

## 50 Cent "Raid"

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[Pusha T]I'm only in the company of Kings  
I made a power move and it's everything it seems  
Before 'Ye signed me, I was getting out my dream  
Standing on the shoulders of 20,000 fiends  
Everytime a n-gga wanna try and turn a profit  
Folks rush in, 3 letters try and stop it  
F-B-I-R-S-D-E-A (FBI, IRS, DEA)  
One letter short but still muthaf-ck the DA.  
We play by the rules as they try and crack the code  
Combination locks to the kilo's that I hold  
Leopard print Louboutin's, prowlin' the concrete  
Roller balls come alive just like Jumanji  
You know where to find me  
Greenhouse a circle of top whores  
Mandarin, gears of war, any of them top floors  
35 large took you right out the top draw  
Still got a throwaway phone in my sock draw

[Pharrell]It's like rain, spraying on you roaches  
The AK is an animal, it is ferocious  
A n-gga wanna sing but he is the dopest  
Watch that n-gga disappear, hocus pocus  
Ring, ring the n-gga wanna sing  
Ring, ring, I keep that bitch clean  
Ring, ring the n-gga wanna sing  
Unless he is an insomniac, he dying to dream

[50 Cent]You can tell I went to school on a small yellow  
bus  
Never bothered me, strong arm robbery  
I went from countin' Jelly donuts to taking the most  
From my high school sweetheart to f-cking with hoes  
Look I'm all grown up and I dun blown up

N-gga aint much changed, in fact, things are the same  
I'm the definition of shooter, gun of choice the ruger  
You'll take my word for it or make me do it to ya  
I'm a magnet to murder, when I'm in the mood  
Get convicted through the forensics when you walk in  
my shoes  
I'm bad news, you n-ggas know the verdict, I'm filthy  
Drop Phantom is milky

White on white, 24 inch blades of steel  
Red eye smoking that bomb shit  
N-ggas surprised, 50 back on fire  
50 back running round this bitch strapped  
Hitman for hire

[Hook]

[Pusha T]I sit with the liars, ducktape and tyres  
Been lost their soul  
They just waiting on the fire  
Innocent faces with a shit load of prior's  
Something out of nothing, a team full of MacGuyvers  
Deep sea dive for the fishscale  
Tryna find a better price, man that ship sale  
Take a record head back if that shit fail  
Drop weight like an anchor than you set sail  
Hell freeze over like the watch I put the sleeve over  
Engine double scream when I turn the key over  
Pirelli's on the street rolling like a steam roller  
Bitche's double team when I have my sleep over's  
Yeah, Re-Up gang with the G-Unit  
This is Taylor made drug dealer fiend music  
Test it on ya tongue or watch a fiend do it  
I got you hooked and I laugh as you lean to it

[Hook]

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