

50 Cent "Let Me In"

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Yeah, it's 50 cent, young buck
G-g-G-Unit

We get the club jumpin' from beginning to the end
Go shawty, we back up in this bitch again
We party, harder than you can imagine
You can run wit losers or run wit winners and win

I feel attention when I walk in the club
G-unit to the socks, bitches all on a thug
Gimme a henny on the rocks and a bottle of bub
I don't need security, this ol' nickel enough

I came to ball wit ya'll, pop the bar and all
So bitches call ya hoes and niggaz call ya dogs
If you love ya wife keep her at home tonight
She might neva come home again, nigga aight

Teeth, neck, wrists all lights, my life's like
Ridin' in Ca\$hville, they runnin' all stop lights
Homie is that real, I pray I keep livin'
My Momma jus' hadda dream of seein' me in prison

My Daddy's a dope fein' an' I don't really miss him
Ain't seen him in 10 years an' a nigga still livin'
Tha same ol' 2 step, we move to a rhythm
50 holla get em' buck, you know I'm gunna get em'

I know you gonna let me shine an' get mine
I know you gonna let me in wit this nine
I know you gonna let me smoke on my weed
I know you gonna let me drink wit no I.D.

I know you gonna let me shine an' get mine
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I know I'm sinnin' but I'm winnin' at tha same time
Take a couple shots from a nigga tryin' ta take mine
I'm back on tha block, wit a choppa an' a tech nine
Niggaz shootin' cops and the hood, runnin' stop signs

G-Unit, the game, bitches doin' wat tha thugs do
G's, D's, Vice, Lords, Crips an' the Blooz too
Move lemme come through
It ain't a pair of handcuffs can hold me

I'm ridin' in the ol' school listenin' to some oldies
My goals keep shinin', them hoes keep cryin'
The handle of my 45, outlined in diamonds
Just left Ca\$hville, 'bout to fly to Miami

Hopin' yayo watchin' Eminem, perform at the Grammys
The reason niggaz like Eric Benet probably can't stand
me
'Casue I know money will make Halle Berry come outa
them panties
Bitch

Ya'll niggaz in trouble, they shoulda neva let me in

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Bet ya I can make them bounce back
Teach em' how to stunt, teach em' how to count stacks
Now where ya hood at? Buck
If you want to, we 50 deep up in here watchu gonna do

Who want beif, I ain't come for no name callin'
Don't be mad 'cuz we is and you ain't ballin'
Gettin' money is my motto for you broke folks
Can't spend ya whole life payin' on ya car notes

It's alright if you still on the block boy
See I'm a cold, young thug, not a hot boy
You know I do this for the streets and my peeps thas
behind bars
As soon as they come home, I'll go and buy them all
cars, young buck

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