

Vaselines

"Beg for Mercy"

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G G G, G G G-Unit
No peace talks, no white flags
No mercy, I'm gettin yo ass

[50 Cent]
Niggas done heard about my click how we stay wit the toastas
Blood in, blood out, la kostra nostra
You don't wanna bang wit the best
I'll have Doc removin fragments from your chest
They say God's a forgivin' man, I hope he forgive
Thirty shells I let off don't curse my kid
They say Fifty done blew up, Fifty you changed
Nigga you stunt, I pull out
And you see I'm that same nigga that when he start to roar
I think he's flyin
Eight outta eight on movin targets
You run? You still dyin
Check my resume, I am oh so loco
Mama ain't raise no chump, I don't talk no pocco

[Chorus - 50 Cent]
Sticks and stones may break bones and the shells may hurt me
But I take it like a man, you beg for mercy
Keep your eyes wide open, nigga's lookin for it too
Shit is real 'round here, you surrounded by crooks

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[Young Buck]
There once was some niggas that tried to murda me
I hit em up, put em in plastic surgery
This 4-5 has made a lot of guys apologize
The truth come out, 'stead of hearin' a lot of lies
Some niggas catch a case and then claim they hard

A couple chest wounds will make a nigga change his
heart
I just play my part, and while you shootin up cars
I'm smokin' niggas like a Cuban cigar
Let's get it poppin'

[Chorus]

[Lloyd Banks]

I'm tired of you niggas with your maybe beef
We gonna be here forever, you're temporary like baby
teeth
I'm in and out the night clubs, A-D-D
Dark blue Benz, navy seats, eighty sneaks
These niggas tellin' out the blue
So you hang em off the bridge
At least they'll have to helicopter you
The Jimmy lived in the bags, the Bell or Hop will do
I rap for the neighborhood niggas that failed in high
school
You can tell I came a long way in my sense, home
grown
That's why them little niggas in the projects love me
You provide the beat downs for free, I paid my dues
I don't even freestyle for free
I gave em a break, flew over seas
But it's kinda hard to get homie-sick when there's blue
in the trees
Sit back and try to play your role wit the copies
I put more staples in yo ass than a telephone pole, Yea

[Chorus]

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