

# 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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