

**504 Boyz F/ X-Con****"50/Banks"**

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(\*Starts off with the beat of Tweet's "Call Me," then changes over to Bubba Sparxxx & Jadakiss' "They Ain't Ready")

[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 IHOP (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)

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