

Fifty Cent

"50 Bars"

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50 Bars of pleasure 50 bars of pain
When I'm dead and gone niggaz gonna remember my
name 50

[repeat]

Yo Black is flashy like Alpo gun happy like Pappy
Sneaky muthafucka remind me of nigga that crack me
He aint the type you shoot dice with and win dog
Unless you want to get your ass layed out in gilmore
Yes we soldiers, remind me Troy and E-Bags
When they came through they hollored like 'What up
Conrad?'

Grimey niggaz they loved to get gully
Summertime still had on black gloves and scullies
The Lex 450 pulled up that's Cornbread
Them niggaz from Philly would of called him an old
head
But he an OG remind me of Chaz and Bump real low
key
Sounded like he didn't know nothing about drama
For this money shit many men do trauma
Switchy walked in son, this bitch had the baddest ass
The bulletproof glass was rolled down on the S-Class
Heard in DC he kept mad blocks in order
Picture this a young nigga gettin it like Rich Porter
Sonny came in for half a pit
He got knocked, he on lock still controllin' his block
from constop
Pop pulled up in the CL5 his project changed
His man just got fucking murked by Salene
Heard he got it in the range nigga Bean popped one in
his brain
Over some-thing took his watch and his chain
Country boys off the hook down there and Richmond
main.
In the black 740 I sat, hat turned back
Bow down baby nelly singing my wrist blinging What!
I'm waiting on this nigga Wise we lost for two pies
Son he smokin that shit I can see it in his eyes
Coming up wise emotions closed
Most buying round looking for wisemen toast

Benny hopped out the Esculade with a few thorough
men from B-More
They sellin heroin in Maryland reverse back to Diesel
Killed like 4 fiends his popularity grew that only meant
more cream
First it was him and his brother now he got a team
Went from 5 and a half grams to living the dream
City pulled up Goddamn you know his format
Bentley is all marble in the door and floor match
Got the gats out the stash box popped 2 glocks
Peace "All Eyez on Me" 2Pac
Everybody know he a boss he gotta floss
He on the same bullshit that sent Gotti up north
That's Dime in the blue ts stunting like he Nicky Barnes
He broke but he talk like he a Don
Homes hoppin out the Jag that's Max haitian cat
Kill a nigger quick remind me of Haitian Jack
I peep his style son I know his stelo, He on the d-low
He smile at niggaz mumbling fuck you in Creole
Heard war stories bout how he maneuver with the
Ruger
Hold the iron horizontally and send shots through ya
Few niggaz tried to murk him, most them got fount
Some turnt away try to run they in wheelchairs now
Banks hopped out bulletproof this, bulletproof that
Bulletproof snorkel, bulletproof hat
Got out a Black hummer he blew 90 on that
Poppin mad shit like he gonna bulletproof that lets go

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