

50 Cent "Number One"

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Back when Andre the giant, mister elephant tusk,
Fix your must, you'll just be another one bit the dust.
Just one of, my mothers son who got thrown under the
bus.

Kiss my butt, Lick frumunda cheese from under my
nuts.

It disgusts, me to see the game the way that it looks.
It's a must, I redeem my name n' haters get mushed.
Bitch-s lust, Man they love me when I lay in the cut.
Fist the cut, The lady give her eighty some paper cut.

Now picture us, it's ridiculous you curse at the thought,
Cuz when I spit the verse the sh-t gets worse then
Worcestershure sauce.

If I could fit the words as picture perfect, works every
time.

Every verse, every line, as simple as nursery rhymes.
It's elementary, The elephants have entered the room.
I venture to say we're the center of attention it's true.
Not to mention back with a vengeance so here's the
signal,
Of the bat symbol, The platinum trio's back on you
hoes.

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