

50 Cent Feat. Eminem And Lloyd Banks Of G-Unit "Don't Push Me"

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I need you to pray for me
And I need you to care for me
And I need you to want me to win
I need to know where I'm heading, 'cause I know where
I've been

Flows, bones, crushing it's nothing
I come up with something
Come through your strip, fronting, stunting
It's something you want, 745 chrome spinning

Haters hate that I'm winning
Man I've been hot from the beginning
Motherfuckers envy the kid, control your jealousy
'Cause I can't control my temper, I'm fitting to catch a
felony

Pistol in hand homie, I'm down to get it popping
Once I squeeze the first shot
No, I ain't stopping till my clip is empty
I'm simply not that nigga you should try your luck with

Fuck with, hollow-tip shells struck with your bones broke
Gun smoking, still locing, what nigga
Lay your ass down paramedics get you up feeling

Right now I'm on the edge, so don't push me
I aim straight for your head, so don't push me
Fill your ass up with lead, so don't push me
I got something for your ass, keep thinking I'm pussy

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I cross my bigger nigga and I didn't cry
Too young to understand, the consequences of man
Living a lie, I gotta get that money
I'll be damned if I'm bummy

Gotta watch my back around these niggas

'Cause they fronting 20 years
Of watching my mama's tears
Got me heated, heavily weeded

Smoking that bomg 'cause I need it
These niggas don't want me balling, they want me bury
Balled in the dirt, from shots flurry
Laying with bugs under my shirt

I got plans to hop up in that hummer
'Cause I'mma stunner, I sit back and wonder
When them angels gon' call my number
Under, my chest is a heart of a lion

I ain't lying, bounty hunters got me flying
With my iron, high as a giant
I'm running from nothing, my stomach is touching
What I'm clutching, to give you more then a concussion

End of discussion, my blood is colder, so I'm bolder
Hennessy and soda, hood on my my shoulder
Looking in the mirror, I see a soldier

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These are my ideas, this is my sweat and tears
This is shit that I saw with my eyeballs, my ears
This is me who's gotta be what you see on TV
What you hear on CD, what appears easy

Man these teenie boppers see me on these magazine
covers
In these beanies and these rags, living fantasies
Fronting like it's all fun and games, till they shoot 'em
up bang
Then you see ya brains hang and you see we ain't
playing

Ain't saying we ain't laying down at night and ain't
praying
I bully my way in this game, man I'm done playing
Man I'm done saying that I'm done playing
I'mma start laying any of these motherfucking

cocksuckers

There's no way I'mma back down, like a goddamn
coward
I can't, how would I look as a man bowing to his knees
Like the mad cow disease, let somebody lash out at me
And not lash back out at 'em, please

Oh, whoa, yo, ho, hold up, oh no, not me
Not Marshall, you wanna see Marshall?
I'll show you Marshall, I try to show you art
Put you just pick it apart, so I see I have to start

Showing you fucken old farts a whole other side
I wanted to not show you, so you know you're not
dealing with
Some fucken marshmallow, little soft yellow
Punk pussy, who's heart's jello, 'cause

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