

Get The Message

50 Cent

I left a message for your toy, got a chrome .44
Get the message, come out and get the message
It won't even be a war, no beef no more
Get the message, come out and get my message

I was a itty-bitty nigga when Prince killed Drake
I'm a shooter, ask Bizzy, he made us that way
I spend seven-and-a-half hours baggin up grams
Gotta watch these niggaz with the sticky-ass hands
See my face, do a hundred grams chopped on the mirror
Tell me I can't eat, I ain't tryin to hear it
JoJo wanted the bitches, I was tryin get my weight up
Nigga get in the way and get shot down, straight up
I'm grimy, yeah my friends killed my friends
Like Blackey, he did that shit to him
Get at me, I'm back strapped up again
I tried, I can't change, I'll always be the same
I tell my lil' niggaz fuck pray
And any motherfucker down with 'em can suck me - I'm still mad
I got the cream to make a murder scene
If y'all niggaz ain't shootin y'all can't fuck with me, come fuck with me

The D's kick my door, got knocked with a half a brick
I came on the nuts, son niggaz ain't give me shit
I tried bein cool, that cool shit don't work for me
I put my gun in your face, you hear my ass perfectly
You can't park 'round here while I'm down here
I shot Chris whip up, he came back shot Richie head
But that ain't who he aim for, get who you came for
Apollo, amateur night, your name is in lights
I don't clown, I get down, I'm a different breed
Yeah, wait until these jokers get a load of me
I watch your clique like a flick, find your backbone
Line 'em up nice, come through with the mac blowin
Beef ain't nothin new to me, it's all a repeat
I leave a shooter by your door to make your ass sleep
Now come out come out, find out what I'm about
That Ruger, that luger, I air your ass out