

50 Cent Tribute Band "Patiently Waiting"

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Ay B, you know you my favorite white boy, right
I, I owe you for this one

I've been patiently waiting for a track to explode on,
yeah
You get stunned if you want and yo ass'll get rolled on,
it's 50
It feels like my flows have been hot for so long, yeah
If you thinkin' I'ma fuckin' fall off, you're so wrong, it's
50

I've finished it in my head like a baby born dead,
destination heaven
Sittin' politic with passengers from 9-11
The Lord's blessing leave me lyrically inclined
Shit, I ain't even got to try to shine

God's a seamstress who tailor fitted my pain
I got scriptures in my brain, I can spit at your dames
Straight out the good book, look niggaz is shook
50 fear no man, warrior swing swords like Conan

Picture me pen in hand
Write lines knowin' the source will quote it
When I die they'll read this and say a genius wrote it
I grew up without my pop, shit, that make me bitter
I caught cases and got out does that make me a quitter

In this white mans world, I'm similar to a squirrel
Lookin' for a slut wit' a nice butt to get a nut
If I get shot today my phone will stop ringing again
These industry niggaz ain't friends, they know how to
pretend

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You've been patiently waiting to make it through all the
hate
And debatin' whether or not you can even weather the
storm
When she lay on the table, they operating to save you
It's like an angel came to you, sent from the heavens
above

They think they crazy but they ain't crazy
Let's face it shit basically they just playin' sick
They ain't shit, they ain't sayin', just prayin', 50
A to the K, get in the way, I bring Dre and them wit' me
And turn this day into fuckin' mayhem, you stayin' wit'
me

Don't let me lose you, I'm not tryin' to confuse you
When I let loose wit' this ooze and just shoot through
you Izuzu
You get the message, am I gettin' through to you?
You know it's comin', you motherfuckers don't even
know, do you?

Take some BIG and some PAC and mix them up in a pot
Sprinkle a little Big L on top, what the fuck do you got?
You got the realest and illest, killers tied up in a knot
The Juggernauts of this rap shit, like it or not

It's like a fight to the top to see who die for the spot
You put your life in this, nothin' like surviving a shot
Y'all know what time it is, soon as 50 signs on this dot
Shit, what you know about death threats? 'Cause I get a
lot

Shady Records was 80 seconds away from the towers
Them cowards fucked with the wrong building, they
meant to hit ours
Better evacuate all children, if Nuclear showers, there's
nothin' spookier You're now about to witness the power,
the fuck

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It's the Gun Squad here and you hear the shots go off
It's 50, they say it's 50
You see a nigga laid out wit' his fuckin' top blown off
It's 50, man that wasn't 50, don't holla my name

You shouldn't throw stones if you live in a glass house
And if you got a glass jaw you should watch your mouth
'Cause I'll break your face, have you ass runnin'
And mumbling to the jake
You're goin' against me, Dogg, you makin' a mistake

I split yo league
You lookin' like a Michael Jack-Son Jackets wit' all them
zippers
I'm the boss on this boat, you can call me 'The Skipper'
The way I turn the money over you should call me
'Flipper'

Your bitch a regular bitch, you're callin' her wifey
I fucked her, feed her fast food, you keepin' her icee
I'm down to sell records but not my soul
Snoop said it in '94, "We don't love them hoes"

I got pennies for my dogs, now I'm rich
See the 20's spinnin' lookin' mean on the 6
Nigga's wearin' flags, 'cause the colors match they
clothes
The get caught in the wrong hood, they get filled with
holes

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