

## 50 Cent "Movin' On Up"

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The realest thing you could do  
Is put a drum beat with nothing but a drum beat

Niggas, niggas copy my style Russ  
That's why I switch up on 'em knahmean?  
Man, nigga sound like me

I run the show now, I got the blow now  
You wanna hold now? You can come cop  
I'm on the low now, I got the fo' pound  
In case a motherfucker got to get shot

The old timers tell me, slow down  
See they know now, I won't hesitate to make shit hot  
D's will shut your block down, after your shot down  
We gonna come through and set up shop

You niggas gon' work for me now, you gon' see now  
How I change shit, rearrange shit  
See for you dog, this is new shit  
I'm from Southside, nigga we do this

They say I'm grimey, it's hard to find me  
When the sun lighten up the sky  
Niggas wanna line me, try and kill me  
Go 'head, nigga, I dare you to try, fuck that, nigga

We movin' on up, yeah, we gettin' that dough fo' sho'  
We movin' on up, yo' whip chromed up  
Cash is flow fo' sho, the dough, nigga, you know what?

We movin' on up, yeah, we gettin' that dough fo' sho'  
We movin' on up, yo' whip chromed up  
Cash is flow fo' sho, the dough, nigga, you know what?

I'm 'bout my bread now, I'll cut your head now  
You know you eatin' niggas, you should be dead now  
I hold a glock down, I gotta drop now  
Nigga, I'm eatin', you know I ain't gon' stop now

One more trip, one more flip  
I move a truckload, nigga, not one brick

They make me so sick, fuckin' sick to my stomach  
You niggas talk shit, but they know they don't want it

My clicks so sick, niggas know how we on it  
Light up more shit, the car there when we on it  
I spit a gem star, get'cha carved my name on yo' neck  
Have my lil' homies run up on yo' ass with the tech

Yeah, I stunt in the Vette, got stash in the bank  
I get head in the whip, I get ass on the jet  
I'm, oh, so fresh, so motherfuckin' clean  
24 inch gleam, when I pull up on the scene

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Been smokin' that dip, the PCP got 'em thinkin'  
They can walk on water  
That ecstasy will have a nigga rock hard  
Tryna fuck your daughter

The LSD will have niggas runnin' 'round  
Tryna kill you for us  
Smokin' that piff, sippin' that yak  
Talkin' that shit, loadin' that strap

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We movin' on up, yo' whip chromed up  
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