my dick  
That's why I'm datin' Lorraina Bobbet  
My crew had an argument, who was the largest  
Now they all is dead and I roll as a solo artist  
Plus I made all the beats and wrote all the raps  
Well I really didn't, but I did accordin' to this contract  
I was thrown in the snow with nowhere to go  
Freezin' 20 below, forced to join Bel Biv Devoe  
My little girl, she shouldn't listen to these lyrics  
That's why I glued her headphones to her ear to make sure she hear it  
If rap don't work, I'm startin' a group with Garth Brooks  
Hahahaha, 50 sing the hook

[Chorus: 50 Cent {\*sung\*}]

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