

## 50 Cent "React"

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Ladies and gentlemen  
Welcome aboard Official Nastee Airlines, flight 188

Intro/Chorus: Onyx

Kill it in the club, baby show some love  
My real thugs, where you at? Baby throw ya gats  
To all the ladies in the spot, show me what ya got  
Big cats in the back, get rocked what, react  
(repeat 2X)

[Bonifucco]

Real thug shit unplugged  
Ladies lust, angel dust, aim and bust  
Bitches who nod, the bulletproof ride's coke in my eyes  
and got me shootin' at a ghost cause it looks alive  
to cloak, ? no leaks in gunsmoke  
Here to get those, snakes get it the most  
G's overdose, we wreck toast to deaf notes  
Tech blows, I only put a hole in your leg so..

Ladies and gentlemen

[Sonsee]

It's going on right now  
Official Nast' don't be playin around, we lay it down  
Dead you, for the whole win, leave you frozen  
Crime scene reporter snap shots like you posin  
You got in the way, sorry to say  
You shoulda known, shinin on Sonsee's not in the day  
All the niggaz in my zone, my close affiliates  
be rippin it illin it adrenaline spendin and killin shit

Chorus

[Fredro Starr]

Yo, yo

I'm on some other shit, run up on your mother shit  
Hockey mask, black tape, tapin up your baby brother  
shit  
Two guns, one in your face, one in my waist  
Empty the safe, hit em with the glock he caught a stray  
shot

Fucked his girl and made him watch, made a death wish  
I cut his throat now wear that like a necklace, respect this  
Twenty-two shots bodily harm, goodbye to your legs  
goodbye to arms goodbye to your moms

[50 Cent]

The shit'll happen so fast, the gat blast left his brains on the glass  
in a dash I snatched the cash and fled off in a flash  
The only thing I ever lost I couldn't find was time  
Son some crackers locked me up that's how I lost my mind  
Hit him from behind four times and toss the nine, fuck him  
He didn't listen told him give me the shine  
The sick shit is when the police, came around to get me  
The killers who was with me, snitchin sayin it was 50

Chorus

[X-1]

Fuck the rap skit, X and the drug complex  
When convicts'll start conflicts, kill they own accomplice  
Life in the drain niggaz money's got my gold chain thicker  
Whole brain sicker, hall of fame nigga  
From coast to coast I keep the toast  
My weekly gross, leave you deeply froze  
Half dead close to ghost, yo you heartless  
Your heart pump piss, regardless if you a thug or rap artist

[Sticky Fingaz]

AHHHHHHH I seen death, almost died twice tonight  
Sell my own mother out if the price is right  
I hate life, gimme the glock  
about to join Biggie and 'Pac and you comin like it or not  
GET OFF ME! Let me go, don't hold me back  
Where my real thugs at? Baby THROW YA GAT!  
Sticky Fingaz, from out your darkest fears  
I make you meet your maker, make you meet the man upstairs

Chorus

Killin it (2X)

Chorus

Ladies and gentlemen

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[?]

Word up yo, Official Nast'

Gettin cream, Onyx, we move with the many crews

We let you know right now, we shuttin shit down

Nine-eight, word up get your shit straight

You think your shit hot? Stick your shit up

What? Bring yo' shit to the club

Bring yo' heat to the street

Official Nast', shuttin shit down -- WHAT?!

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