

## **Fifty Cent**

### **"Get In My Car"**

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[Intro]

Uhhhhh

Yeah

Uhhhhh

Yeah

[Verse 1]

I'm a straight guerilla with it, cold hearted killa wit it

Any nigga gettin' outta line can get it

I make it hot, mothafuckas freeze up when I come through

Mac-10, thirty two shot clip in my snorkel

I might smile and say what's up but I don't fuck with you niggas

My rap money slow up, I'll run up on you niggas

I'm on the edge, I'm just waitin' on a nigga to push me

Put my hand on my strap, what you lookin' at pussy

We ain't buddies, we ain't partners and we damn sure ain't friends

So much chrome on my Benz, you see ya face in my rims

If your bitch wanna roll, I'ma let her get in

I don't play but I'm a playa till the mothafuckin' end

[gunshots]

[Chorus x2]

I got no pickup lines

I stay on the grind

I tell the hoes all the time

Bitch get in my car (Bitch get in)

I got my 64, ridin' on Dayton spokes

And when I open that do'

Bitch get in my car

[Verse 2]

Don't tell me you don't know that, uhh I'm the shyiiit

Now you better watch ya girl mayn, I leave with ya bitch

I ain't shiting these hoes, man I'm bout my paper

If your bitch really bout it nigga I'm gon' take her

Backseat of my jeep, fuck till I fuck up her make up

Take her to the Diamond District, introduce her to Jacob

Tell her if she like me she should keep me icy

My game fuck with a bitch brain till she think she wifey  
Spent a life savings in a day, cause she likes me  
Committment for me, uhh nah not likely  
When I with Vivica, I thought I was onto somethin'  
But then the next week, nah man it was nothin'  
[gunshots]

[Chorus x2]  
I got no pickup lines  
I stay on the grind  
I tell the hoes all the time  
Bitch get in my car (Bitch get in)  
I got my 64, ridin' on Dayton spokes  
And when I open that do'  
Bitch get in my car

[Verse 3]  
Look into the windows of my soul, the eyes never lie  
They blood shot red, it's gaunja in my system, I'm high  
First it's pain when you lust for love, then it's smooth  
and calm  
Feel the rush, like a needles in your arm  
Its a cold world baby girl, lovin' me is not enough  
Find out when you fuckin' broke, love won't get you on  
the bus  
Man you should see the pretty bitches that be sexin' me  
They suck cock that make 'em hot, I just let 'em stand  
next to me  
Hundred percent thug, freak too, I'll taste your love  
69's the position, your mouths full baby huhhhh?  
My conversations so deep, I get in your head  
Next thing you know, you yawnin', turnin' over and I'm  
in the bed [gunshots]

[Chorus x2]  
I got no pickup lines  
I stay on the grind  
I tell the hoes all the time  
Bitch get in my car (Bitch get in)  
I got my 64, ridin' on Dayton spokes  
And when I open that do'  
Bitch get in my car

[Outro]  
Hahaha  
Quit playin' bitch get it  
You know you wanna ride with a nigga  
50 Cent  
G-G-G-G-G-Unit  
[Gunshots]

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