

50 Cent

"We All Die One Day Ft Eminem, Obie Trice, G-Unit"

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Yeah, you riding with the talk
Of New York, Tony Yayo
Shady Aftermath and Soul Assassins
Here we go

Niggaz, know what I'm about out here
I don't toot my own horn 'cause I don't have to
You could run your mouth, I don't care
But if you get to close I'm gon' clap you

It's too real out here to be scared
A real nigga gonna do whatever he has to
A man is a last thing you should fear
It ain't considered a crime unless they catch you, we all
die one day

Niggaz when I step up in a bar, fagots wanna loot
Like you muh'fuckers got Obie Trice shook
Like I'm gon' stand here as a man and
Let some queer ass, funny looking nigga get the upper
hand

I got issues, got no time, got guns that mourn nigga's
moms
Shoot up clubs and destroy niggaz vibes
Everybody running for their motherfucking lives
Tough club niggaz, we leave early, cock back surely

Open up your fade, your grade brain meets Motor City
pave'
Your nervous system still twitch off Jay-Z
Hoes and animals skirts get murked
Don't ever let a nigga tell you slugs don't hurt

Don't ever let a nigga tell you to play the bar hard
Trust in God 'cause youse about to get catch a bullet
scar, I give a fuck
Where you from who you be with, keep this secret right
by the nuts
A 4-5 that'll light niggaz up and this 4-5 high make not
give a fuck

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But as long as I'm here I'm gonna grab checks
And make my cash stretch longer than giraffe necks
Poverty make your ass bet on words
Touch niggaz in jail make them wanna finish they last
sents'

They say you live by the gun, you die by the next nigga
gun
If that's the case then get a bigga one
You don't think I pack the pump 'cause I'm out the hood
That's a stereotype like everybody that's black and
jumped

I'm in the white mink the fabric is done
Got rings like Mike, Bird, Magic and them
Out of Dallas to the palace where the Mavericks is from
Living lavish I'm established so the cabbage'll come

I'm in the cloud, you don't see me on the trains
I travel first class you ain't even got a TV on your plane
You should be easy on my name, 'cause I ain't going
back and forth
Your boss and your captain soft

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'Cause we gon' bring it to anybody who want it
You want it? You gon' get it
Name 'em, we gon' hit 'em, chew 'em up and spit 'em
out

Too much venom and if you roll with 'em, we gon' fuck
you up with 'em

I got too much momentum moving in my direction to
lose

My shoes will explode as soon as you go to step to
them

(Broom)

You know how we do it when we do how we do it when
we come through

G-Unit, D-1-2 and Obie we all move like assassins
Ski mask and gloves consider this as a warning
Disaster comes faster than you can react to it, just ask
Muggs

But we are [unverified], fuck your little bitch ass up

We are not killers, my vato will have you shot though
Drag through the barrio and fucked like Kim Osario
Little sorry hoe ass, go ask B-Real
We burn Source covers like fuckin' Cypress Hill

Did in the 90's when you was in diapers still
Shady Records you better believe the hype is real
This is no joke, I don't smoke
But I toke enough secondhand to make my fucking P.O.
choke

I'm an OG, your fucking with a G.I. Joe
Bia Bia, mia mio a vida loco
I'm a psycho, Mariah ain't got shit on me
When I retire, I'll be spittin' baby food on people

A tent sieged on her ranch huddle up next to her
With Hello Kitty slippers on, humpin' her legs
You ever had your cap peeled back or your shit pushed
in
I put my blade in you like a fuckin' pin cushion

Slice your ear clear off, Smirnoff and Hen-dawg
I'll show you to kill a fucking man like Sen Dog
Nobody told you that I'm loco ese?
I lack every sane chemical in my membrane

I'm Slim Shay D and the 'D' is for deez nuts
And you can get each one for free so feast up
I pee in a cup for three months
I'm having an E party for Easter please come 'cause we

We gon' bring it to anybody who want it you want you
gon' get it

You name 'em and will hit 'em, chew 'em up and spit
'em out
To much venom and if you roll with 'em
We gon' fuck you up with 'em

You can do all them push ups to pump up your chest
I got a twelve gauge Mausberg to pump up your chest
Have you gasping for air after that shell hit your vest
Fear me like you fear God 'cause I bring death

Silverback gorilla in the concrete jungle
I'm the strongest around you know how I get down
I watch gangsta flicks and root for the bad guy
And turn it off before it ends 'cause the bad guy die

If you tryin' to buy guns from a nigga to look to
So what they got bodies on them they still look new
You can raise your voice like you fend to touch some
When I raise my knife shit I fend to cut some
See I walk like Ron O' Neil but talk like Goldie
If the bitch think I love her, the bitch don't know me

Sorry Kim
Oh sorry, oh

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Soul Assassins y'all, what up Muggs?
What up Em? We outta here

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