

## 50 Cent "Elementry"

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G Unit, A, B

You can't fuck with me

C, D

We from the Harlem streets

E, F

Don't talk me to death

G, H

It's elementary

Picture me rolling Range Rover

Same color your Air Force Ones

White on white, ya like? Red I flight the night

From L.A. to N.Y. I'm Harlem bound

You see how bitches tense up, when Scarlett 'round

Niggas get the heart to holla while we up in the club

But get intimidated when they see me sitting on dubs

I hear 'em whispering, "That ain't a man, shit that's

her"

She roll with them G Unit niggas, that's what's up

Disrespect me, I'll have niggas blast ya up

Take my advice, don't let ya peoples grass ya up

I got a fetish for the chips, 20's for the six hollows for

the clips

Try me, if you think I'm playing bitch

And the police we'll have another crime scene taker

Jim Star crush your head, give your ass a shape-up

Uptown niggas known for the money they make

Everybody ain't shook, you see doing the shake

The boss spending ends

Saying, "Gimme that Benz, 20 inch rims, and four TV's"

The snitch in the precinct saying

"He sell X, he sell techs, and he sell D"

The balla by the bar saying

"Everybody drink, the best champagne, it's all on me"

Snitch in the back of the police car

Pointing out the window saying, "He robbed me"

It's elementary

1, 2, 3, 4

Lloyd Banks' in the house

Now get the fuck on the floor I slid through the front door

With the 9 and the velor, a cal in my pocket

You will, I'ma pop it, I'm down for a profit

I'm ghetto as hell, you can't you tell?

My road dog, under the jail getting frustrating mail

So I'm drinking and smoking thinking and hoping

This cell gon' open, you can dance next to me

But don't throw an elbow, I'll throw one back

And leave blood on your Shell Toes

Hell no I ain't paying for pleasure

Your pussy don't bring rainbows and pots of treasure

It's every girl's dream, to floss with the team

Long on the suine, DVD's on the screen

Blowing on cream waiting for you to scheme

You ain't gotta know how to read, to spray a magazine

The boss spending ends

Saying, "Gimme that Benz, 20 inch rims, and four TV's"

The snitch in the precinct saying

"He sell X, he sell techs, and he sell D"

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I don't wanna grow up, I'ma hustler kid

Go 'head and stunt, see I don't pop two your wig

I'm artistic, intelligent, so much ability

When I use them big words, your bitch be feeling me

So y'all niggas hate me, 'cause your wives be our groupies

Y'all irritate me, like loud people in the movies

Fall back, matter fact back down

'Cause I just passed security without no pat down

You can catch me in the bathroom blowing a sticky

Or catch me on the dance floor feeling some tits

Sex sells, so I'ma P I M P

So my pockets never be empty

It ain't no problem, we scoop them models

We got condoms, coups, and lavish condos  
50 got me getting ass like I never did  
So when I step in the club, hoes love the kid

The boss spending ends  
Saying, "Gimme that Benz, 20 inch rims, and four TV's"  
The snitch in the precinct saying  
"He sell X, he sell techs, and he sell D"

The balla by the bar saying  
"Everybody drink, the best champagne, it's all on me"  
Snitch in the back of the police car  
Pointing out the window saying, "He robbed me"  
It's elementary

The cat in the house go  
Meow, meow, meow, meow, meow, meow, meow,  
meow, meow  
The bird in the cage go  
Tweet, tweet, tweet, tweet, tweet, tweet  
It's elementary

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