

# Gangsta's Delight

## 50 Cent

This is hip hop, it go clip pop, it hit 'em if you hit me  
Da clip pop it popped and it don't stop  
Papa said we bang, bang boogie, we get 'em, oh goodie  
Keep the hoodie when you're fuckin' with me, me, meNow what you hear is not a test  
I said it's not a test nigga it's not a test  
Got my Teflon on wrapped around my chest  
I do it the best, you heard I do it the bestTuck the Nine by my spine all the time  
Stunt when I want a dead nigga fuck wit mineMy neck and my ear get to flickin' like a strobe  
My wrist and my whips have niggas like whoa  
I'm the underground king, I reside on the throne  
In the club wylin' out over Henny and Patron  
Me I'm in the zone, yeah me, I'm in the zone  
It's bottle after bottle 'til G-stacks are blown  
Shawty in my ear like please take me home  
Before the next song come on dawg we goneOff to the hotel, motel, the holiday inn  
She said if I knew you worked the cat from the back like that  
I would've brought my friendIt go clip pop, it hit 'em if you hit me  
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Keep the hoodie when you're fuckin' with me, me, meClip pop, it hit 'em if you hit me  
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Keep the hoodie when you're fuckin' with me, me, me  
I'm so raw yea I'm so raw  
Me I'm so ghetto I'm oh so hardcore  
I'm down by law this style you never saw  
I give em jus a little then watch 'em fiend for moreYeah, they want more, they hot and they  
want more  
They love the way I kick it, they addicted to your boy  
I'm ecstasy I'm the ultimate trip  
I have ya in the mornin' like a dope fiend sickNow feel the rush I'm like pure cocaine  
I have the whole night club goin' insane  
No matter how rich I get I'm never gonna change  
I will let it rain, push me I'll let it rainI do this shit myself lawyer money ain't a thang  
The Unit is the game, the yin and the yang  
We went from poor to rich now look we the shit  
You best control your bitch or she'll be in the sixIt go clip pop, it hit 'em if you hit me  
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Keep the hoodie when you're fuckin' with me, me, me I'm fresh to death, I'm rockin' the vest  
I'm strapped movin' round with the heat  
I said I do it the best, I'm not the one you should test  
That's why my name ring bells in the street I put that work in, yeah, yeah  
I put that work in, yeah, yeah  
I put that work in, yeah, yeah  
I put that work in, yeah, yeah It go clip pop, it hit 'em if you hit me  
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Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>