

## 50 Cent

### "Follow Me Gangster(feat. G-Unit)"

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[50]

Yeah.. Ja, you ready? Drop that  
Ferrari F 50 style baby (yeah, yeah)  
I'ma show 'em how I do it (yeah, yeah)  
G-g-g-g-g G-UNIT!

I keep hearin' niggas is happy, the D's come, niggas wit  
guns  
When I'm out on bail, ridin' wit' some new ones  
Big got hit in that passenger seat  
Pac got hit in that passenger seat  
Now I'm ridin' 'round in that passenger seat  
Come near the whip, I'm blastin' my heat  
It don't take long, for my juvenile delinquent thinkin' to  
sink in  
The consequences mean nothin', those semi auto's is  
bustin'  
Crack sellin', predicate villain, spit big words but I can't  
spell 'em  
Put a shot to your melon, that'll keep you're punk ass  
from chillin'  
Then I got that nine and a fo'-fo', that H2 is never full  
Bullet proof windows and doors, gangsta how 'bout  
yours  
Southside tatted on my back  
My last gun shipment got the whole hood strapped  
Now all I got is two 380's and a nine  
Nigga you can knock and tell the cops but you're dyin'

[Chorus - repeat 2X]

You're thicker than water  
Ouch! twizzy wizzy wa  
You're thicker than water  
Ouch! twizzy wizzy wa  
You're thicker than water  
Ouch! twizzy wizzy wa  
You can be a Blood or a Crip  
Nigga, you bitch  
Follow Me

[Tony Yayo]

I used to chill in the hood, to support the fiends  
But now I'm eatin' caviar instead of pork and beans  
I'm in the money green 7-45, with 7 shots in the fo' five  
Y'all niggas wanna die?  
I got a love affair, wit' violence and guns  
So this is for them gangstas, rep' where you from  
When I got O'd up, my heart turned colder  
That's why the mac react like a king cobra  
Now I'm jumpin' out of Rovers, in Gucci loafers  
Y'all niggas wanna stun? I'll bury you cockroaches  
Gimme one year, in this industry  
I'll buy enough guns to declare war on a small country

[Chorus]

[Lloyd Banks]

Still walk around wit' the hammer boss  
Rope and a cross  
Hard times'll make a lil' nigga hate Santa Claus  
Your mountains is high, holdin' in Diana Ross  
I'm like a 2003 banana Porsche  
I don't gotta hide sluts, to get your ties cut  
They on my dick, 'cause I make groupies set off a fire  
truck  
My team in the cutt, packin' middle things  
I got more foreign shooters than the Sacramento Kings  
It's 8 class karats in the border  
I poke holes in plastic, to avoid a vaginal disorder  
I'm a savage on your daughter  
She ain't in the college dorm  
Then I guess I'm squirtin' on the cabin that you bought  
her  
I'm a heavy weed smoker, so the average is a quarter  
Brown colored from shit, he established in the water  
You got Banks on your jersey, you part of my fan base  
Just 'cause you pour syrup on shit, don't make it  
pancakes [Chorus]

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