

## 50 Cent "Like My Style"

Visit "[Like My Style](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

**(feat. Tony Yayo (G-Unit))**

*[50 Cent]*

(Uh huh) I know you like my style  
(Uh huh) You like how I break it down  
(Uh huh) I know you like style  
(Uh huh) You like how I break it down  
I know you like my style  
(Uh huh) You like how I break it down  
Wanna get rich I'll show you how  
Wanna get rich I'll show you how

On ya mark, get set, let's go, switch the flow  
Teach ya how to turn yayo in to doe  
The original don dada nobody bomb harda  
Ya heard what I said boy, I'm hot, I'm hot  
The hoodrats they say "He so crazy"  
The snitches they say "He tried to spray me"  
That's what you get for tryin to play me  
The Aftermath and my wrath is so SHADY  
No matter how you try you can't stop it  
I catch ya stuntin in the Bentley Coup cockpit  
If you a pimp why ya hoes stay outta pocket  
Front and find out how my P-40 glock hit  
"50 you need some help" chill Yayo I got this  
Where I'm from the D's tryin to knock us  
They swear to God that it's me sellin the choppas  
Man I ain't give them lil niggas no product

*[Chorus: 50 Cent]*

(Uh huh) I know you like my style  
(Uh huh) But how much do you like my style  
(Uh huh) You like how I break it down  
(Uh huh) Wanna get rich I'll show you how

(Uh huh) I know you like my style  
(Uh huh) But how much do you like my style  
(Uh huh) You like how I break it down  
(Uh huh) Wanna get rich I'll show you how

*[50 Cent]*

The birds they say I got a way with words

I be like "baby girl I like them curves"

If ya not busy tonight then we can swerve  
I'ma bachelor baby, fuck what you heard

From the tellie in ten minutes I'll make you a believer  
Tongue touch ya'll have ya shakin like you havin a seizure

I make hits about what I do in my leisure  
G unit gang, can't another clique out to see us  
Niggas lip sync the lyrics cuz they wanna be us  
Groupie hoes from the hood they be tryin ta G us  
Try ta holla at the kid, e'ery time they see us  
Girlfriend quit pretending I'm the nigga ya love  
And I ain't got to say nuttin you know that I'm thugin  
Wit my hands on dat ass and ya say that I'm buggin  
We family baby, kissin cousins  
Now look what the riff raff done drug in  
For the cheese my degrees is hotter then ya oven  
I'ma New Yorker but I sound southern  
And we sip DP till the Don stop bubblin  
After we play, ok, got to ya husband

*[Chorus: 50 Cent]*

*[50 Cent (Tony Yayo)]*

Em said you gone like my style  
Dre said you gone like my style  
I said you gone like my style (Uh huh)  
You gone like how I break it down

*[Tony Yayo]*

You're not really, really ready (ready)  
The drama will have ya ass in trauma BOY!  
You're not really, really ready (ready)  
My knife flip open and then I gets to pokin  
You're not really, really ready (ready)  
Them shells start poppin and bodies get to droppin  
You're not really, really ready (ready)  
You think ya ready, ya not (ya not)  
Really really ready (ready)

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