

50 Cent "Cocaine Dreams"

Visit "[Cocaine Dreams](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

Yea, G-Unit nigga
50 Cent
You Heard Me
Irv I don't believe you let that nigga talk
You fat cupcake eatin' mothafucka
I'll fuck you up nigga
Fuckin' punk ass nigga
Don't nobody respect you nigga
You Preme's son nigga
Mothafucka's been gettin' extorted since day one
Its all kinda bitch in ya, chinese, spanish, black, white
I got X
Meth and slabs of cocaine
So the feds wanna search
It's like arabs boardin' tha planes
I'm in tha range
Switchin' lanes
Reminisclin' on cans and sardines
And car dreams
I'm burnin' unfamiliar bud
Got a shotgun like Elmer Fudd
That'll let off and leave you hella blood
Ma I'm hip to tha game
Blue ice chips in the chain
A few nights skipped on the plane
With two white chicks gettin' brain
Bang bang from big heaters
Hundred dollar sneakers
Two seaters
Two ninas
And a bundle of hayes
At least enough to last fourteen days
He wouldn't sell lobster
My eyes slanted like Pharell's partner
Nigga respect like your father when it comes to drama
I put tha llama to your mama
And beat her like a pinata
Nigga I been hotta since '97
You been beggin' tha 5th kick like a kung-fu legend
One blue seven
What's poppin' nigga?
Different day same shit

What you coppin' nigga?
S-K's want bricks, shit
You wind up dead with this
So why turn soft?
Straight bullets will burn a niggas sideburns off
I gotta model with a sick ass
Bagged her off 5th ave.
Fucked her offa hot dog and a playoff knick pass
Now we shoppin in the malls on the westcoast
And as far as pussy
I been through more walls than asbestos
So lets toast
And have a sex on the beach
These niggas quotin' my lines like a Martin Luther King
speech
Remember Patrice
She looked like Kelis
Met her in club
And caught her eyein' my piece
And with all the birds at the show
I had to fuck the crazy hoe
Callin' Hot 97 'cause she knows I'm on the radio
(Ha Ha Bitch)

[50 Talking]

Yea

Ja you little Stuart Little lookin' mothafucka
Catch you I'll break your mothafuckin' neck nigga
You only weigh 110 pounds you little faggot
I know the stylist you been fuckin' too nigga
I paid him 50,000
Check my album out nigga
February 11th you gonna hear him talk
You little bitch
Tryin' to jump off like it's a promotional stunt
Seven days before your album drop
Huh..you little bitch

Order of protection

From who?

Who I need an order of protection from nigga?

(Laughs)

Ya lil' k..awe man

Mothafuckas man

Ya'll niggas is gonna make this a lot of fun for me

Visit [50 Cent](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.