

## 50 Cent "How We Do Ft. Game"

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[Chorus - 50 Cent]

This is how we do  
We make a move and act a fool while we up in the club  
This is how we do  
Nobody do it like we do it so show us some love  
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We make a move and act a fool while we up in the club  
This is how we do  
Nobody do it like we do it so show us some love

[Verse I - Game]

Fresh like, unhh; Impala, unnh  
Chrome hydrolics, 808 drums  
You don't want, none  
Nigga betta, run  
When beef is on, I'll pop that, drum  
Come get, some  
Pistol grip, pump  
If a nigga step on my white Air, Ones  
Since red, rum  
Ready here I, come  
Compton, unh  
Dre found me in the, slums  
Sellin that skunk, one hand on my gun  
I was sellin rocks when Master P was sayin "Unnnh"  
Buck pass the blunt  
Its G-Unit, girls just wanna have fun  
Coke and rum  
Got weed on the ton  
I'm bangin with my hand up her dress like, unh  
I'll make her cum, purple haze in my lungs  
Whole gang in the front in case a nigga wanna, stunt

[Verse II - 50 Cent]

I put Lamborghini doors on that Es-co-lade  
Low pro so low look like I'm riding on blades  
In one year mang, a nigga's so paid  
I have a straight bitch in the telly goin both ways (Ah!)  
Touch me, tease me, kiss me, please me  
I give it to ya just how you like it, girl  
You know I'm rockin with the best tre pound on my hip  
Teflon on my chest

They say I'm no good  
Cuz I'm so hood  
Rich folks do not want me around  
Cuz shit might pop off, and if shit pop off  
Somebody gon' get laid the fuck out  
They call me new money, say I have no class  
I'm from the bottom, I came up too fast  
The hell if I care, I'm just here to get my cash  
Woozy ass bitches, you can kiss my ass

[Chorus]

[Verse III - Game]

I put gold Daytonas on that Cherry Six-Four  
White walls so clean it's like I'm ridin on bulbs  
Hit one switch mayn, that ass so low  
Cali got niggaz in New York ridin on hundred spokes  
Touch me, tease me, kiss me, please me  
I give it to ya just how you like it, girl  
You know I'm rockin with the best fo' pound on my hip  
Gold chain on my chest (Ah!)

[Verse IV - Game and 50 Cent]

[50 Cent]

50, unh  
Bentley, unh  
Em' came 'n gotta nigga fresh out the, slum  
Automatic, gun  
Fuck 'em one-on-one  
We wrap up ya punk ass, stunt 'n ya done  
Homie, it's Game time

[Game]

You ready? Here I come  
Call Lloyd Banks and get this motherfucker, crunk  
It took two, months  
But Fifty got it done  
Signed with G-unit  
Had niggaz like, "huh?"  
Don't try to front  
I'll leave yo' ass, slumped  
Thinkin I'm a punk  
Get your fuckin head, lumped  
Fifty got a, gun

[50 Cent]

Ready here he come  
Gotta sick, vendetta  
To get this, chedda  
Meet my Ba, Retta  
The dra-ma, setta  
Sip Am-a, retta  
My flow sounds, betta

Than average  
On Tracks I'm a savage  
I damage  
Any nigga tryin' to front on my clique (G-Unit!)

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