

50 Cent "Dump"

Visit "[Dump](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[50 Cent]

N-gga we not playing
zero tolerance for that fake sh-t
get shot playing, that's how we on it
yeah its rap til we start spraying
when you see the nozzle on that k
you should start praying

[Chorus]

I dont wanna waste time talking to fella's
who run up on me talking that bullshit
instead I let them talk when my goons get hellish
the ony way they talk is with a full clip
you gon make them boys dump
you gon make them boys slump
you gon make them boys dump
leave you and your man slump
you gon make them boys dump
show them with the right one
you gon make them boys dump
it's like that for real

[Jadakiss]

here shorty wild, tre pounds, 40 cal
at the dice game, brand new hundreds, 40 thou'
stay fly, work out, all we eat is halal
you'll never catch em dirty cause all they keep is a
smile
when they caught em with a gat in the car, you beat it in
trial
you don't say too much, never eager to style
remind me of Gotti, yeah, shine with the shotty
lawyer so good, paid a fine for the body
heroin and B-more, crib by the seashore
car service to the G4 (?) valour
piff rolled in the dutch or the cuban cigar
trying to expand the brand so he could see more
everybody love em from the cribs to the beat dogs
leave n-ggas for dead, let em have a bleed off
44 to the head, will tear a n-gga meat off
won't show any emotions when he let the heat off

[Chorus]

[50 Cent]

Yeah yeah, my nick name change,
call me tre when I'm snubbin' them
billy when I clubbin' them
Bop when I'm cuttin them
n-ggas dying, I aint cryin' I don't even f-ck with them
card game shuffle, hundred grand in the duffle
black jack, poker, p knuckle, you win, f-ck you
n-ggas try and line me say I'm grimey
four hundred mill and I still can't chill
call me G double barrel N doom, boom
I do it like a natty n-gga do
wassup, New York city's pharoah
potato on a barrell
shell case muffle
make me come touch you
I finger f-ck my firearm, we intimate, Im into it

[Chorus]

[Jadakiss]

hit em in the head with the dummies than you good
funeral homes make the most money in the hood
either using the chrome, pearl handles or the wood
animals trying to get away with whatever they could
it's spooky how you could get rich off Lucy's
four stacks for the jacket, sneaks cost a (?)
you see the five stars I'm a general salute me
they want a n-gga to disappear, they tryna poof me
I'm just in the crib countin gwap
up all night, I got a new crew, DOS, dump on sight
I be in and out of the country I jump off flights

four fifth is room temperature, the pumps on ice
handle sh-t accordingly whenever itt comes to you
do the right thing or the get the right thing done to you
whatever you do I just hope you got a gun with you
the tommy is like a live band when the drum hits you

[Chorus]

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