

## 50 Cent "I'm So Sorry"

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[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 seperate the men from the bitches

I would popped your ass if i thought you was worthy  
Lookin like boy george in that larry bird jersey  
Buck pass the dutch im blowin that bob marley  
Hop off the G-4 lets have a boston tech party G-UNIT

[Chorus: 50 Cent]

Im so sorry  
You niggas don't sound that good when you step in the  
booth  
Im So sorry  
Nigga that it hurt but god dammit u kno it's da truth  
Im So Sorry  
You see me do good it's makin your punk ass sick  
Im so sorry  
That i aint got room for all you niggas on my dick  
Im 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 icecycle  
The muffalas the sounds of land that's why i whistle  
Fire your stylists you know dats wrong  
For letting you put that foot locker noback on  
Around here niggas get shot for performin that song  
And hoes cut they 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 then pinnchio  
Pop shit i stroke your slut  
And soon as her mouth open up what?  
Same color as coconut

[Chorus: 50 Cent]

Im so Sorry  
You aint from compton you aint gotta flow like game  
Im so sorry  
You aint lloyd banks mixtape artist of the year man  
Im so sorry  
You aint young buck you don't let the gun buck son you  
butt  
Im 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 mamma gotta wake up makin funeral  
arrangements  
You know 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

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