

## 50 Cent & G Unit "I Smell Pussy (Ja Rule Diss)"

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You smell that? What's that?

I smell pussy

(Is that you Irv?)

I smell pussy

(Is that you Ja?)

I smell pussy

(Is that you Black?)

I smell pussy

(Is that you Tah?)

Y'all niggas is pussy

I'm falling out nigga now watch me

(Watch me)

Ain't nothing you can do to stop me

(Stop me)

Y'all niggas get so emotional

(Emotional)

You remind me of my bitch

It's not of my nature to make a commitment so let me  
breathe

What she doesn't understand catch attitudes when I  
leave her

Quite of probation just make it harder for me to accept  
her as my own

She tries to tie up my phone and

I'm not at home she's thinking I'm not alone

Probably out tryin' to bone anything in the street

I let her know she can leave, I ain't tryin' to tie her up

But see it's hard to fuck wit' somebody after she  
touches me

Mami, I'm not your regular nigga, I know the game

But I don't play by the rules I'm focusing on my moves

That way I will never lose

See I can tell by your shoes if you attracted to Bentleys  
with 22's

You say I confuse you, play little trick with your head

Been catching feelings ever since the first time I slept  
in your bed

I'm not here to tease you, mislead you with so your  
dreams

I can't say I love you I don't know what that means  
I'm a pimp

Girl, you know I like when you climb on top  
Love muscle feel tighter than a headlock  
And you know I love the way you make the bed rock  
Take me to Ecstasy with out takin' Ecstasy

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When I first met her, I did anything to get her  
Paid all her bills and filled her 'frigerator  
Reminiscing on late nights when I tried to lay up  
But couldn't get off 'cause your baby would stay up  
She even crashed the whip tryin' to switch in the third  
lane  
That's when I realized this bitch was a bird brain  
A pigeon writing her baby pops in the box in prison  
Sing-Sing is where he been in

She in the Gucci tights and Fendi high heels  
Baby wipes and cans of Enfamil  
Motor Bikes and grams of fish scale  
So 9 to 5 niggas was no frill  
Turning young niggas with principals to old men with  
debts  
And all the prank calls was death threats  
That bitch got the best sex all across the globe  
And the bitch head game was out of control

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I wonder when I'm gone if you miss me  
Or do you miss that Don Perignon and that Christy  
I'm fuckin' wit' you  
I'm feeling your shape, I'm feeling your eyes  
Later on I'm feeling your ass and feeling your thighs  
Sweetheart, you book smart and street-smart  
I knew you was my type from the very, very start  
I'm in to tongue kissing 4 play all day

Mamma ain't home so the noise is okay  
ODB, you know he like it the raw way  
Latex, safe sex, no hickeys on the neck  
Now you are learning  
The lords blesses make me wiser as the world's turning  
My tongue touch the right spot, I'll have your toes  
curling  
Whether we just kicking it or we sexing  
I'm a pro baby girl, I spit game to perfection  
So when niggas make mistakes I correct 'em  
And when niggas get out of line I check the man

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Yeah, don't think I forgot about your fat ass though Irv  
You wanna run around takin' pictures like you  
Puff Daddy and the Family, motherfucker  
With that bitch, Charli Baltimore  
Bitch look like she died last week pale as fuck  
Paint her hair red  
Think she gon' sell records tryin' to impersonate Pink  
and shit  
Bitch, punk-ass motherfuckers

All you motherfuckers get rolled on, nigga  
Ain't no motherfucking, "Leave her alone 'cause she a  
bitch"  
Fuck that nigga, fuck all of it  
But not you Ashanti, baby  
You know how I feel about you, baby  
Come on, come here, girl  
C'mon gimme some love, girl  
Fuck Irv Gotti, you know how me and you do, baby  
You know they say I'm sexy now  
Aye Irv, your momma got a thing for me

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