

50 Cent "Mean Mug"

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[Soulja Boy]

My flow sicker, your dough thick, well my dough thicker
You talk sh-t I will kick your door n-gga
I call my goons, my brand new chopper is coming soon

[50 cent]

AK47 got them dialing 9-11
I pull that trigger, you f-ck with my lil n-gga
I come through get ya, hop out them hollow's hit ya
Keep thinking it's a game, n-gga's aint playing

[Soulja Boy]

Soulja Boy I'll bust your brain
A n-gga talking all that sh-t
Y'all n-ggas cannot represent
F-cking with the youngest killer, youngest gorilla n-gga
Split ya I deal with ya

[50 cent]

Knife sticker, ice picker, run for ya life n-gga
I won't tell ya twice
B-tch go run do the dougie, all the gangsta's they love
me
These hoes they be all on me
They can't help that they want me
They want me back

[Soulja Boy]

I'm on another level, b-tch you heard me say that do
you
SOD I never mentioned you cause you not worthy

[50 cent]

Yeah, we royalty don't talk to me
B-tch you not worthy

[Soulja Boy - Chorus]

Mean mug, n-gga you gon mug who?
Rob me? n-gga we gon rob you
Choppers on me, n-ggas we don't give a f-ck
I'm in the club, n-gga f-ck your mean mugs
F-ck your mean mugs

N-gga f-ck your mean mug
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[50 cent]

When I'm trippin' I'm twisted, I slap my clip in
When I flip, hoe duck down when I start gettin'
I'm iced out, b-tch my neck and my ears drippin'
I lost count all this paper I be gettin'

[Soulja Boy]

Any f-cking game n-gga pass me the ball
And watch a n-gga ball, I'm Gucci to the draws
I'm money over all, I don't really give a f-ck
Tatted on my neck and throat and them girls lick me up

[50 cent]

Lick me up til I pop shawty swallow evry drop
From the balls to the top
She must do this sh-t a lot
She's a freak she's a pro
Got that paper it's a go
Bring the Kush, bring the dro
She might bless ya on the low

[Soulja Boy]

Man, that's why I pick you up off the ground
If you make a f-cking sound
Disrespect my f-cking crew
B-tch is you f-cking clown
Get the f-ck back n-gga
We up in the club
High as f-ck, talk sh-t and you gon get dropped

[Chorus]

[Outro]

Yeah, misery loves company n-gga
I send you to see your dead muthaf-cking homies
[End]

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