

Tony Yayo "Better Ask Somebody"

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50 Cent]

I, know, you, know

I'm, on, fiiiii-re

[Chorus: 50 Cent]

If, you don't know, who I be

You betta ask someboooooody about me

Oh - you wanna be tough nigga, enough is enough

I put that snub nose to ya and bust nigga

If, you don't know, who I be

You betta ask someboooooody about me

And they'll tell ya I'm a soldier boy

And I done told ya, over and over boy

[Verse One - Lloyd Banks]

I come from a big city, the streets corrupt

Now I'm rollin with snub-noses to heat you up

Out here niggaz'll do anything to reach a buck

Cause when you broke you can't afford to fuck ya sneakers up

I take my time, keep my mind on my bank funds

Learn how to seperate the real from the fake ones

And on my heater nina rep what could I carry on

My nigga just lost his momma, and his daddy gone

From now on I can provide cause my paper's straight

Family losin his legs, but I can take the weight

Some niggaz hate but I'll be damned if they hold me down

Front niggaz didn't know me then, bet they know me now

Blunt and a smile, eventually it'll be a frown

Cause every time I turn around a nigga locked down

While I'm in the world, tryna bring my loot through

Hopin one day we can kick it like we used to, my nigga

[Chorus]

[Verse Two - Young Buck]

Uhh, they never seen 26's on a Hummer

My goal is to try to fuck Trina by the summer

Some niggaz hate me, but they only made me

Go and put mo' ice in my mouth than Baby (bling)

bling!)

G-Unit and Shady, them dudes is crazy
Next time, we only usin Dr. Dre's beats
Fuck you, pay me, take your magazine flicks
This ain't no Nelly hurr, take a good look at this
Got the wrists of a chemist and the heart of a hustler
Plus I probably done robbed mo' artists than Russell
Always in trouble, you can blame my mother
Gave birth to a gorilla and raised him in the jungle
I ain't crawled, I stumbled across the Mexican with
birds
Papi had coke and new plates and pounds of herb
Keep my hand on my glock, and my ear to the streets
I'm a country boy, you can hear it when I speak
G-Unit!

[Chorus]

[Verse Three - 50 Cent]

Bentley is all dreams, G-5 is understood
I made a nigga heart colder than December (yeah!)

Don't take much to make my gun go off
One shot'll make a hardrock look oh so soft (woo!)

If you don't know you better ask who I be
Or end up in ICU gettin fed through a IV
Down in the Lou, they say they feelin me derry
In New Orleans they say I'm that nigga, ya heard me?
From them Southside blocks to Watts, Westside don't
front

You know about them Grapestreet Gangstas, G'd up
Rollin that weed up
Nigga get outta line, get shot stabbed jacked
Hit with a bat or beat up
Fuck that, we're on that same bullshit
Same forty-cally glock, same full clip
Pussy claat bwoy, ya nah wanna tak wif me
I'm a real rudebwoy, ya nah wanna ruf wif me

[Chorus]

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