

50 Shot Ya-

DJ Kayslay

Yo, yo, yo
What the fuck poppin' man
This the Drama King man
Yo who there, who dat, who there man?
(Yeah, yeah, it's 50 Cent nigga)
Muthafucka (What's up man)
Uh, Harlem to Queens muthafuckas
(Heh, What's up nigga)
And I'll smack the fuckin' shit out your favorite DJ man
Y'all know what the fuck it is man (Yeah, yeah)
(And, and say somethin ya bitch-ass nigga)
Yeah, street justice muthafucka
(Yeah, go ahead, say something)
Yo, yo, check it out fifty
You handle the bitch-ass rap niggas
I'mma handle the bitch-ass DJ niggas
(Alright, alright)
We gon' bring justice to the game
(That's how we gon' put it down)
Straight muthafuckas
That's the sound of the man, cockin' that thang - that thaaaang
That's the sound of the man, clappin' that thang - thaaang
Yo, in my hood we was taught not to say who shot ya
See the flash, you heard the shot, you feel the burnin', I got ya
Say a prayer for me if you care for me cuz I'm on the edge
I'm finna put a shell in a nigga head
I rock a lot of ice, I dare you to scheme on it
The fifth got a rubber grip and a beam on it
Homie that took the hit on me couldn't shoot
They say I'm skinny now, but I look big in a coupe
My cousin Uzi out in L.A. done tripped and do the sets again
Got shot the fuck up tryin' to rob the wrong Mexicans
I write my lifestyle, y'all niggas is cheaters
Your lines come from feds, felons and don diva
Oh you the black hand of death, then why your name ain't preacher
If you a pimp like Ken why them hoes don't treat ya?
If you wanna ball like Kirk, now shorty let me teach ya
This flow's God sent, it's bound to reach ya
Problem child, I'm familiar with problems
I know how to solve em
Semi-automatic, luger tray, revolve em
Shoot em up, rob em

In the hood we starvin, you don't want problems
Problem child And why can't you be man enough
To tell me where you're comin' from They say you can never repay the price for takin' a man's
life
I'm in debt with Christ, I done did that twice
I'm nice, y'all niggas can't hang wit fifty
+Blaaat+, y'all niggas can't bang wit fifty
For every bar in the rhyme, there's a shell and a nine
For every stone in the cross, there's a bitch I tossed
See the wounds in my skin they from a war of course
You can check C-N-N for the "War Report"
See the drama got me ridin' with a sawed-off shottie
Catch you at the light, I blow ya ass off the Ducati
Man, niggas ain't gon' do me like Sammy did Gotti
I'll do it myself, I don't need no help
Give me a knife, I'll get rid of your neighborhood bully
Give me a minute, I'll take a fuckin' car with a pully
See the hood is the deepest stole my innocence young
Niggas jumped me cuz they couldn't beat me one-on-one I must've broke a mirror at three and
had bad luck for seven
Cuz pops slid, mommy died before I turned eleven
This cities split 'posed to let black cats cross your path
The footprints in the sand is Satan carryin' your ass
I got "God Understand Me" tattooed in my skin
When I die, come back, I'mma tattoo it again
I'm the young buck that let the gun buck
Roll the window down and say: "Wassup", niggas get ready to duck
My heart is a house homie, If you don't live here
Nigga believe me when I say I don't care
Muslims mix a lot, God studied they lessons
Even when my luck's hard I still count my blessings
See that look in my eye, ya betta keep on steppin'
Spent time on my cell floor, to sharpen my weapon
If you pussy I'mma smell you when you come around here
Them boys in Pelican Bay couldn't live in my tier

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>