

50 Cent "The Hit"

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Uh uh uh uh uh uh

I change places to prevent catchin' the cases
Races in the faces, hall at you laces
This is a hit, let's see if homicide trace this

The only thing hotter than my flow is the block, inhale
and exhale
That's why I left this snow biz and got into show biz
Let's get this clear, it ain't on 'til I say it's on, pause, it's
on
I'm eatin', y'all niggas fastin' like it's Rimadon

Bowlsh way in Lebanon, know 50 the bomb
I be at the edge of the bar, sippin' a Don
I keep the bottle just in case, you never know when it's
on
This worries bump, I can't go wrong, my team's too
strong

You want war? I take you to war, now that my money
long
Why you broke? Cat's buy the by lines and fantasize
The way I'm spittin', put TV's in everything I'm sittin'
While I'm hot to death, I'm gonna say this to all you
playa haters
Y'all should hate the game, not the playas, c'mon

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Everyday is bugged, niggas'll come to a club
To try to show you they a thug, instead of showing
some love
Now, what you think you chump me, if I let you bump

me
When I'm about to make a mill, faster than you make a
G, ha ha

I know I lie, it's a habit, I vow to clean the city like the
mayor
And in the crack game, I'm a franchise player
Niggas be thinkin' I be out to lunch with mines
Then in crunch time, I start hittin' 'em hard with punch
lines

You cats got to be sick to think 50 can't spit
Better check my batting average, I always make hits
My flows leave these rap cats ketro, ketro all across the
metro, metro
Plus I pack a cannon, up under my marple cannon

They fake, they look like money but ain't worth half the
cake
Have me runnin' from Jake, in a GS with bad brakes
They want to knock me take for Christ sakes

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Yo son, remember them fake playas
Who try to play us at The Shark Club in Vegas
Had them tight linen blazers and beat up gators
Lookin' like last year's playas, pause

Yeah, I could tell they dough was low
When we came through the do'
I copped a case of Cristal and copped one bottle of Mo
From the looking through face and the bulge in his
waist, he holdin'

Yeah he's packin', I can see his rack
The one in the middle, he a big man, I dealt with him
son
Yeah, so I expect look like they ain't had a run since ' 81
They ain't here on a hunt for food

So they could catch you, some cash and expensive

jewels

I'm gonna crash 'em with this bottle if he move
I ain't the one son, my shit ain't come easy
It won't go easy, believe me

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