

50 Cent "Can I Speak To You"

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[50 Cent - Verse 1]

Summer heat, hot, murder plots, niggas getting shot
Chrome rims for sixes
One will, one gypsy
Throw it up, one hand
Wave back at the bitches
I'm silent
Right before I snap I'm violent
I call myself the tussle
Boss in the muscle
Boy I feed your ass brass knuckles
A nigga come creeping through the four
You scared, get a dog
Get a male, because a bitch'll get you both in the mall
Now peep the punchlines I'm punching these are
knockout blows
I'm cyber pimping I got sci-fi hoes
This is next-level mack shit
That's why my money stack quick
12 V's V12 half of them triple black bitch
Lust, gluttony, greed, jealousy envy me
Your blinds blurring your vision, see I'm where I'm
supposed to be
On top of the underground
Still gritty
Still running cities
Still Em', Dre, and Fiddy
Fuck with me, I'm an usual suspect when it's a hit
Turn up the volume and hear my voice, yeah it's the
shit

[Chorus (x2)]

Pardon me please, may I speak to you (May can I speak
to you)
Feel this is something (You know, I just do what I wanna
do)
I'm compelled to do (Who gon' stop me, who gon' stop
me, uh?)

[Schoolboy Q - Verse 2]

Pistols and bad bitches
Hustlers and bad business

Rapping was just a hobby, that hobby turned to a
million
Had that oxy on sale
You can get it 50 a pill
Sniff it or let it grill
Rap the foil you know the drill
Money, power, and drugs
My only reason to love
Never played cops and robbers, nigga we played
Crips and Bloods
Like to the pimps saying who the sluts?
211 on hookers purses
Another double up purchase
Slanging a hundred meters from churches
God forgive me, but the steal was worth it
Man I swear I needed some change,
chains and golden rings and thangs
Niggas watch videos and think them dudes
went from rags to hardest
For real loke know that type of thing makes you a
target
Either the pigs or I'm gonna get you while you playing
boy
Hold you like an animal
Strapped with a bean that's Adam Braun
50 told me ambition wins when your talent ain't working
I say I'd rather relapse
Than reenact Curtis and put that work in

[Chorus (x2) {+ad-libs}]

Pardon me please, may I speak to you (You see that?)
Feel this is something (That's what I'm talking about)
I'm compelled to do (I like that, nigga)

[Schoolboy Q - Verse 3]

Floss if you want to I've seen your home broke nigga
It ain't a secret I get money you's a joke nigga
Make what you make in 2 years in less than a month
nigga
5th side to south side but we up nigga

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