

## 50 Cent "Follow Me Gangster"

Visit "[Follow Me Gangster](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Yeah, Sha, you ready? Drop that  
Ferrari F 50 style baby  
I'ma show 'em how I do it  
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 in your Mellon  
That'll keep your punk ass from tellin'  
That I got that nine and that fo'-fo', the H2 on double  
fours  
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'

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 could be a Blood or a Crip  
Nigga, bitch follow me

Ouch, twizzy wizzy wa  
You're thicker than water  
Ouch, twizzy wizzy wa  
You're thicker than water

Ouch, twizzy wizzy wa  
You could be a Blood or a Crip  
Nigga, bitch follow me

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

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 could be a Blood or a Crip  
Nigga, bitch follow me

Ouch, twizzy wizzy wa  
You're thicker than water  
Ouch, twizzy wizzy wa  
You're thicker than water

Ouch, twizzy wizzy wa  
You could be a Blood or a Crip  
Nigga, bitch follow me

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

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 could be a Blood or a Crip  
Nigga, bitch follow me

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