

Fifty Cent "True Loyalty"

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[50 Cent]

Unh, yeah..I like the way this feel right here
Yo...turn me up in the head phones just a lil' bit
Yeah..

[50 Cent + (Lloyd Banks)]

There ain't shit in this world deeper than loyalty and love
(Except loyalty and love, between thugs)
For you, I pull up in the whip and spray the whole strip
(For you, I walk up close and lay a nigga's kin)
For you, there ain't a damn thing that I won't do
I'm a Thug, this my way I show, my love for you
(Nigga for you, I get the coke, I'ma turn it into cash)
For you, if we go broke, we gon' rob a nigga ass
(For you, if we get knocked, I'ma have to take the weight
'Cause with a record like yours dogg, you ain't stayin' upstate)
Nigga for you, I kill a whole God damn crew (Why?)
'Cause I know you'd do the same thing too...haha
I ride, you ride for me, my enemies your enemies
How could you not love a Thug like me?

[Chorus]

Would you ride for me? (you ain't even got to ask)
Would you die for me? (nigga, they blast you, they blast me)
Would you cry for me? (shit, when I die I don't cry for me, just keep reppin' Southside for me)
Nigga, you ride for me? (you ain't even got to ask)
Would you die for me? (nigga, they blast you, they blast me)
Would you cry for me? (shit, when I die I don't cry for me, just keep reppin' Southside for me)

[50 Cent + (Lloyd Banks)]

(Nigga, I'm the stem, you the crack
I'm the clip, you the gat
I'm the glock, you the mac
I'm the artist, you the trap
I'm a pen, you the pad

I'm the Dutch, you the bag
I'm the knife, you the stab
I'm the driver, you the Jag)
I'm the ice, you the bezel
I'm grimy, you ghetto
I'm the bow, you the arrow
I'm the shell, you the barrel
I'm a pimp, you a player
I'm dope, you the hustler
I'm a nine, quiet me down, you the muffler

[Chorus]

[Tony Yayo]

You can catch me in public housing, wit' bundles of D
Or in the Santa Monica mountains, bundled up to ski
Since, time is money, I rhyme on the clock
And walk through the strip with a nine in the ox
You seen the ice, you know it's top notch
And when it comes to dice, I'm seeing' shorty to the
shot box
Banks stop, guns pop through your tank top
And leave you wet up like a sonar range drop
When I grind, I wear the same thing tomorrow
When you grind, it's Showtime at the Apollo
Damn near every rapper gotta hide sixteen
Well my flow's like a ho that's sixteen
I ran through niggas, dismantled niggas
They mad 'cause they see me in Cancun bitches
But I'm ghetto, straight from the 'hood my nigga
If there's no toothbrush I'ma use my finger
I got so many minks, and so many leathers
The crib is surrounded by animal protesters
I'm a grown man, still livin' like I'm young
With the mind of an old man, full of wisdom
Here the cops come, task force van
Rock so much ice, I'm called Jack Frost man
And while we sippin' on cris', you sippin' backwash man
Your team got heart, but your heart's in my hand
You want sixteen bars, in song format
Or sixteen cars on your mom's doormat...wha

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