

# 50 Cent, Rowdy Rowdy

[50 Cent]

Yo LA niggaz are the rowdy niggaz  
New Orleans niggaz is rowdy nigga  
D.C. niggaz is some rowdy niggaz  
New York Niggaz is the fucking wildest nigga

Yo, your man could have ran when I rubbed him but he froze  
Son I ain't even rock him to sleep, the nigga dozed  
The bitch could have helped you get rich, but she sold  
now you heartbroke, that's what you get for lovin them hoes  
An ill flow with no beat, is incomplete, it's like a stickup kid  
runnin round without no heat, it like a fifth with no kick  
a fiend with no hit, a willie with no wit  
A bad bitch that won't blow dick  
It's like a rollie with no ice, a gamblin spot with no dice  
Like fuckin supermodel bitches and not bustin off twice  
I murda any mic device, for the right price, I'm nice  
I only say tthings once, never twice, dont fuck with me

[Chorus: 50 Cent]

St. Louis niggaz is rowdy rowdy  
Cleveland niggaz is bout it bout it  
50 cent ain't gonna kill ya nigga, don't get doubted  
Got your gun, well don't leave home without it  
The Memphis niggaz is rowdy rowdy  
Them Shytown niggaz is bout it bout it  
They'll kill you and act like they don't know shit about it  
Leave your body somewhere where no one can find it

[50 Cent]

Now if I pull out the gat and just push your wig back  
I bet niggaz will stand around sayin "Damn who did that?"  
I'm the type nigga to dare you to touch the ?  
I'm the type to borrow your gat and wont give the shit back  
Im F to the I - F - T - Y - C - E - N - T  
Caress the ass gently, and back up Bentleys  
You thought she was pimpin, son I was in the Hamptons  
in a heart shaped hot tub with the bitch flappin  
I plan to take over New York and start expandin  
Was Bob Marley singin about tex when he sung "I'm Jammin'"  
Nigga fuck with my cash and I'ma blast yo' ass  
Smash the glock out the stash in the dash in ??  
Flee in a flash, lay low let time go past  
If you survive the shots I'ma find yo' ass  
Put the gat to your head and remind your ass  
I ain't playin with you, I want my money motherfucker

[Chorus]

[50 Cent]

Yo, some nigga just shot the block up dog, word?  
He had the same shit you got on dog, word?  
I know you done did it so get the fuck up outta hear, ya heard?  
I run with niggaz that spray and strip and say that shit  
You won't let us pump on your block, fuck it, we makin it hot  
I'm that nigga that call the shots, with the iced out watch  
From the cordless cell phone, and the baby blue drop  
I got a lot of hungry niggaz with me straight from the street  
Cause these three niggaz are startin to look like something to eat  
They got watches on they wrist that cost like 60 thousand  
My niggaz live in section eight of public housing  
They murder you and keep shit low cause niggaz heard of you

[Chorus 2X]