

## 50 Cent "8 More Miles"

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[50 Cent]

Yeah..50 Cent, Lloyd Banks, Tony Yayo  
G-UNIT!

[Lloyd Banks]

This rap shit plays a major part of my life  
So if you jeopardize it I got the right  
To send a mothafucka at you tonight  
G-Unit! And I ain't stoppin' to my clique poppin'  
Swimmin' in barrels of money  
Ma could walk around wit' a head up and challenge you  
dummy  
It's funny, niggas rather see you sufferin' and hungry  
I'm hungry as hell, skatin' with another nigga's money  
Take your hats off, you know you ain't that tough  
I'm callin' your bets off as soon as you act up  
You know what I came for, it isn't the game ball  
Artillery that's about as long as a chainsaw (Lloyd  
Banks!)

By the way, this feels like I'm dreamin'  
Forty cal. under my pillow, condom feelin' my semen  
The physical presence of a female, form of a demon  
That's why, I fuck 'em and leave 'em  
Get my nut while I'm breathin'  
'Cause they thought they'd catch me slippin', now I'm  
duckin' and  
trippin'  
That's a thousand dollar outfit what the fuck is you  
rippin'?

You trippin', more records could get my ass in position  
Death wish for no religion whether Catholic or Christian  
Listen, I went through my ambition in and out the  
kitchen  
With probable cause, it's probably sendin' out to prison  
You got soldiers, but you still gotta respect ours  
We got more four five's and nines than a deck of cards

[Tony Yayo]

You can take me out the 'hood, but can't take the 'hood  
out me ('Cause  
what?)  
'Cause I'm ghetto, I'm ghetto

Niggas hate when you do good  
But when you broke, your friends and your enemies  
They love you, they love you  
"Cheche, get the llello"  
Picture me being crack, out of town, trips on the trail  
"Cheche, get the Yayo"  
Picture me being crack (Tony Yayo!)  
You can sift me, cut me, I'll turn you to a junkie  
I'm the number one seller in the whole fuckin' country  
Wallstreet niggas, they cop me on the low  
White boys don't call me coke, they call me blow  
It's time to go, on the bus, the train, the plane  
I'll smuggle, I'm nothin' but trouble  
I'll make your money double  
Cook me in baking soda  
I'll turn your Hooprock into a new Range Rover  
I'll pay all your bills and fill your 'frigerator  
Feed your family, turn your man into a hater  
Put me in your doorpanels or your stashbox  
Put me in your Nik's, Timbs or Reeboks  
If you cop three and a half you hustlin' backwards  
Cop a hundred grams, you movin' forwards  
You tryin' to move more birds  
...In PA all day, on the corner of Third

[50 Cent]

You can take me out the 'hood, but can't take the 'hood  
out me (what?)  
'Cause I'm ghetto, I'm ghetto  
Picture me polishin' pistols, I'm comin' to get you  
The shells hit you, you screamin'  
Think I'm playin'? I mean it  
Man, I done bought all these pistols  
Lets get it poppin'  
Start wavin' my emboies shell cases get the droppin'  
(C'mon)  
Like if it's down the corner, I got too much pride to hide  
I'm outside, gun in my pocket just stunnin' I'm stoppin'  
I'm dyin' to pop it, I'm young and I'm restless, you know  
my  
contestants  
As the world turns, there's lessons to be learned  
Count all my blessin's, clean up my weapons  
I'm ready for war, the strong survive, the weak will  
parish  
I told you before, hoes they compliment me now like  
"50 nice chain"  
Malasio, twenty grand in chips at a dice game  
Burn out, can't stop gotta watch MTV, BET  
Nigga you see me!  
I wonder if you mad, 'cause I'm doin' good

or 'cause niggas feelin' me more than you in your own  
'hood  
And it hurts 'cause you love 'em and they don't love  
you back  
'cause they know you just rappin' and you don't bust a  
gat  
You pussy

Yeah, explain it to niggas in your hood nigga  
They know you fuckin' frontin' nigga  
Talkin' like gangstas on a record, I see you nigga  
Niggas know me nigga, ask around in my 'hood nigga  
Read the "Daily News" nigga you see them talkin' about  
me nigga  
I'm in the middle of all kinds of shit  
Pussy, lets get it poppin'

G-G-Unit, G-G-Unit, G-G-G-Unit, G-G-G-G-G-G-Unit, G-  
Unit!

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