

50/50 Twin f/ H.A.W.K., Ankaman

"Freestyle"

Visit "[Freestyle](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(*talking*)

Professionals Entertainment, and Roc-4Roc you bitch
What up H-A-Dub, y'all be on the look out for that S.U.C.
album
The Take Over, dropping this summer
We ain't playing no games, with you niggaz
2005 to 2010, we running this shit

[H.A.W.K.]

It's the Southern region governot, infiltrating every
block
Soft hard rock for rock, a force in this hip-hop
Destination is the top, everything I spit is hot
Every chick I hit is hot, everything you want I got
I'm calling motherfuckers out, that's just the bottom
line
Vocab and punch lines, blowing motherfuckers minds
I'm real bout my grind, I'm real with my rhyme
I'm real bout everythang, a real nigga gon shine
My life's in the Lord's hand, and I fear no man
I grind and stay praying, in Jesus name amen
H.A.W.K. is the nickname, the flow is sick mayn
Real lunatic mayn, a hot boy like Lil' Wayne
Spit flames and give game, and don't mix with no
name
No shame in my game, jump fly I take aim
Bang-bang I shot you down, don't fuck around with H-
Town
Coming soon to your town, and shut that motherfucker
down

50/50, ay...

[50/50 Twin]

News travel fast, but the Jag travel quicker
See me I make the news, if I had a little liquor
If I pop my trunk, not your average lil' kickers
Six 18's, on three amps when it lift up
You do Lamborghinis, so I got a plan blood
On my whip, the back two slide like van doors
Pop more tops, than Budweiser and Coors

Set up shop in your spot, make more than a landlord
Confident am I, keep it confidential
Try to jack cause you lack, I confront your dentures
I get money by the mile, you a bunch of inches
They like eachother, if I'm amongst a bunch of bitches
Number 1 Stunner on my arm, I use to hustle to Baby
You take do' you made, from your hustle to ladies
I'm so sure, you the type that lucked up and made it
70's was pretty raw, but it can't fuck with the 80's
Say we 80's babies, are so damn belligerent
Movies like Colors, and Scarface is stealing them
Two chains I'm stealing them, house that I'm stealing
him
And leave his bitch ass with fifty cent, like Eminem

[Ankaman]

Another hit, up out the motherfucking gutter
This the one you bang in your trunk, when you glide on
cutters
Females collide with the rubbers, slab slide like butter
Just witness none other, than the bonified hustler
Diamonds against the wood, got em blind from the
luster
Dime broads from every background, when I fuck her
A mack in my own right, put it down from the Bucker
Leave a block with the work, push it down to you
cluckers
If you ain't making no ends on the grind, you's a sucker
I'm making my soul glow, with all the shine I could
muster
A 45 tucker, nine mili' make em suffer
For niggaz that's out of line, you's a fool out of luck'a
Pull the tool out the tucker, ain't no jive ass shucker
Turn a stand-up dude, to a hit the ground ducker
If you ain't knowing by now, then I be the introducer
It's agent W-K, Ankaman and 50 fucker

Visit [50/50 Twin f/ H.A.W.K., Ankaman](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.