

50 Cent "All About Dough"

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[Chorus]

Winter, Spring, Summer, Fall, we out though, we out
though
Cocaine, heroin, we 'bout dough, we 'bout dough
Cops coming, we runnin', we out yo, we out yo
F-ck you thought we was trickin', get out ho, get out ho

[50 Cent - Verse 1]

I smile when that money come, stunt when that money
come
N-ggas front when that money come, and i'ma have to
handle them
Man I don't trust none of them, why they bringin' and
come with them,
Why they come in a cop, f-ck around and get shot
I wanna cold blood n-gga shit I will pull a trigger 'cause
You'd better do your homework you'll find out who you
f-cking with
'Cause I ain't full of s-cker shit, I'm joking no Chris
Tucker shit
I ain't even smilin', I'ma 'bout to start wylin'
I got bricks of that Peruvian
A though face medicine, sniff that in doughs, that's a
dope fiends regimen
Range Rover, game over, I'm getting my lean on
Hard to miss my target when I done click the beam on
I'm not the one to scheme on you, p-ssy n-ggas dream
on
I give the work, f-ck what ya heard, homeboy you
gettin' shot
I'm out here with my chain on, my watch and pinky ring
on
I hustle hard for this shit take a look at what I got

[Chorus]

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though
Cocaine, heroin, we 'bout dough, we 'bout dough
Cops coming, we runnin', we out yo, we out yo

F-ck you thought we was trickin', get out ho, get out ho

[50 Cent - Verse 2]

It's the same old, same old, extra clips, hollow tips
N-ggas ain't playin' yo, we still on that gangsta shit
That block mine, find out when my Glock 9, pop

I'm surrounded by shooters, so I ain't got to shoot it
You n-ggas on computers better sit there and compute
it

Dodge what I just said, or get shot and left for dead
You think you don't give a f-ck n-gga, I don't give a f-ck
I pistol whip your ass down, watch your homies pick you
up

I got 2 million cash, that's my brown bag money
Think maybe that's why n-ggas'll just fire mags for me
It's the telephone game, I done heard through the
grape vine
N-ggas talk crazy until the holows start firin'

[Chorus]

[Outro]

Yeah, this is what it sound like when I'm rockin' four in
the morning

Shit slow down, I'm just f-cking with you
I'm ghetto, I'm ghetto like a muthaf-cker, ha ha
Eh, a n-ggas calls object, call some bitches man
I'm finna have some b-tches come over here
Oh my God, this is the life
Eh n-gga I tell you, my bank account bring goose
bumps on your muthaf-cking bank
G-g-g-g-unit!!!

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