

Drama Never Ends

50 Cent

I get that gun, you know that blow and baking soda be the recipe
Fasho I make that .40 Cali' blow, you get the best of me
The drama's gonna never end, never end
Keep thinkin' I'm playin'
I know for sure I'll split your mothafuckin' head, you get to testin' me
You call the cops and i get knocked, I swear to the death of me
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It's hard, yeah, it's hard, this that New York shit
That black glove, wood grip, outline 'em and chalk shit
I don't wanna talk, say a prayer for my enemies
Droptop, ten shots, I'll make your ass a memory
Time to ride, homicide, I'm down with it
I'll wave that chopper, hit your whip and shake the ground with it
Fuck with N dot Bonepart, get your ass blown apart
Hip hop's Napoleon, you know war, you know me then
I'll hunt you like a great dane
Hit you, hit you like a freight train
Run off with your fake chains
I'll give you mothafuckas somethin' to believe in
Knife work your lungs, I'll make it hard to breathe in
Little shit could be a big enough reason
You're dancin' with the wolves, fool, better feed them
I feel for you, you ain't ready for the outcome
Nigga I'll get at you all week with the same gun

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Me I punch every nigga first I had a fight with
Maybe it's genetics, mama made me like this
Cocaine baby, problem child, half crazy
Children of the Corn, I've been warned so long
Big strap for robberies with my little 380
I'll make your little lady miscarry a baby
You leave the scene unseen when I get to trippin'
Pistol whip your head hard enough to blur your vision
What up, comrade, salute, I pull rank, I got bank
Just fucked up work, askin' if we'll use shanks
Every clique I'm in my clique, nigga, I run shit
I put in my own work, run, get who you gon' get
This is how it feels when you squeeze a Smith & Wesson
When talk is not an option, it's a form of expression
You got to go to work on a nigga
The red shit comin' through the shirt on a nigga
My gift to a gravedigger

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