

50 Cent "Misdemeanor"

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From NY to compton real respect real
One hand on the wheel, one hand on the steel
Roll that, pass that, cock that, blast that
Flip that, flash that, I'm always where the cash at
That's why I'm in a nigga crib screaming where the
stash at
Nigga come up with the chips and get hit
This is that baretta bounce, that full clip sound
That six shot revolver dance, now spin around
Anyday gunplay, friday, monday
Strawberry sunday 'll light up your ??? (honda)
Your hoopty hit up, you aint dead get up
Nigga, one to the git-ut, 'll hurt more than your sit ups
It's nasty it's foul right, this is what my style like
Bang Bang, G Unit's the gang, mang
I reload and unload, I explode
On the track I'm more addicting than crack, better yet
to smack
I'll take you higher and higher 50 is fire, word to
Maniyah
This is not the beginning, I'm not done winning
Pray the lord keep me from sinning, the shit that I been
in
Got me ready to squeeze, breeze, fuck the d's
Niggas spit bars, but they not like these
This is that porsche carrera ferrari F 50 flow
The type shit that bring flocks of 0's
Can you feel it, I make you feel it
I'll have the hood and the frenzie on some real shit
You rocking with the don dada, the blood clot charters
Follow orders, they treat me like I walk on water
I'm the tapdance king when I come to the bricks
I get to steppin in the name, hoes love this shit
Trust me, this is not what they expected
The kid back around to wreck shit
Niggas relie on the walls of ??? (vinom) the jewels 'll
blind em
The unit be shining like no other motherfucker

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