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50 Cent "Gangsta Shit"

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Yeah, niggas talking all that gangsta shit Acting like my money ain't no good in the hood You know what I mean? Fucking head blown off, nigga, you know?

They, they talking that That gangsta shit They ain't about that Man, matter of fact

Hand me my strap Show me where they at I'll stop 'em from talking like that

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I'm the talk to hit every barbershop and beauty salon 'Cause these other niggas that rap ain't on the shit that I'm on

'Cause 50 this, 50 that, 50 stay with a gat Thirty-two shots in the clip, hollow tips in the Mack

But when I come through, the talking stop My money long now, I can make the Pope get shot Now, we can blow hour talking 'bout the stones I rock All the hoes I got 'cause he stunts in the drop

Now, naw, you love the kids, 50 on that killa shit That been mobbed the bad man, bitchy as guerrilla shit I'm marking my music like diesel on the block So, if you with me, you gon' eat and you gon' starve if you not

Weed smokers love me like they love Buddha I'll send your kids through the shooter

Crip niggas love me like they love Hoova They tell me see careful good 'cause niggas wanna see like you They ain't used to a G like you, blam

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You think you a killer but we gon just pay 'em a visit Put the potato in the barrel, so nobody hear it I keep a holster on my shoulder like I'm John Wayne Shooting these niggas lights out like Lebron James

Holla my name, gimme a reason to see you bleeding After you feel these hollow tips, nigga, then we eating Full of anger, until there's no more bullets in the chamber

Ain't nothing like when you get popped and don't know who to blame-a

Nigga told me, "Do your dirt all by your lonely" So, I go hit them niggas 'fore 50 couldn't even hold me I'm waiting, anticipating to put a nigga under Smoking like we some Jamaicans fucking with this ganja

Ride with no hesitation, retaliation is a must Bad as I want to, some shit I just don't discuss So, point him out and watch how I knock him off Everywhere you bitches go, I got a nigga watching y'all, motherfuckers

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Come on, nigga, I ain't here to make no friends, just cut the checks I got a long pump that'll put your stupid ass up in steps Begging niggas don't understand though Probably 'cause my hand glow when I'm anticipating the lambo

Lean out my bucket for niggas thinking they Rambo You get one warning, so I suggest you let your man know

These rap niggas portray to be tough, nobody acting soft

'Til they laid out in the hospital, eating applesauce

Usually for yapping off and turn apologetic Waving a white flag, the danger they might have My niggas buying so much ammo If you reach in the couch for loose change, you'll probably feel on the handle

Holding sixteens to get your bandages and broke bones

So, I suggest you get alarm systems in both homes There's only one team on top, we number one with a glock

Fuck around and get your dumb ass shot

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