

## 50 Cent "NY To Compton"

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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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