

## 50 Cent "Cutmaster C Shit"

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*[Intro]*

New York City (New York City), you are now rackin' with  
50 Cent (with 50 Cent)

Are you ready? (are you ready?) *[gun cocks]* I said are  
you ready? (are you ready?)

See you with me nigga? (with me nigga) Drop that!  
(drop that)

Paid for a hooptie but I wanted a drop

*[Verse 1]*

G-UNIT! Somethin' new, somethin' new

I'm not that nigga, in your video

I'm not a trick, I don't love the hoes

And niggas know I be, on the low

But I miss my dough, and I twist my dro

I'm not that nigga, that you think you know

I walk around with a big four four

You front on me, I'm gonna get at you dog

I be right at your crib, waitin' at your door

(What up bitches)

*[Verse 2]*

Comin' up I ain't had much, I wanted a lot

I had paper for a hooptie, but I wanted a drop

So you know, I had to make somethin' out of nothin'

(Yeah)

Like turn an empty spot, into a crack spot pumpin'

(woo)

Also hard at 19, I bought a Benz I did

The older niggas really wasn't feelin' the kid

Tried to find out where I lived, so they could run in my  
crib

But you can't hustle a hustler, I peeped in a sled

Back then niggas yousta call me boo

In 6 months, I sold a million gold tops on got brew

Country came around, ease it and clappin' then

Country left, strange shit started happenin'

Like C shot Ra for some ends, Ra shot Dro for some  
chins

Cory shot Drew, and we was friends

Money turns boys into men

The cycle never changes, shit just starts again

*[Verse 3]*

Nah nigga, ain't nothin' change nigga  
Yeah I've been gone for a minute, but I'm back  
Damn 50 good to see you back in the hood  
You see my cherry red SL, nigga I'm doin' good  
Sometime I can't find the words to say how I feel  
So I take a quote from Menace, "look at the wheels"  
I'm addicted to stuntin', now that I'm holdin' somethin'  
I got a trunk full of guns, from VA today  
(oh yeah, let me hold somethin')  
Nigga you high or somethin'  
I don't play games, I'm about my money, nigga buy  
somethin'  
I got a few fifths, I got a few nines  
Here nigga, take one, catch it took, and bring me mine

*[Outro - 50 Cent talking]*

Yeah, don't ever say I don't do nothin' for you nigga  
You know, uh, don't say I don't look out for ya  
Ya know what I mean, but make sure you nigga, you go  
catch some jokes  
And you come back, nigga have 'em, and have my  
paper for that thang thang  
You know what I'm sayin'? Say I don't want it back,  
nigga don't try to use it  
And don't get it back for me, nigga and no shit like that  
In fact, I can see ya'll niggas now  
Run around sayin', 50 gettin' all this rap money, and he  
won't help us (haha)  
Sit tight nigga I'm comin'  
You know, new shit, all this shit I put out on the  
mixtapes  
Is for the mixtapes, I got a million, OH MY GOD!  
My shit is so hot right now, I'm in a zone

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