

**Yuki****""n Thugs We Trust"**Visit [""n Thugs We Trust](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(Shots being fired)

Yeah, that'll do it  
Yeah, I love hip hop  
I love this muthafuckin hip hop game  
This nigga here is a little nigga man  
Stay in your motherfucking lane nigga  
You fucking with the Don nigga  
Folow me

[Chorus]

Fifty me, Fifty, he's the fakest that you've ever seen  
Curtis, Curtis Jackson, how come you can never been  
seen  
Once I got you, I'm gonna get give you  
My, My, fo fo fo fo  
My, My, fo fo fo fo  
My, My, fo fo fo fo  
I'm going to give it to you baby, nice and slow

Fifty you goin to end up dead when you fuckin with  
crack  
Talk about your girl pop off, where the fuck you be at  
I see MJ in the hood more than Curtis  
Matter of fact, this beef shit is making niggaz nervous  
It's gonna be families grieving every sunday service  
End up with your head popped off thanks to Curtis  
But he don't care, he's still locked up in his house and  
shit  
Steroid up and he wont come about that bitch  
Is it me or does candy shop sound like magic stick?  
In the video, this nigga fifty bout to strip  
Shaking his ass, what the fuck is wrong with this nigga  
Fifty don't make me  
Oh yeah, you got sixty-five niggaz on your team  
And they're not from Southside Jamaica, Queens  
They're the boys in blue, and I'm just speaking the truth  
Yeah we all see the bitch in you  
Follow me

[Chorus]

Fifty me, Fifty, he's the fakest that you've ever seen  
Curtis, Curtis Jackson, how come you can never been  
seen  
Once I got you, I'm gonna get give you  
My, My, fo fo fo fo  
My, My, fo fo fo fo  
My, My, fo fo fo fo  
I'm going to give it to you baby, nice and slow

Now let's take it back to Vibe awards  
Where that nigga disrespect and then snuffed your  
balls  
A minute ago, all I heard was G-G-G-G-Unit  
Fifty niggaz ran and they didn't even do shit  
That's a shame, I was sitting right in the front  
Waiting for you niggaz to dunk  
Where are all your guns and them teflon vests?  
We them terror squad boys  
You should know not to test us  
Hate it or love it, The Game's on top  
Now you jealous of him, when your shit going to stop?  
You've seen me before  
Yous a bitch nigga straight out of low cash  
And they don't believe him, this nigga is so ass  
You dissed lean back, said my shit was a dud  
Now tell me, have you ever seen 'em up in the club?  
No, no, no shawty  
That's right, you see them more than you rappin  
Now Fifty that ain't right

[Chorus]

Fifty me, Fifty, he's the fakest that you've ever seen  
Curtis, Curtis Jackson, how come you can never been  
seen  
Once I got you, I'm gonna get give you  
My, My, fo fo fo fo  
My, My, fo fo fo fo  
My, My, fo fo fo fo  
I'm going to give it to you baby, nice and slow

I know what y'all thinkin man  
Y'all thinkin JD gonna slam lyrically  
This nigga be crazy for dissin' Fat Joe man  
He really crazy tho  
This nigga be walkin around with twenty cops talking  
shit on records  
And never be comin out of his house  
Feel like he can't get touched man  
I'm gonna respond one time, one time only  
It ain't gonna be more songs for me man  
This is for all the mutha fuckers who die crack

Trust me, make a response ten thousand times  
I ain't talkin back to that nigga  
One thing I will promise you  
That's it man  
This is crack bitch  
It's gonna be a real ugly summer man

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