

## 50 Cent "6 Out Of 6"

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I guess this is 6 out of 6 muthaf-ckers

[Hook]

Tell me how do you want it, the knife or the razor  
You running, I'm coming to get you boy  
You can hide if you want but nothing can save ya  
Times running out, I'ma get ya boy

[50 Cent - Verse 1]

I threw a b-boy style, bullet wound in my smile  
That beef I cook it, n-ggas I gets down  
Call it what you want, the clip, the ladder, banana  
I bet when I squeeze it, n-ggas scatter  
The hoes, thats a whole different story  
Find out the baby aint mine, right there on Maury  
Me I make the whip fishtail, trunk full of fishscale  
Raw market itself, sucka the shit sell  
Thats 36 o's of love, give me kiss, give me love  
Get to talking in codes, the phones bugged  
This Ferrari I get to the green, half man, hald machine  
\*Tu, tu, tu\* I'm on ya head with the beam  
So focused ferocious, I shoot ya pretty ass out them  
Gucci loafers  
You're f-cking with the wrong one  
The strong one that God gave the gift  
Stop the hater shit, you wanna make it  
Why would you be mad I dun made it bitch

[Hook]

Tell me how do you want it, the knife or the razor  
You running, I'm coming to get you boy  
You can hide if you want but nothing can save ya  
Times running out, I'ma get ya boy

(Freeway)

Get get gully, g-g-get gully  
Get get gully, g-g-get gully  
We get gully and we get money

Them schemin' ass chicks can't get shit from me

[50 Cent - Verse 2]

Rain drops from heaven the angels cryin'

It's raining outside, envision my gun firin'  
Red and white flashes, the police coming  
N-gga you aint hittin' none, why the f-ck are you  
running  
I make your momma wish your ass was a stillborn  
When that eagle get to chirping on the front lawn  
Where's teh love, I don't know but here's the snub  
Sucker barrel swallow the slug, die like a thug  
You know it's really not worth it  
To f-ck with me, you'd rather tongue kiss the serpent  
Don't cry we all die  
It's just a matter of time  
N-gga one shot from the nine will shatter your spine  
Uh, the last of my breed, criminal tendencies inside of  
an emcee  
F-ck around I will line you  
Run from me, I will find you  
Forgot I'm nice, I will remind you

[Hook]

[50 Cent]

One, two, fifty coming for you  
Three, four, better lock ya door  
Five, six, grab ya crucifix  
Seven, eight, don't stay up late  
The monsters back  
Yeah, I need a target  
So I can smash their head  
I'M NICE!!!

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