

Trina F/ Ludacris**"Make Money By Any Means"**

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(Chorus - 50 Cent)

It ain't easy to make money (Whoo)
So now everybody wanna take money (Uh huh, uh huh)
You ain't a thug, matter fact you a fake money (Take money, uh)
Fuck wit mines, I'ma view you at ya weight money
It ain't a game

(Verse 1 - 50 Cent)

You can call me player yeah, but I ain't playing fair (Uh huh)
Takers say I'm the hottest thang comin' this year (No doubt, ha ha ha)
In the hood niggas know, how I handle my problems
I walk up close, and I fo', fo' revolve 'em
Don't make me run to you, put the gun to you
Have yo ass on Phil Donahue explaining what the fuck I done to you
Thug niggas in the street saying I'm sunning you
Dude I'll smoke you every motherfucker under you
People say chill, but still I do, what I wanna do
For now on, when I speak, y'all niggas better listen
Why run against a thoroughbred when you ain't in no condition
Still got shit on ya nose, from all that ass you been kissing (hahaha)

(Chorus x2 - 50 Cent w/ Noreaga in background)

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(Verse 2 - Noreaga)

Yo where my down South niggas at, I'm playing piddy-

pat

Wit this kitty cat, bitch swear she a city rat
It's Nore now, here look read the story now
My name Nore, and niggas know how I rip
And if I don't feel a nigga, I don't get on his shit
Y'all can love me, or hate me, or suck my dick
I like my hoes just like Summer, no class
And niggas working so hard, and getting no ass
Why y'all niggas acting like, it's all ill in y'all square
Motherfucker you ain't know that it's a hood
everywhere
Me and 50 vandal, no we always run scandal
Weak niggas, have us lighting up candles
Sending out roses, condolences, notices
Focuses on, niggas like Fu Quan
Yo in they ground, niggas that don't get no bound
Y'all keep my word, don't love no bird
Get a beef from TM, and just twist my herb

(Chorus - 50 Cent)

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(Verse 3 - 50 Cent)

Yo it's all about the cash you getting
Bricks you flipping, the whips you sitting
The bitches you hitting, when you living the thug life
Bitches I don't love no of 'em, the guns I'm running 'em
Punk niggas I'm sunning 'em, every chance I get
Man I know niggas is a trip, so I save all my grip
For these babies faggots flippin', dial 1-800-TIPS
Force me to bury the bricks, and the whips and take
trips
Every word that come out of my mouth, I mean it, you
could eat
'Cause when I stick you, you gon' cough it up like you
bulimic
I'm no magician, but I could make, somethin' outta
nothin'
Like turn an empty block, into a crack spot that's
pumping
So all you niggas out there, thinking you the nicest
Me 50, I'm ya motherfucking mid-life crisis

(50 Cent talking)
Southside, alright baby, 50 Cent, Noreaga,
Trackmasters, teflon

(Chorus - 50 Cent)
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(50 Cent talking)
Know what I'm saying

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