

Fifty Cent

"Like My Style"

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[50 Cent]

(Uh huh) I know you like my style
(Uh huh) You like how I break it down
(Uh huh) I know you like style
(Uh huh) You like how I break it down
I know you like my style
(Uh huh) You like how I break it down
Wanna get rich I'll show you how
Wanna get rich I'll show you how

On ya mark, get set, let's go, switch the flow
Teach ya how to turn yayo in to doe
The original don dada nobody bomb harda
Ya heard what I said boy, I'm hot, I'm hot
The hoodrats they say "He so crazy"
The snitches they say "He tried to spray me"
That's what you get for tryin to play me
The Aftermath and my wrath is so SHADY
No matter how you try you can't stop it
I catch ya stuntin in the Bentley Coup cockpit
If you a pimp why ya hoes stay outta pocket
Front and find out how my P-40 glock hit
"50 you need some help" chill Yayo I got this
Where I'm from the D's tryin to knock us
They swear to God that it's me sellin the choppas
Man I ain't give them lil niggas no product

[Chorus: 50 Cent]

(Uh huh) I know you like my style
(Uh huh) But how much do you like my style
(Uh huh) You like how I break it down
(Uh huh) Wanna get rich I'll show you how

(Uh huh) I know you like my style
(Uh huh) But how much do you like my style
(Uh huh) You like how I break it down
(Uh huh) Wanna get rich I'll show you how

[50 Cent]

The birds they say I got a way with words
I be like "baby girl I like them curves"
If ya not busy tonight then we can swerve

I'ma bachelor baby, fuck what you heard

From the tellie in ten minutes I'll make you a believer
Tongue touch ya'll have ya shakin like you havin a seizure

I make hits about what I do in my leisure
G unit gang, can't another clique out to see us
Niggas lip sync the lyrics cuz they wanna be us
Groupie hoes from the hood they be tryin ta G us
Try ta holla at the kid, e'ery time they see us
Girlfriend quit pretending I'm the nigga ya love
And I ain't got to say nuttin you know that I'm thugin
Wit my hands on dat ass and ya say that I'm buggin
We family baby, kissin cousins
Now look what the riff raff done drug in
For the cheese my degrees is hotter then ya oven
I'ma New Yorker but I sound southern
And we sip DP till the Don stop bubblin
After we play, ok, got to ya husband

[Chorus: 50 Cent]

[50 Cent (Tony Yayo)]

Em said you gone like my style
Dre said you gone like my style
I said you gone like my style (Uh huh)
You gone like how I break it down

[Tony Yayo]

You're not really, really ready (ready)
The drama will have ya ass in trauma BOY!
You're not really, really ready (ready)
My knife flip open and then I gets to pokin
You're not really, really ready (ready)
Them shells start poppin and bodies get to droppin
You're not really, really ready (ready)
You think ya ready, ya not (ya not)
Really really ready (ready)

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