Murder One

50 Cent

Yo, whassup, man? This the kid, 50 Cent, man!
New Gangsta Grillz, "The Lost Tape", man.
I made this joint, man, made me sick, man.
Doctor came in an' said: "Man, you got germs, man."
"You got germs from touchin' too much mothafuckin' money, BIITCH! "
Yo, get ready and get a-goin'!
But don't you ever forget it, nigga...
I'm the reason why you make a mixtape... YOU SUCKA! [beat starts]

Ayo, Fif'!
I was thinkin'...
You should go back to doin' the shit you used to do. (AAAAWWWWWWWW!)

Murder them? - Murder them!
They violate? I demonstrate, yeah! I'll murder them!
Ni... ([Lil' Jon:] "GANGSTA GRIZZILL! ")

Ayo, Fif'!
I was thinkin'...
You should go back to doin' the shit you used to do. (AAAAWWWWWWWW!)

Murder them? - Murder them!
They violate? I demonstrate, yeah! I'll murder them!
Niggas be frontin' wooord up; they stuntin' till they huuurt up!
That Semi talk I'll let it buck, I had these niggas runnin' hard! [3 silence
red shots] [body drops]
I'll pull a nigga's skirt uuup, and have him kickin' dirt uuup
I'll get a nigga an' a nigga BACK UP stupid hard.
Silence! - It's the return of the TYRANT!
Seein' through my third eye with both closed eyelids. (YEAH!)
Stand closer to the homie you gon' die with (AAAWWW!)
Flames come up out the muzzle on the shit that I spit. (IT HURTS!)
I'm talkin' like the Feds ain't listenin', (uh!)
Nigga this is a pool of piranhas you're fishin' in. (c'mon!)
I give to a nigga if he want it, (whoo!)
Better ask niggas about me I'll be on it. (HAHAAAA!)
I get to drop, blow out your knot. - Perfect plannin'!
Hit your back with somethin' hot - out the cannon!

It's murder one! (one!) - It's premedi-tated!
MURRRDER! - Then it's another one! (Lil' Jon: "GANGSTA GRIZZILL! ")
Back to back put the work in
It's murder one! (one!) - It's premedi-tated!
MURRRDER! (yeah!) - Then it's another one! (one!)
Back to backroom workin'!

You know I ain't got the strap on me, BARR holdin' that for me!

I'm fucked up! - It really doesn't matter, tho. (YEAH!)
Hundred 9mm shells in the Calico. (UHH-HUUUH!)
Wait! - Niggas drop like dominoes!
Run for your life, puta! - Si, - vámonos! (WHOOOOO!)
I was taught to see my crew a long time ago,
Grew up around cocaine, yeah! Even my mamma know. (uhh!)
I cut a "O" in the fo' - with seven at a time; (what?!)
Made four-hundred of that. - You know a nigga grind. (C'MON!)
Like Cindy Lauper, bitch; - "Time After Time"! (what?!)

A nigga shine - like a nickel-9. (AAAAWWWW!)
I've been talkin' to the man in the mirror (yeah!)
Nigga so ass, they was shakin' like Shakira. (WHOOOOOO!)
It seems like my vision's gettin' clearer;
See me coming with the hammer out, death is gettin' near ya! (uh!)
It's funny how niggas never hear ya
Till you run down on 'em, - gun down on 'em!

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MURRRDER! - Then it's another one!
Back to back put the work in
It's murder one! (one!) - It's premedi-tated!
MURRRDER! (yeah!) - Then it's another one! (one!)
Back to backroom workin'!

Yeah!
Startin' to feel like the old me! [beat fades-out]
Hahaaaa!

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