

## 50 Cent "187 Ya Yo"

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50 CENT:

G G G G G-Unit. 50 Cent nigga Tony Yayo (yeah)

(Drop That Shit)

Yeah and it don't stop,  
I do a 187 on yo' motherfuckin block  
Yeah and it don't quit,  
It's G-Unit in yo' motherfuckin' ass bitch

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TONY YAYO:

They say good things will happen to those who wait  
Shorty stuck in the game still slingin' weight  
None of that's yo' life that ten in the brown  
For XL six or seven fo' pound

Suede seats is hot but Italian leather is better  
And with camera's in the mirror nigga cars costs  
cheddar  
I'm on first class flights with flying cooks  
'cause my verse sound nice when they flyin' hooks

Now im blowin' weed-o in Beverly Hills  
Some bad free hoes in the Montreal  
Next year it's the new Hummer  
Stash box with the llama drive through in the blue data  
bomba

Heaven or Hell will prevail when I'm a goner  
'cause I Eat up tracks Like Hannibal and Dahma  
I'm the first one out, and last one on the corner  
This life is a hustle any day you be a goner

P89 Ruger with the silence off  
Little clipper sellin' spitballs goin' through straws

We got plenty of rap sheets but not on sale  
We even got dillingers that hold shotgun shells

These rappers is talkin' 'bout bricks in they rhymes  
You never did shit but some Mickey Mouse crimes  
I don't respect it my work is never watered down  
So on the first I get more checks than Nike town

Swingin' 31 Money's I been on the block  
Since nigga's did the snake runnin' man in the walk  
When I was 15 I didn't want no workin papers  
I worked the strip all night, servin' niggers

Listen nigga, We live like Italians in jail  
I got CO's bringin' cell phones to my cell  
Get rich in the game, niggas out to get you  
Fill you ass up with led turn yo' ass to a pencil

I jumped out with the Ruger rapid fire  
I had you on the run like Omar on the wire  
I'm the only rapper you know that stay on the run  
I'm the only rapper you know that stay with a gun

I'm a hustla' OG's love to hate  
'cause I got old school money put away in a safe  
You can catch me in the hood where that dope and  
coke at  
Or you can catch me in cali in the Hollywood throwback

I'm a bail jumper, you know them fish scale pumper  
Fuck judge wong he gon' catch me on the corner  
Nigga make poor attacks, homie ya owe me  
You wanna rap we can battle for yo' see through rollie

I begin in a mansion stripin' the models  
The bathroom's so far you gotta piss in a bottle  
There's too many Indians and not enough chiefs  
Why you buy all the gun's if you ain't got enough peeps

The shit I spit will cause an all out riot  
In my new 4 fifth will cause a hollow tip die  
Im the type to tie up your lady, gun butt your baby  
Im like the mob nigga fuck you pay me

Im'a hide my assets, and disappear  
Make a quick 20 mil and vanish in thin air  
I've finished my work now its time to cop  
And meet that Chinese lady at the baggie spot

I Need 12 12's  
And 58 58's

'cause I got 8 sales  
And they all gon' wait motherfucka  
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