

## Razorlight

### "50 Bullets"

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--Husalah talking--

Yeah man

You know these niggaz man

They don't understand man

Niggaz man

Niggaz rock wit shit wit clips that hold more than 50  
man

You need to just call in 50 man

I'll slap you in yo face

Make yo eye purple as this rope

[Husalah]

Yeah Husalah

Husalah say a dope rhyme

Load yo clip wit 16 to this four times

Let these niggaz know you the dopest

Yeah I'm focused wit being focused ain't shit if you  
ain't a mobsta

I'm a mobsta

Block, shock, and shrug nigga

I love dealers that slap bitches in the mouth

Yeah it sound foul

Dip and dummy down "set-cla" stupid thou

Truce niggaz on my feet

I'm a wild child

--Big T talking--

Damn 500

You at it again huh there boy

I see you out there doing yo thug thizzle mayne

First it was just another high speed

Now you on your lil' own lil' hype

Now you got The Jacka and the Husalah on this mother  
fucker

Wit Lil' Tone, Young too, [?] on this mother fucker  
mayne

It's gotta go platinum

So turn me up cuz

[Big T]

Cuz I'm from the Mac Block  
To the Olds Block  
To the Half Block  
Shit don't stop  
Until I'm in the Maro  
Comin' down yo block wit dumb knock  
But it still won't stop  
Cuz it's on the fuckin' crackin'  
When I ride wit 500 you know it's 'bout to be a jackin'

[The Jacka]

This ain't P. Diddy makin' a band  
It's a G in the P city makin' a grand  
Every hour, hardly shower  
Cuz I'm tryin' to be flippin' flour  
Fuck the Rob Report

I read the Mob Report  
Yeah scrapin' up the block  
Coke white transport  
Never fight me  
I'm a poor sport  
Niggaz better like me  
50 deep every nigga hyphy  
You don't even like me  
I don't give a shit  
I'll just be wit yo bitch  
You got her feelin' rich  
You lose your grip every time you take a sniff nigga

[500]

Ugh, 500 Double-O  
AH! AH! AH! AH!  
Have you poppin' off your car door  
Skatin' through the town  
Big corners I be bendin'  
It rides like a vet but it's a V-6 engine  
Pay them hoes no attention  
Chrome tip glistenin'  
Stay out the way or you might die flinchin'  
Three dot eight but it runs like a point  
Blowin' trees out my lungs  
Sweet Swisher's no joints  
When I pull up them hoes look A-1 shocks  
Two 12's in the back  
Slidin' hard through the block  
Don't touch me  
These hoes wanna fuck me  
Yeah it's a Jacob  
I know it's not a rollie  
Why she got to clownin'?

Tryin' to floss hard

Bitch don't you know I'm a mother fuckin' star  
Put the money on the hood  
And your Burberry coat  
Niggaz start to run up  
Niggaz gettin' chose  
50 in my clip  
Homie what about yours?  
Well back yo ass up  
Before you catch a heat soar

[Lil' Tone]

Stand on the block  
Post all night  
It's hot so nigga gon' post all night  
Don't got time to waste  
So I'm on a paper chase  
Game I'm lacin' as I'm spitin' the flow  
Getting' the doe, pimpin' the ho  
You know how we do  
Come through so sick in a tight whip  
Maybe your under-bucket  
We don't give a fuck  
If you like it or not  
Your bitch still gon' jock  
Cuz she see a young thug risin' to the top  
Fuckin' wit my cutty Husalah  
And the nigga The Jack  
500 we back  
They can't fuck wit that [hell naw cuz, yeah]

-=500 talking=-

Now see, see  
I'm trynna explain  
I'm trynna tell you [I'm trynna tell you]  
Ugh, you niggaz  
I'm trynna explain what I'm, what I'm, what I'm, what I'm  
trynna say

Like BLAH!

But sometimes it just, it don't get across  
Oh yeah, oh yeah, believe that, yeah, yeah, fo' sho  
I like this one  
Oh yeah, believe that

[500]

50 in my clip homie what about yours  
Three shots that'll clear your door

-=500 talking=-

And you bitches wanna get involved too  
You goin' along wit it  
That's how we ride out here

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