

50 Cent, Wanksta (Remix)

(feat. Flipmode Squad)

[Intro: Busta Rhymes]

Yeah.. it's a problem, Flipmode nigga
We on the highest temperature level of the fucking pressure cooker
Blowing niggas tops, what?
Flipmode up in this bitch, The Rulership Movement nigga
Check it, let me talk, check it, check it

[Busta Rhymes]

There's only one God sonny, and there ain't no replacement
And anybody thinkin different jus get locked in the basement
You know we had to touch the beat cuz the track is dope, nigga
And throw some bullet's at you the size of cantaloupes, nigga
A lotta niggas rollin around like they can't get touched
Even the pope know to stay in bullet proof Benz trucks
Flipmode up in this bitch, ya niggas know we on fire
We hang niggas like old sneakers from telephone wires

[Rampage]

Puerto Rican mami's call me Papi
Cuz they see me in the hood, poppin wheelies on my Kawasaki
Yo they can't stop me, Ramp yo, I'm kinda cocky
I'll break your fucking ribs like I'm playing ice hockey
Bigger than life, extort the game, critically acclaimed
Smack you in your face with my chain
Now I'm ready to go to war like Saddam Hussein
Everybody in the industry know my squad's name

[Chorus 1: Busta Rhymes]

Yo we jus an idiot, and we here to merge somethin
You know what chu dealing with, you know we here to hurt somethin
So stop with the stupid shit, cuz it ain't even worth frontin
Hope you know that you could really end up in the earth cuzin

[50 Cent]

We do this all the time, right now we on the grind
So hurry up and cop and go selling nicks and dimes
Shorty she's so fine, I gotta make her mine
A ass like dat gotta be one of a kind
I crush 'em every time, punch 'em with every line
I'm fuckin with they mind, I make 'em press rewind
They know they can't shine if I'm around the rhyme
Been on parole since ninety four cuz I commit the crime
I say you on my line, I did it three ta nine
If D's ran up in my crib, you know who droppin dimes

[Chorus 2: 50 Cent]

You say you a gangsta but you neva pop nuttin
We say you a wanksta and you need to stop frontin
You go to the dealership but you neva cop nuttin
You been hustlin a long time and you ain't got nuttin

[Baby Sham]

I know your man, he says that you the bitch stuntin
You don't know how the gun cock to reach somethin
Yeah, I see ya face in ya grill
But it's your conscience itchin to tell you the squad love a mil
Like a forest field, we hunt ta god, it's surreal
Flipmode, cop boy, get your weight up for real, get at 'em

[Chorus 1]

[Chorus 2]

[50 Cent]

Damn homie, in highskewl you was the man, homie
What the fuck happened to you?
I got the sickest vendetta, when it come to the chedda
Nigga you play wit my paper, you gon meet my berretta
Now shorty think I'ma sweat her, sippin on amoretta
I'm hit once than deada, I know I can do betta
She look good but I know she after my chedda
She tryna get in my pockets homie and I ain't gon let her
Be easy, start some bullshit ya get your whole crew wet
We in the club doin the same ol' two step
Guerrilla Unit cuz, they say we bugged out
Cuz we don't go nowhere without toast, we thugged out

[Chorus 2 - repeat 2x]

[50 Cent]

Ah ha!