

G-Unit "50/banks"

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[Intro - 50 Cent talking]

Uh, yeah, G-Unit, uh, yeah 50 Cent, uh, yo

[Chorus 1 - 50 Cent, imitating Timbaland]

Timbaland sounds so good, but I might not be ready

I don't know

If I spend a 100 grand on the beat, then we done

bumped already

Now here we go

(*harmonizing over the beat - doo, doo, doo, doo, doo,
doo, doo)

(doo, doo, doo, doo, doo, doo, doo) (Pee Wee Herman)

(doo, doo, doo, doo, doo, doo, doo, doo, doo, doo,
doo, doo, doo, doo)

(Niggaz look down to Pee Wee Herman)

[50 Cent - Verse 1]

50, lefty, no gun in my right palm

Bronx niggaz love me, like they think our mics on
(WOO)

These rap niggaz not like me, they too soft (yeah)

Get shot down, I get up, shakin' shit off

You know white collar crooks, do jokes on lap tops (uh
huh)

Real niggaz snatch glocks, and run up in spots

We can talk Trump talk, real estate, stocks, and bonds

Or gangsta shit, my Rugers and glocks in palm (uh
huh)

Danger, ring the alarm, kiss the ring of the Don

I conquer like Genghis Kahn, I said song in this song
(god damn)

I won't hesitate to put a knife or a slug in you

And watch you bleed out, that little bit of thug in you

You don't want to bump heads with me, and get hit up

You, you ain't got what it takes to fuckin' get up

Holla niggaz names on records, that shit is played out

But holla mine in your next line, and get layed out

[50 Cent - Chorus 2]

My jewels look so good, and my chain is so heavy

I don't know

If I should stunt for these hos again, cause I did that
already
Now here we go

[Lloyd Banks - Verse 2]

(Lloyd Banks) I don't give a fuck if your favorite rapper
dies, to me thats my spot

I'll celebrate his burial and eat at Haha (yeah)
I've been hungry since a little nigga weed in my high
top (Woo)
Face burgundy red, in need of a eye drop (uh huh)
I had the black Delta Force, blue in the front
Back when Jordan was flyin', and Ewing could dunk
Of course, you can fuck now, you was buyin' the shrimp
then

Me on the other hand, Don Bishop and Pimp King
(*harmonizing of "doo, doo" plays in backgroud until
G-Unit is yelled)

I'm runnin' from a digital Munster
I do this for the hood and every kid in a dumpster
My name is poppin', and I ain't been at it long
My neck's 16, and made Flex drop a Benz latin bomb
(G-UNIT!)

I'm the best thing to happen to hip hop
Since (uh huh) "Life After Death" and that Tupac shit
drop

I'm even good to a white boy with a slick top
Stuck up in the mountains with a gun and the wrist pop
Who? where?, Master P says our watch don't tick tock
I'm cleanin' out my 6 shot, watchin' the Knicks flop
Damn near the whole damn passenger green
Thats how my bedroom, look like the World Trade after
the scene (smoking)

Breaking news, hijack, bus passenger scream (yeah)
I'm your worst nightmare, I crush half of your team
To me your line up is pussy, three wet Pampers
The uzi will have you shakin' like them G-Dep dancers
(damn dude)

(*50 Cent - harmonizing "doo,doo,doo"*)

*beat stops

[Lloyd Banks]

What the fuck happen to the rest of the beat man?

(50 Cent laughing)

