

## 50 Cent "Too Hot"

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Niggas bit off Nas shit  
Admit it, you bit it  
Niggas bit off Nas shit, niggas  
Niggas, bit off, Nas shit  
Admit if, you bit it, bit it

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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

Nastradamus 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 y'all what Papi told me  
I got what you need, 19, 5 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 phillies slow  
me

I'm like a black man's asthma, seeking a pump  
Breathin' deeper when I'm creeping up  
Y'all need to fuck with the tightest, I stick niggas  
Ensevilitus, leavin' whole families in silence

My virus is obvious, past on to most rap fiends  
Un cured, 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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'Cause then we gonna run up in your spot

Niggas bit off Nas  
Admit it, you bit it  
Tell these niggas somethin', God

What, yo?  
I disturb niggas and white boys with five pointed stars  
Tattooed 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 through 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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