

Jennifer Lopez F/ LL Cool J**"50 Bars"**

Visit "[50 Bars](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[repeat 2X]

50 bars of pleasure, 50 bars of pain
When I'm dead and gone niggaz gon' remember my
name, 50

[50 Cent]

Yo, Black is flashy like Alpo, gun happy like Papi
Sneaky muh'fucka 'mind me of nigga that clapped me
He ain't the type you shoot dice with and win dawg
Unless you want to get your ass laid out in Gilmore
He had some soldiers, 'mind me Troy and E-Bags
When they came through they hollored like, "Whattup
Conrad?"
Grimy niggaz, they loved to get gully
Summertime, still had on black gloves and skullies
The Lex 450 pulled up that's Cornbread
Them niggaz from Philly woulda called him an old head
But he a O.G., 'mind me of Chaz and Bump, real low
key
Sounded like they don't know nothin about drama
For this money shit many men do trauma
Switchy walked in son, this bitch had the baddest ass
The bulletproof glass was rolled down on his S-Class
Heard in D.C., he kept mad blocks in order
Picture this, a young nigga gettin it like Rich Porter
Sonny came in for half a pit - he got knocked
He on lock still controllin the spot from Comstock
Pop pulled up in the CL5, surprisin Caine
His man just got fucking merked by some lame
Heard he got it in the Range nigga Caine popped one in
his brain
over some-thang, took his watch and his chain
Country boys off the hook down there in Richmond
mayne
In the black 740 I sat, my hat turned back
"Down down baby," Nelly singin my wrist blingin what?
I'm waiting on this nigga Wise, three loaves for two
pies
Son he smokin that shit, I can see it in his eyes
Comin up Wise, and locs is close
And locs ride 'round lookin for wires to toast

Benny hopped out the Escalade with a few thorough
men
From B-More, they sellin heroin in Maryland
Reverts back to Diesel, killed like 4 fiends
His popularity grew, that only meant more cream
First it was him and his brother, now he got a team
Went from 5 and a half grams to livin the dream
Seen he pulled up, God damn, you know his format
Bentley is all marble in the door, mink floor match
Hit the hazards, out the stash box popped 2 glocks
Peace "All Eyez on Me," 2Pac
Everybody know he a boss he still gotta floss
He on the same bullshit that sent Gotti up north
That's Ty in the blue TS, stuntin like he Nicky Barnes
He broke but he talk like he a Don
Homes hoppin out the Jag that's Max, Haitian cat
Kill a nigga quick remind me of Haitian Jack
I peeped his style son I know his steelo, he on the d-low
He smile at niggaz mumblin fuck you in Creole
Heard war stories bout how he maneuver with the
Ruger
Hold the iron horizontally and send shots through ya
Few niggaz tried to merk him, most them got found
Some turned away try to run they in wheelchairs now
Banks hopped out, bulletproof this, bulletproof that
Bulletproof snorkel, bulletproof hat
Got out a black Hummer, he blew 90 on that
Poppin mad shit like he gonna bulletproof that, let's go

[repeat 2X]
50 bars of pleasure, 50 bars of pain
When I'm dead and gone niggaz gon' remember my
name, 50

Visit [Jennifer Lopez F/ LL Cool J](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.