

50 Cent "300 Shots"

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[50 Cent - Verse 1]

Y'all niggas spend too much time watchin' flicks
Who you wanna be? Tony Montana n shit?
Well you can start, right before his ass get hit
So when I walk up you can see the shotgun spit
Ferrari roof go down, Lam doors go up
I got big boy toys, when you gon' grow up?
Nigga knock knock pattywack, give a dog a bone
Im still down to sell crack got a fiends home
God bless the child with a flawless flow
Say gave a nigga the talent to push blow
like a pimp watch a hoe, I watch the grams go
Watch the stash grow, straight cash flow
im a hundred time bigger than Preme in his prime
100 mill in my account and Im still on the grind
When you aint in my clique, its hard to shine
I mean talent like this is so hard to find
G-Unit!

[Tony Yayo - Verse 2]

I don't dream now that i'm livin, Im out to get it
My truck bomb kitted an AK can hit it
Im a rap tycoon, I was fly in the whom
So Im gettin ass like a public bathroom
I went from Rikers Island, to shows at the garden
Automatic startin' in the drop got your bitch pussy
fartin
My album about to drop in 7 days
But I still poke a rapper at the VMA's
Kilo's in a gram, PO's be my fans
That's why I'm overseas doin shows in Japan
I got Gats from the future, see-through guns
So when my bullets leave the chamber I can see you
run
Nigga I flip my advance before I ran through it
Cuz that money turn haters into that barmen fluid
My dope be a 8, from a 1 to 10
Keepin in a cool place from Uncle Ben

[Muder Mase - Verse 3]

You know you messin' with a nigga that do this for a
livin'

Put two in the street while theres two in the kitchen
Put guns in niggaz mouth like "Who's u dissin'?"
ba a year for they knew who u was missin, nigga
You can either have a gun at the chain, or one at the
brain
or have hoes back of the church, hummin' ya name
we could stand up just like sheep my men i
Watched God leave the sky to come and greet my men
I pop niggas in the chest they never breathe again
do 20 in the feds an see the streets again
just imagine tryna wake up who cant wake up?
Back guards face straight up with kinds of make up
Cuz eveyrtime I run, scream, pop a 3-80
I hear a mother scream "Please not my baby!"
Quick as I sneeze tissue bullets will hit you,call
You nobody so no one will miss you
things start to kickin 'an its too much to get through
Leave a nigga leakin' like an Indian ritual
Who wanna run up on me they get known quick
I blackout then snatch your chrome clique
Leavin' jail in '91, made Im homesick
Move Pow-Fu like a Farrakhan atonement
Raised in, caged in, let my ways spin
Face wrapped up like a Saudi Arabian

[Young Buck - Verse 4]

A country nigga still lookin' for a New York hoe
About to kill these niggas with this New York flow
Say one nigga name homie you gon' go
You in that Hot97 so New York know
I use to listen to Jada I've never listened to Joe
I couldnt tell ya how now one of his verses go
Seen Styles and Sheek out, doin promo
I was like "What Up?" and they
was like "Uh-Oh!"
I aint just get cold, see my block been hot
50 give me the word, niggas would have been pop
Fuck a interview nigga I get into you nigga
Enough hearin' 'bout what you finna do nigga

[Prodigy - Verse 5]

Murder at its best, this is rap at its finest
You can see my verse, even if you the blindest
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My raps is vivid, ya bitch I hit it
All ready, yeah that's right this is spaghetti
Head mob niggas, my gun bomb niggas
Go 'head and shoot, my pistol nuke niggas
When I let off the whole Earth feel the effects
I mix CD's and treat 'em like album shit
Our albums, we treat 'em like the president elections

On our champagne campaign livin' up dresses
On the dance flo' the Hennessie it flow
When you fuck with G-Unit then you gon' fuckin' blow
When you fuck with Mobb Deep, then bring some
fuckin' hoes
Cuz its a gang of us and we ready to go
Cuz after the party after the party we get so drunk
We forget all about the next day hun

[Havoc - Verse 6]

Get it teflon don, AK-filled
Get your mouth blown off like the hand that feeds you
Yeah little motherfucker put the hammer in diesel
G-Unit Game Over this is only a preview
Niggas shittin' on theyself gotta rock in the huggy
The coke in the pot rise to the top like dougy
Got chicks with a ass like Buffy, yes homie trust me
Plays fuck me, kick 'em out when they try to get touchy
QB/Southside, if you wanted to Trestle
Man your man is hot, you dont wanna get next to
Like 50's beef is mine and mine is his
See this serious, motherfuckin ask them kids
Niggas wild on the streets, scared to death to bid
Sell anything that stay from the bottles and cuffs,
nigga butt

[Billy Danze - Verse 7]

You about to witness an M.O.P thug out
And for you niggas hatin' listen to the
sounds of the Unit kiss my ass with your
tongue out, nigga
Fuck a warden I ring bells like a doorman
So all you motherfuckers take it easy like
sunday mornin (Get 'em up!)
Put 'em up, wrap ya hand or knuckle up
Ground zero we never ran never will we fuck 'em up
Dude you gonna get your ass banged fuckin'
with that homie Lloyd Banks
Wild gun style what the fuck y'all think..

[Lloyd Banks - Verse 8]

Niggas aint got nuttin' on me, everybody know that
Niggas run up on a V, everybody gon' clap
And if he aint what he say, n everybody gon rats
Just rat, and catch your little body all rats
Matter'fact, I dont hang out with no lobby for rats (Nah)
The gun swallow me back off Bacardi and Yack
Im in the club with the snub, this the part of the track
A stray from the K will take a part of ya hat
Im gettin cake like you wouldnt believe but im accepted
By mainstream America and good in the piece

Now niggaz wanna talk all greasy (why)
Like they aint used to open up for me in New York on tv
(Ya know)
Skip all chatter, and walk off Eazy
A milly will make your body looker look all measly
Ya bitch spotted me on the dolo and Im low-low
Damn near broke a monolo for a photo
I aint ridin' around with a Dodo that's a No-No
Momma taught me better than that you go to go home
Look at me now, a product of poverty
I cant watch the way I gotta decide a me
The 'hoods fulla hurt but that was a robbery
Critics owe me an apologee, Im probably
A sixteen away from the lottery
My niggas keep guns, thats one of the things I gotta be
Im wrapped up in a dome shit, cause nigga got all
kinds of beef they want ya to come get
Im 2 steppin' with my weapon, cause they dont check
'em up
I know niggas from 'round there and they dont check
us
All of the niggas was fans when I met
'em, just waitin' in the wind for niggas
to come and get 'em
On my next album, Im'a have some fun wit'
'em, spank 'em all around so everybody
forget 'em
They Envy, cause I got the 'hood in a frenzy
And I move smooth with the wooden Benzy
Blend in, niggas will body ya for a pen
Baby need food, baby momma need fin
You know me, New York cap on
Batman whip that I got off a rap song
Im the fan with the illegal strap on
Teflon n a wife beater n black on
Its on!

[50 Cent talking..]

Wassup? this the kid 50 Cent man
Its going down, ya heard me?
Niggas got me mad, ya talk, ya niggas got me all
fucked up..
Im finna kill few of you mother fuckers man..
Know what Im sayin'? Watch ya niggas say
somethin' smart out ya mouth, boy
You better stop usin' ya mouth, before
I help you NOT be able to use ya mouth
Mother fucker!

