

50 Cent "Banks Workout Pt. 2"

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I Been problem since the old days pimps and gold caps

Now I'm in oj simpson throwbacks

Ya'll was wonderin where my ass been

Probally vacationin on south beach gettin head like ass

Breathin through gas I can let the tech pound ur ego

Lock you in the closet with the westnile mosquito

The press crowd the people espicially celebritys

I'm heavily shittin on any tom dick or gregory

Nigga you better be strappin

They want you dead if you rappin

I'm tryin to cave your head and your back in

I'm gettin bread and relaxin

And attractin a fan base of females wit emails and letters to fax in

In vegas with a toaster n a blunt

And the hotel I checked in got a roller coaster in the front

Hollerin poster when I stunt the sammy sosa of the month

Better yet the hoe teas and nigga

I'm still breathin even though my dollars are green

I rap for the kids that's to poor to waste eggs on halloween

I'm gettin swallow clean

My habits are good collectin all the carrots I could

Slidin from the stash box to conceal extortion

And a good silencer to make it sound like the wheel of fortune

All this careless talkin cause I'm travelin and flossin

Havin a good time and u havin a abortion

You sucker for love gettin married and divorced than

You can't even afford the batteries for ur walkman

Man I'm out the hood burnin cali weed on slauson

When set trip can turn to tragedys and coffins, look

I mean what I'm sayin you schemin I'm sprayin ur team isn't playin

On the sofa screamin and and prayin sayin

Gunit niggas be rollin crazy holdin 80s older ladies starin

Cause they starin in that gold mercedes

Since 50 hooked up with shady

Now they tryin to brook up to pay me

If u think I'm sugar u crazy baby

The boy strapped two ninas

Smokin out a bag big enough to fit in vacuum cleaners

I wear a glove when I blaze a fatty,

I aint ur baby daddy, u flippin

Now he tryin to grab me out that navy caddie, I aint ur avy,

Poppa was a rollin stone,

Stockin up the hona home,

Pocket full of loaded chrome,
Drop n get a hold a dome,
I know ur motive homes,
U mad cause I'm fuckin half ur motorolla phone,
I'm swift with the wemon I'm good wit my words, alota,
Niggas is hatin on what I deserve I'm hotta,
Front if u want end up on the curb in ur prada,
And ur mans runnin ambulance come,
Another day another dollar on the low from the impala
I can have a six some in my shower, mother fucka!

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