

## 50 Cent "Too Hot Ft. NaS And Nature"

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Niggas bit off Nas shit, Ghostface Killah  
Admit it, you bit it, G. Dep  
Niggas bit off Nas shit, niggas  
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You can be a ridah and ride or a coward and hide  
Either way you go against me, you still gon' die  
I got four macs, a few nines, I'm ready for beef  
You wanna talk, it ain't about money then let it be brief

I need a drop for when it's a hot, a Hummer for when  
it's cold  
An ill attorney's in my corner when these fake niggas  
fold  
The shit I kick fuck with niggas mentally makes them  
wanna  
Mention me and see me doing a quarter century in the  
penitentiary

Nostradamus predicted 50's the future, that's a fact  
money  
I run up on your workers with the mac like, where that  
pack money  
I'm a tell ya'll what Papi told me, I got what you need,  
195 a key  
I stay catching a stunt, frontin' in somethin' mean

And I'll clap any nigga for the right amount of cream  
Run up on them all with the same problem solver  
Beat up ass, tape on the handle, trey eight revolver  
what

Projects too hot, niggas better hope we never hit rock  
'Cause then we gonna run up in your spot  
Screamin' get the fuck on the floor, give us the Ro'

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Aiyyo, aiyyo, aiyyo, aiyyo  
I'm like Sugar Shane Mosley, it ain't no beef  
You're staring a ticket holder that sits in row three  
Next to Ron Artest and Kobe

Yo, I woulda went pro too then I let them Phillie Phanats slow  
me  
I'm like a black man's asthma, seeking a pump  
Breathin' deeper when I'm creeping up  
Ya'll need to fuck with the tightest, I stick niggas

Encephalitis, leavin' whole families in silence  
My virus is obvious, past on to most rap fiends  
Uncured, ain't no vaccine, last seen at the automatic  
teller machine  
Maxing out or in the studio booth, blacking out

It's Con Ed style, real twisted, I disappear on some Blair  
Witch  
Shit comin' back, I'm rich kid, either or you can't stop  
me  
With my feet in the door or walk away from the street  
Or the morgue, play your part nigga

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Admit it, you bit it, G. Dep  
Tell these niggas somethin' God, Ghostface Killah

What? Yo, I disturb niggas and white boys with five  
pointed stars  
Tatted on they arms, pimp your moms like I'm Magic  
Don Juan  
From Queens to Hong Kong, weed in the bong  
We smoke that, leave our minks on the coat rack

Those that plot on me, nine times outta ten the nine is  
on me  
Feds search the God, but nothin' they find on me  
When I rap don't wait to clap applaud sooner  
Unless you hate a nigga like George Bush Jr., I bring  
awkward to you

Porsche maneuvers thru the city like New York sewers  
Stinkin' up the air, Central Park, horse manure, rims is

22 inches  
Benz suspensions, 22 inch dick when I'm pimpin'  
Impotent, you niggas get me sick, wanna be soundin'

Like you knowin' my arithmetic, but we don't sound  
alike  
50 Cent with bravehearted, we ride to the grave depart  
us  
You fake niggas imitate what I started, let's go

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