

# O.J.

50 Cent

Put on my O.J. gloves and watch me kill this shit  
Beat the case then come home and go back from doing some different shit  
I'm pulling off a O.J. off, off a O.J.

I'm smoking up my lungs,  
This liquor drowning my liver  
I'm now using these prescriptions, these pancakes now full of syrup  
Mayweather all contenders, I eat each rappers for dinner  
Put these ratting ass niggas in a sewer; Master Splinter  
Sound like my phone is bugged, give a nigga the jitters  
I don't give a fuck, tell the pigs to kiss my shitter  
Yeah I'm kind of thinner but Goddam you're jeans are slimmer  
I don't want you round my children, you look like a sex offender  
Planet of the apes, I'm a G Unit gorilla  
All these rappers claim they killers  
Proly sue you when you hit them  
See I'm not what you used to  
I ain't soo woo, I ain't crippin'  
I'm a rider gang nigga  
We gonn get it where we fit it

Got a new bitch that's so bad  
Yeah she don't know what she doin'  
And her ass so round and fat  
When she touch me I'm like boooing!  
I won't hit and I won't tell  
So I don't wanna flip a coin  
I don't kiss it, I don't tell  
So her close friend she can join  
They don't call me from the pens  
That's to see how things are going  
So the money, it still flowing  
Get a rider gang, it's still glowing  
And my neck and my wrist,  
And my ears and my fist  
Got diamonds all over shit glowing  
And the Lambo ain't got no top  
It ain't summer yet but it's hot  
You gon lose the speech when you hit the streets  
And you see the bitches I got  
You better believe it's real  
From the Philippines to Brazil  
Lil Mexican chica, I want you to meet her  
People can give it to you pure  
100% uncut, now nigga you know wassup

MJG, bitch I got them 8 balls  
4 door garage, bitch I need 8 cars  
They want me locked up  
They singing like Akon  
Her shatter, like I do head on  
Bitch my life right and you niggas dead wrong  
I would take your head on so you can see me head on  
I'm gettin' my air blown, you know what her head on  
She got my head gone, shit I'm bout to head home

Kim jong that's my destination  
Still street, never handed in my resignation  
Ding dong, I'm at your doorbell waiting  
Who tryna get served, I'm 'bout to do some catering