

## **50 Cent f/ Young Buck**

### **"I'll Whip Ya Head Boy"**

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[Chorus 2x]

I'll whip yo head boy!!  
You know I will....  
I'll whip yo head boy!!  
Wit tha back of the steel....  
I'll whip yo head boy!!  
Yo cap could get peeled....  
I'll whip yo head boy!!  
Yo ass could get killed....

[50 Cent]

Two niggaz in the front, two niggaz in the back  
That's four niggaz ridin strapped in grandpa's cadillac  
The voice in my head say "Fuck all these niggaz"  
Then I start thinkin.... "I should rob all these niggaz"  
Man my homies, they wan' do whatever I wan' do  
I say I wanna eat, they say "Shit we wan' eat too"  
Let's ride around, find a nigga stuntin' on front street  
Wit the shines on, niggaz be lookin like lunch meat  
I run up on a nigga, pop one on the floor  
Tell em' come up off that shit fore' we start poppin  
some more  
Fuck a ski-mask, man niggaz know who I is  
I got a full clip and, niggaz know I gets biz

[Chorus 2x]

[50 Cent]

I'm up early in the morning, tryna make a move  
You comin in when ya shorty take ya lil one to school  
Even though she caused the drama, you love ya baby  
mama  
I hit her wit the lama, to get this cake  
Give us the coke, the cash, the combo to the safe  
If she don't know it...Damn! ok we'll wait  
I'll play wit yo kid on the couch while ya bitch on the  
phone  
Wit the gun to her head sayin "Daddy come home"  
You was rollin poppin bubbly, didn't think it get ugly  
Had the whole shit is lovely until it go bad  
Now you can pray for a miracle, and God might be

hearing you  
And the nine'll jam, right in my hand

[Chorus 2x]

[Young Buck]

Ooooh!

I got his homies screamin "Buck you need to calm  
down"

Niggaz be gettin killed everytime you come around  
(Yeah!)

We ran up in his crib, made his momma kiss the  
ground

She askin God "What my baby done did now?"

I'm taking everything, jewelry, I want it all

Duck tape him up, rip the phone cords out the wall  
(Give me that nigga!)

Fuck waitin, we gon' start waitin on tomorrow (Huh!)

So ask satan if he got a car that I can borrow

I'm impatient like a money hungry rap star

Jack him for his chain and I can get a new jaguar  
(Whoa!)

The mac'll have his brains all over the fuckin sidewalk

And I'mma be on CNN again, it ain't my fault

March nigga step! (Step!)

Right nigga left! (Left!)

G-Unit soldier, I'm thuggin to my death motherfucker!

[Chorus 2x]

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