

50 Cent "We Up"

Visit "[We Up](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Verse 1]

I'm around the bullshit like a matador
I'm used to the bullshit, it don't matter, boy
Corporate acquisitions, accumulations of wealth
Build with the gods and double knowledge of self
Entrepreneur visions, Moulin Rouge religion
That pussy make a weak nigga break down
So what you want, the cheese or the chicks?
You want the chicks but you want the cheese
A bitch gotta eat
I'm havin' the epiphany you niggas ain't shit to me
Worse than the scum in the slum I'm from
I'm a southside nigga, yeah I'm 'bout mine
You be that next nigga coroners come and outline
You ain't made of what I'm made of
You a bum nigga with a bum bitch
Your shoes come from Vegas
Counterfeit, fraudulent fakers
What kind of rich nigga bitch look like that?

[Hook]

You all know when we pullin' off the lot
Brake, hit the button, then we pullin' down the top
Shine's on stuntin' and I'm pullin' out a knot
Strapped with the glock, won't pull it out a lot
But front, I'll make it pop
Y'all don't do it how we do
Niggas ain't on the shit we on
Everything new
Spikes on the Louis Vuittons
We up, nigga

[Verse 2]

Eat pussy for dinner, bomb kush for breakfast
Deep-colored VS stones around my neck, bitch
Coupe a four-door, jeep a Convoy
Bulletproof front flash, shinin', Armor All
It feels like a nigga dreamin'
Seat back, music bumpin', niggas leanin'
Bulls eye, that's what we came for
The bread, now a nigga run the game, boy
I should've sent the broad to report what's in the yard

Aloof livin', I came up so hard
No pain, no gain, it's embedded in the brain
I'm in it for the grip, motherf*ck the fame

[Hook]

You all know when we pullin' off the lot
Brake, hit the button, then we pullin' down the top
Shine's on stuntin' and I'm pullin' out a knot
Strapped with the glock, won't pull it out a lot
But front, I'll make it pop
Y'all don't do it how we do
Niggas ain't on the shit we on
Everything new
Spikes on the Louis Vuittons
We up, nigga

[Verse 3]

'Round the world tourin', the city got borin'
Bury me a G with a new pair of Jordans
Coupe foreign, top peeled like an orange
Blue Ferrari, so many iron horses
Living life with no worries
My gun got a Zodiac sign, it's a Taurus
Don't make it slam on you like I'm Maury
Him zone write a gang in a story
Oops, that's your baby, my bad, I'm sorry
She call me daddy too, we should be on Maury
Everything you owning, fly nigga soaring
Purple label Ralph Lauren, kick game like Atari
You so special, babe, I'm in the restroom
Just keep performing, go girl
About to film a movie, guess who's starring?

[Hook]

You all know when we pullin' off the lot
Brake, hit the button, then we pullin' down the top
Shine's on stuntin' and I'm pullin' out a knot
Strapped with the glock, won't pull it out a lot
But front, I'll make it pop
Y'all don't do it how we do
Niggas ain't on the shit we on
Everything new
Spikes on the Louis Vuittons
We up, nigga

[Outro: 50 Cent]

Got p*ssy for dinner, bomb kush for breakfast
Deep-colored VS stones around my neck bitch
Feels like a nigga dreamin', feels like a nigga dreamin'

