

# 50 Cent, Say what yoy want

Yo, niggas be askin me "yo 50 who you got beef wit?"  
I'm a tell yall niggas who I got beef wit  
I got beef wit any nigga I can't make no money wit  
If I can't make no money wit you, fuck you nigga  
G-Unit nigga, thats whatsup cause I said thats whatsup  
[Tony Yayo]

I get money, money I got  
so its a 100 grams or better when I'm going to cop  
I never hold the toaster cause I use my little soldier  
And my down bitch as a holster, like I'm supposed ta  
heavy pistol sales for living  
my gun rip through lungs and tear through tissue  
while I'm out for the ends, you out for a rep  
thats the same thing that have yo mama in a black dress  
see me in a black lex, hard-top  
My mink drop-top, fresh out the carlot  
I got the gift of raw pugilist speeches(?)  
So I'm gon sell like the box office features  
Niggas in the hood can't see G-UNIT!  
but deep in they heart they wanna be G-UNIT!  
cause we got them three b's: benzes, burners and bitches  
and plus we on the road to the riches

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

You can say what you want about me  
As long as you don't get in the way of my money  
Cause all that talking shit to me played out  
Nigga keep bumping your gums you get laid out  
[Lloyd Banks]

Lately I been going through a phase  
Hope they aint tap the phones  
Cause we got pumps the size of saxophones  
Therefore I'm on the move with the squad  
I'm stingy as ever, known to trick fast food on a broad  
Picture me putting jewels on a broad  
I'd rather put shoes on the car  
A pool in the yard  
You don't really wanna fool with the god  
Nigga my front line long enough to fill two boulevards  
In this game, you only make it far if you loyal  
And if you grew up with your mother and your father you spoiled  
Why swing, you gotta be strapped to get rid of me  
Ill leave you in water like the statute of liberty  
Tryin to be cool

Blowin green that strong enough to make a white boy open fire on a school  
Keep rappin for your hood, I'm rappin for benzes  
And long assault rifles with straps on the lenses

[Chorus]

[50 Cent]

Yall niggas gotta learn from me (Yeah!!)  
What I learned from Gotta Rock and Spank G (Un-Huh)  
Yall niggas gotta learn from me (Yeah!!)  
What I learned from watching Brucie B  
Look, I shot the sheriff  
And nigga if you get too close yo punk ass getting shot  
Here's the plan, I'm a keep stackin my ends  
Till I'm on airplane seats in the Maebach benz  
I'm all about the chips  
I done took them trips  
22's on the 6  
26 on the bricks  
And them outta town niggas, I'm chargin yall more  
I tapdance on the shit I aint servin it raw  
You sell smoke, look nigga I got what you need  
But it aint goin cheap I got mouths to feed

Niggas always sayin damn 50 you bugged  
Cause I got hoes giving niggas the date rape drug  
Gimme his watch and his chain  
We not the same, he a lame  
He want pussy I'm bout my money man  
Crap table in Vegas had his bitch on my dick  
Threw a 7 so many times they thought the dice was fixed  
Yo its 50, when your mindframe change and start to rearrange  
I'll see you another day motherfucker it's 50  
Shots 'til your heart drop and freeze up, ease up motherfucker  
[Chorus]