

The Hit

50 Cent

Uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh

I change places, to prevent catchin' the cases
Races, in the faces, hall at you laces
This is a hit, let's see if homicide trace this

The only thing hotter than my flow is the block (inhale and exhale)
That's why I left this snow biz, and got into show biz
Let's get this clear, it ain't on 'til I say it's on, (pause), it's on
I'm eatin', ya'll niggas fastin' like it's Rimadon
Bowlsh way in Lebanon, know 50 the bomb
I be at the edge of the bar, sippin' a Don
I keep the bottle just in case, you never know when it's on
This worries bump, I can't go wrong, my team's too strong
You want war? I take you to war, now that my money long
Why you broke? cat's buy the by lines and fantasize
The way I'm spittin', put TV's in everything I'm sittin'
While I'm hot to death, I'm gonna say this to all you playa haters
Ya'll should hate the game, not the playas (c'mon)

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Everyday is bugged, niggas'll come to a club
To try to show you they a thug, instead of showing some love
Now, what you think you chump me, If I let you bump me
When I'm about to make a mill, faster than you make a G (haha)
I know I lie, it's a habit, I vow to clean the city like the mayor
And in the crack game, I'm a franchise player
Niggas be thinkin' I be out to lunch with mines
Then in crunch time, I start hittin' 'em hard with punch lines
You cats got to be sick, to think 50 can't spit
Better check my batting average, I always make hits
My flows leave these rap cats ketro (ketoro), all across the metro (metro)
Plus I pack a cannon, up under my marple cannon
They fake, they look like money, but ain't worth half the cake
Have me runnin' from Jake, in a GS with bad brakes
They want to knock me take, for Christ sakes

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Yo, son remember them fake playas
Who try to play us at The Shark Club in Vegas
Had them tight linen blazers, and beat up gators
Lookin' like last year's playas, (pause)
Yeah, I could tell they dough was low
When we came through the do'
I copped a case of Cristal, and copped one bottle of Mo
From the looking through face, and the bulge in his waist, he holdin'
(Yeah he's packin', I can see his rack
The one in the middle, he a big man, I dealt with him son)
Yeah, so I expect look like they ain't had a run, since ' 81
They ain't here on a hunt for food,
So they could catch you, some cash, and expensive jewels
I'm gonna crash 'em with this bottle if he move
I ain't the one son, my shit ain't come easy
It won't go easy, believe me

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