

X**"The Real Wanksta"**

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[Skit]

"Dirty how it look?"

"Dadadana, like a damn snitch."

("Oh man that's cold.")

"Look like you 'bout ready to go tell on somebody right damn now."

(*laughing*)

(*50 Cent's "Wanksta" beat*)

[Black Child - talking] (*echo*)

Word to God, fuckin snitch ass nigga 50 Cent

Fuck is wrong with you nigga?

Actin like you Ferrari nigga, you can't never be me

Boy (uh huh), cause

[Chorus]

You a snitch nigga you ain't gonna pop nothin

Pay a nigga to do it, so you could tell the cops somethin

187 your "Unit", Hector Lynn and Cotch dumpin

You hear the shots comin (*gunshots*) (five, 0), start runnin

[Verse 1]

You knew I was comin, dumpin, who wanted a hundred rounds

Didn't I stab you up?, don't make me gun you down

Your whole career's nothin, but a publicity stunt

Until I kill you and give you the publicity you want

Yeah front page, rapper that's over paided

Found under the stage, felt under from the gauge

Nigga I got women that do the evil men do

They got more heart than you and want no parts of you

You hit chickens I used to, I fuck bitches that use you

And lose you, for the loot, big fists from Hooptie

Nigga you say you a gangsta, but we don't believe you

I come through 134 and don't see you

Pull up in somethin tinted, nothin rented

Pull out the Mack 10 and dump everythin in it

And ain't no witnesses, witnessin shit

Except for the four fifth and you on the floor stiff (uh

huh)
Wanksta

[Chorus] - w/ ad libs

[Verse 2]

Killin to do 'fore I die and I ain't got bullets to waste
shot this nigga in the face
How you call yourself Ferrari?, you don't ride like me
In the hood, everyday "Ready To Die" like me
How does faggot nigga do a song with B.I.G.?
When he the snitch of the city, I'ma have to talk to
Diddy
Fifty I had a knife, you had a gun
You ain't pop one shot, poked you, you called 911
What you know about AK's and AR 15's?
Nothin nigga, you up in the preacher at the 113
Damn homie, you a bitch, you a snitch
On your man homie, what the fuck wrong with you?
I got a fourth and Beretta that says revenge is better
Put holes through your leather, they have to sew you
back together
Black could never chirp like that bird to the cops
He got a camera in his drawers and a mic in his watch
(uh huh)
Pussy

[Chorus]

[Black Child - talking] (*echo*)
Word to God you fuckin faggot
Keep playing games, go 'head drop your fuckin album
I did, I'ma drop mine
And I'ma do a fuckin interview with the fuckin arrestin
officer nigga
Don't keep playin games man
Fuckin Officer William Fitzgerald from the two thirty-
four nigga
On 54th Street nigga, you know
Stop fuckin playin games, actin like you don't know
what happened nigga
(*gunshots*)
Word to God, this Black Child too nigga
Black Child a.k.a. Ferrari Black nigga
It's Murder, faggot
pussy, pussy (*gunshots*)

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