

50 Cent "Warrior"

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Wu, wu wu
Remix, remix, remix (haha)
Lloyd Banks, Lloyd Banks, Lloyd Banks (aha)
Haha, haha, haha

[Verse 1 - Eminem]

It's like a throne that he don't even own
He won't sit down, given the crown he just throws it
around
It's like a joke he's like a king, but he don't rule a thing
He don't want the diamonds, want the gold or want the
jewelry
He don't want the fame dont want the loot he's in this
for a sport
Runnin suckaz with the competition round the court
He appreciates your support but he ain't beggin for it
And you can't love it you can hate it but you cant ignore
it
You cant be that ignorant but you can try to sell him
short
But you can't fuck with his last joint or the one before it
And he was gonna raise hell like them country boys
And if I'm frontin then you better come confront me for
it

[Chorus - Nate Dogg]

This is the story of a warrior you know you know it
True warriors go ahead make some noise
It ain't healthy to be makin niggaz paranoid
Hit your corner wit more weapons I don't need my boyz
I'm runnin 120 on the fast lane
Kick back just relax let me do my thang
Don't give a fuck about you suckaz gotta maintain
Money, power and respect in this rap game

[Verse 2 - Lloyd Banks]

He's straight outta the neighborhood but niggaz hate
They see you go and eat your dinner off a bigger plate
Your stomachs ache while he's loungin at the big estate
And he hops in a 100 thousands with a nigga's gate
House with just a bigger gate , houndin him was a big
mistake

He won't surrender he'd rather give up a rib to break
Cause he horrendous when they wouldn't lend a helpin
hand

So he was sittin on green like a Celtic fan
Created a buzz so when you gotta mention his name
When you discuss him the illest playa that's in the
game

And he's ridin with Em, 50 cent, Doc and them
G-Unit records ain't no motherfuckin stoppin them

[Chorus - Nate Dogg]

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[Verse 3 - 50 Cent]

These niggaz got a Lot of Nothin
So those niggaz from the hood act like we owe 'em
somethin
They talk crazy til we send this nigga in there to fuck
'em
Ask 'em if theres a problem and they'll say naw its
nothin
He's been tryin to help 'em out, but since they fronted,
fuck 'em
He don't care how they feel they're makin 'em love 'em
*He hold his own on his own the kid is really thuggin
He's rich now, he ain't change since these niggaz
buggin
He pull a clip everythin niggaz try to buck him
Keep ya pistols on ya hip I show you we ain't tuck em
Niggaz say they gon' get at him but they can't touch
him
Try to catch 'em slippin, they creepin and he start
bustin

[Chorus - Nate Dogg]

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[Nate Dogg]
I can give you niggaz somethin you can talk about
I can turn your smile upside down
You ain't no G-Unit fuckin clown
I can take your girl until I turn her out
The bootey layed all out
I can give you fuckers somethin to be mad about
And buy her rings and I back out
With my DNA all in her mouth

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