

50 Cent "Wanksta Remix (Dirty)"

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Yeah, it's a problem, Flipmode nigga
We on the highest temperature level of the fucking
pressure cooker
Blowing niggas tops, what?
Flipmode up in this bitch, The Rulership Movement
nigga
Check it, let me talk, check it, check it

There's only one God sonny and there ain't no
replacement
And anybody thinkin' different, just get locked in the
basement
You know we had to touch the beat, 'cuz the track is
dope, nigga
And throw some bullet's at you the size of cantaloupes,
nigga

A lotta niggas rollin' around like they can't get touched
Even the pope know to stay in bullet proof Benz trucks
Flipmode up in this bitch, ya niggas know we on fire
We hang niggas like old sneakers from telephone
wires

Puerto Rican mami's call me Papi
'Cuz they see me in the hood, poppin' wheelies on my
Kawasaki
Yo, they can't stop me, Ramp yo, I'm kinda cocky
I'll break your fucking ribs like I'm playing ice hockey

Bigger than life, extort the game, critically acclaimed
Smack you in your face with my chain
Now I'm ready to go to war like Saddam Hussein
Everybody in the industry know my squad's name

Yo, we just an idiot and we here to merge somethin'
You know what chu dealing with, you know we here to
hurt somethin'
So stop with the stupid shit, 'cuz it ain't even worth
frontin'
Hope you know that you could really end up in the Earth
cuzin'
We do this all the time, right now we on the grind

So hurry up and cop and go selling nicks and dimes

Shorty she's so fine, I gotta make her mine
A ass like dat gotta be one of a kind
I crush 'em every time, punch 'em with every line
I'm fuckin' with they mind, I make 'em press rewind

They know they can't shine if I'm around the rhyme
Been on parole since ninety four, 'cuz I commit the
crime
I say you on my line, I did it three ta nine
If D's ran up in my crib, you know who droppin' dimes

You say you a gangsta but you neva pop nuttin'
We say you a wanksta and you need to stop frontin'
You go to the dealership but you neva cop nuttin'
You been hustlin' a long time and you ain't got nuttin'

I know your man, he says that you the bitch stuntin'
You don't know how the gun cock to reach somethin'
Yeah, I see ya face in ya grill
But it's your conscience itchin' to tell you the squad
love a mil
Like a forest field, we hunt ta god, it's surreal
Flipmode, cop boy, get your weight up for real, get at
'em

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Damn homie, in highskewl you was the man, homie
What the fuck happened to you?
I got the sickest vendetta, when it come to the cheddar
Nigga you play wit my paper, you gon meet my berretta

Now shorty think I'ma sweat her, sippin' on amoretta
I'm hit once than dead, 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 gon let

her

Be easy, start some bullshit ya get your whole crew wet
We in the club doin' the same ol' two step
Guerrilla Unit, 'cuz, they say we bugged out
'Cuz we don't go nowhere without toast, we thugged
out

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Ah, ha

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