

## **Get Rich Or Die Tryin' "Like My Style"**

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Uh huh, I know you like my style  
Uh huh, you like how I break it down  
Uh huh, I know you like my style  
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I know you like my style  
Uh huh, you like how I break it down  
Wanna get rich? I'll show you how  
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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 hood rats, 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 yo, yo, I got this  
So 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 li'l niggas no product

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

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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 y'all, 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 'cause they wanna be us  
Groupie hoes from the hood they be tryin' ta G us  
Try ta holla at the kid, every 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 thuggin'  
With my hands on that 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, okay, got to ya husband

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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

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 gets to droppin'  
You're not really, really ready, ready  
You think ya ready, ya not, ya not  
Really, really ready, ready

