

## **Tweet F/ Fabolous, Missy Elliott**

### **"Don't Push Me"**

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[50 Cent]

I need you to pray for me (and)  
I need you to care for me (and)  
I need you to want me to win  
I need to know where I'm heading, 'cause I know where  
I've been

The flow is bone crushin', it's nothin'  
I come up with somethin'  
Come through your strip, frontin', stuntin'  
It's something you want, 745 chrome spinners  
Haters hate that I'm winnin'  
Man I've been hot from the beginnin'  
Motherfuckers envy the kid, control your jealousy  
'Cause I can't control my temper, I'm fittin' to catch a  
felony  
Pistol in hand homie, I'm down to get it poppin'  
Once I squeeze the first shot (gun shot), you know I  
ain't stoppin'  
Till my clip is empty, I'm simply  
Not that nigga you should try your luck with, or fuck  
with  
Hollow-tip shells struck you with your bones broken,  
guns smokin', still locin',  
what nigga, lay your ass down paramedics get you up  
feeling

[Chorus 2X: 50 Cent]

Right now I'm on the edge, so don't push me  
I aim straight for your head, so don't push me  
Fill your ass up with lead, so don't push me  
I got somethin' for your ass, keep thinkin' I'm pussy

[Lloyd Banks]

I done lost my bigger nigga, and I didn't cry  
To young to understand, the consequences of a man  
Livin' a lie, I gotta get that money  
I'll be damned if I'm bummy  
Gotta watch my back around these niggas, cause they  
funny  
20 years, of watching my mama's tears

Got my heated, heavily weeded  
Smoking that bong, cause I need it  
These niggas don't want me ballin', they want me  
buried  
Balled in the dirt, from shots flurried  
Layin' with bugs under my shirt  
I got plans to hop up in that Hummer  
'Cause I'm a stunner, I sit back and wonder  
When them angels, gonna call my number  
Under my chest is a heart of a lion  
I ain't lying, bounty hunters got me flyin'  
With my iron, high as a giant  
I'm runnin' from nothin', my stomach is touchin', what  
I'm clutchin'  
To give you more than a concussion, end of discussion  
My blood is colder, so I'm bolder  
Hennessey and soda, hood on my shoulder  
Look in the mirror, I see a soldier

[Chorus 2X]

[Eminem]

These are my ideas  
This is my sweat and tears  
This is shit that I saw with my balls, my ears  
This is me, who's gotta be  
What you see on TV, what you hear on CD, what  
appears easy  
Man these teenie boopers see me on these magazine  
covers  
In these beanies and these rags, living fantasies  
Frontin' like it's all fun and games, 'til the shoot'em up  
bang  
And you see your brains hang and you see we ain't  
playin'  
Ain't sayin' we ain't layin' down at night and ain't  
prayin'  
I bullied my way in this game, man I'm done playin'  
Man I'm done sayin' that I'm done playin', I'm a start  
layin' into these  
motherfuckering cocksuckers  
There's no way I'm back down, like a god damn coward  
I can't, how would I look as a man, bowin' to his knees  
Like the mad cow disease, let somebody lash out at me  
And not lash back out at 'em, please  
Oh, whao, yo, ho, hold up, oh no, not me, not Marshall  
You wanna see Marshall? I'll show you Marshall  
I try to show you art, but you just pick it apart  
So I see I have to start, showin' you fuckin' old farts,  
A whole other side, I wanted to not show you  
So you know you're not dealing with some fuckin'

marshmallow

Little soft yellow, punk pussy, who's heart's Jello, 'cause

[Chorus 2X]

Shady Aftermath nigga, G-Unit, rap juggernauts of this  
shit, we takin' over

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