

50 Cent "Ching"

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feat. Lloyd Banks, Tony Yayo

[50 Cent]

Yeah! G-G-G-G-G-G-G-UNIT!!~!

(Yayo) {NON-STOP}

[Chorus 2X: 50 Cent]

I hustled then I got that ching ching ching
Then I bought my bling bling bling
That's how I got your fuckin bitch on my dick

[Tony Yayo]

You can catch me run inside nigga, doin my thing
Cause what I write with my pen got me next to Don King
I'm blowin H-2-O, in a H2
With a project chick named Rachel
I got rocks on my neck, with a big-ass piece
And come through in a Lex with Claudette Ortiz
With no roof on the top, that's my Sunday car
In the Hummer lookin hot, that's my Monday car
I got a stable of hoes, now I'm a P-I-M-P
And bring in bitches on a Amtrak with grams of D
We got beams on the gat, we detail our weapons
And the way that I rap, we e-mail addressin
Niggaz hear what I spent, and wonder how I write it
G-Unit gon' win, we on automatic pilot

[Chorus]

[Lloyd Banks]

With menage-a-trois' I got these dykes wet
Off of blue E pills with the knife checks
I'm still blowin green in the PJ's
Laid out in the cut readin screenplays, nigga be ea-sy
Don't talk grea-sy, the rap game needs me
I spent 16, you gettin charged by the freebie
Y'all niggaz in court, spillin the beans
About the kid from New York that be killin the fiends
I'm a H-U-S-T-L-E-R hustler
I got 2 maids but fuck it I need a butler

[Chorus]

BITCH!!

{Can't forget, rewind, DVD magazine}

"Can the drummer have some!"

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