

## 50 Cent "Wangster"

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It's 50 A.K.A. Ferrari, F 50  
Break it down  
I got a lot of living to do for a die  
And I ain't got time to waste  
Let's make it

You said you a gangster  
But you neva pop nothin'  
You said you a wangster  
And you need to stop frontin'

You ain't a friend of mine  
You ain't a kind of mine  
What makes you think that  
I'ma run up on you with the nine

We do this all the time  
Right now we on the grind  
So hurry up and cop  
And go we selling nicks and dimes

Shorty, she so fine  
I gotta make her mine  
A ass like that gotta be one of kind  
I crush 'em everytime

Punch 'em with every nine  
I'm fucking with they mind  
I make 'em press rewind  
They know they can't shine if I'm around the rhyme

Land on paroza's 94, 'cause I commit the crime  
I send you my line, I did it three3 to nine  
The D's ran up in my crib  
You know who dropping dimes

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But you neva pop nothin'  
You said you a wangster  
And you need to stop frontin'

You go to the dealership

But you neva cop nothin'  
You been hustling a long time  
And you ain't got nothin'

You said you a gangster  
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Damn Homie, In high school you was the man homie+  
What the fuck happened to you  
I got the sickest vendetta when it come to the cheddar  
And if you play with my paper, you gonna meet my  
Berreta

Now shorty think I'ma sweat her, sipping on a mereda  
I'm living once than deta, I know I can do betta  
She look good but I know she after my cheddar  
She tryna get in my pockets, homie and I ain't gonna let  
her

Be easy, stop the bullshitting, you get your whole crew  
wet  
We in the club doing the same ol' two step  
Gorilla unit, 'cause they say we bugged out  
'Cause we don't go nowhere without toast we thugged  
out

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And you ain't got nothin'

Me, I'm no mobster, me, I'm no gangster  
Me, I'm no hitman me I'm just me, me  
Me, I'm no wangster, me, I'm no actor  
But it's me you see on your TV

'Cause I hustle, baby, this Spanish shit is so easy  
I'm getting what you get for a brick to talk greasy  
By any means, partner, I got to eat on these streets  
If you play me close, for sure I'm gonna pop my heat

Niggas saying they going murph 50 how  
We riding round with guns the size of little, bow wow  
What you know about A.K. and A.R.15's  
Equipped with night vision, shell catchers and dem  
things, huh

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You been hustling a long time  
And you ain't got nothin'  
Ah hah, damn homie

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