

50 Cent

"I'm So Sorry (Feat. Llody Banks, Young Buck & The Game)"

Visit "[I'm So Sorry \(Feat. Llody Banks, Young Buck & The Game\)](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Intro: 50 Cent]

50 cent, uh
Llod banks,uh
Young Buck, uh
Game Nigga~ G-UNIT

[Verse 1: 50 Cent]

Haha it's easy man, it's easy man
Ay yo i switch my hustle, no more dice games dilemmas
you see blood
In the snow after the shots in december
Niggas is broke that's why they stay ice grillin
Im in the aspens laughin snow mobilin
With a beautiful bitch she chocolate athletic
Ass poke out like serena asks banks he seen her
Plus she hood she aint hollywood remind me of trina
D's come shorti even down to hold down a nena
G stand for gangsta unit stand for u niggaz in trouble
Better lock and load on the double

[Chorus: 50 Cent]

Im so sorry
Niggaz all fucked up they aint gettin money in the hood
I'm So Sorry
I lied to ya say I let you hold something homey if i could
Im so sorry

[50 talking:]

You know i could but i don't wanna help you out nigga
Im SO sorry

[Verse 2: The Game]

Im in that 6,7 glass house
In and out of lanes
Murder on my mind
Old english runnin through my veins
I think about easy and it eases my pain
I drink a 40 ounce g unit soakin in the rain
I came into this world both feet in the dirt
No purple label no button up shirt
No harm intended no subliminal disses

But hard facts separate the men from the bitches
I would pop your ass if I thought you was worthy
Lookin like boy George in that Larry Bird jersey
Buck pass the Dutch I'm blowin that Bob Marley
Hop off the G-4 let's have a Boston Tech party G-UNIT

[Chorus: 50 Cent]

I'm so sorry
You niggas don't sound that good when you step in the booth
I'm So sorry
Nigga that it hurt but God damn it u know it's da truth
I'm So Sorry
You see me do good it's makin your punk ass sick
I'm so sorry
That I ain't got room for all you niggas on my dick
I'm so Sorry

[Verse 3: Lloyd Banks:]

Yeah
A snap of a finger will make you guys cripple
I came up with this on the shitta, nigga
I handle bars like a bicycle
Stars make your eyes trickle
As stiff as an ice cycle
The muffalas the sounds of land that's why I whistle
Fire your stylists you know dat's wrong
For lettin you put that foot locker no back on
Around here niggas get shot for performin that song
And hoes cut their eyebrows off and draw them back on
They try to merk me yo
That's why 50 bought me a trey pound with a nose
longer than pinocchio
Pop shit I stroke your slut
And soon as her mouth open up what?
Same color as coconut

[Chorus: 50 Cent]

I'm so Sorry
You ain't from Compton you ain't gotta flow like Game
I'm so sorry
You ain't Lloyd Banks mixtape artist of the year man
I'm so sorry
You ain't Young Buck you don't let the gun buck son you
butt
I'm so sorry
You get outta line I'll personally come fuck you up

[Verse 4: Young Buck]

We don't chase no hoes
We dream about it while we make the dough

Ill have a hundred fuckin hatians come and cut your
throat
I still touch the dough
Niggas my ears to the street
I got niggas from your own hood workin for me
You got ya hand out
Cant even bail your man out
Real know real cuz the bitch niggas stand out
Nobody gonna miss you when the dessert eagle hits
you
Just do like pac said pour out a little liquor
Picture gettin your chest blown open and no one there
to save ya
You momma gotta wake up makin funeral
arrangements
You kno who to play with and we aint the ones
This G-unit shit is deeper than a prick in your thumb
motha fuckas

[50 talking:]

Yeah i wanna take the time out to apologize to all yall
niggas
That put out records this year and didn't sell no
records im so sorry
Hahaha oh man i don't even know how to explain it
pimp you can't get dat money when im around haha
I don't say shit all i did was swith my hustle muh'fucka

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