

# What Up Gangsta

50 Cent

G-Unit (What)  
We in here (What)  
We can get the drama popping  
We don't care (What, what, what)  
It's going down (What)  
'Cause I'm around (What)  
50 Cent, you know how I gets down (Down)

What up, Blood? (What)  
What up, Cuz? (What)  
What up, Blood? (What)  
What up, Gangstaaa?

What up, Blood? (What)  
What up, Cuz? (What)  
What up, Blood? (What)  
What up, Gangstaaa?

They say I walk around like got an "S" on my chest  
Naw, that's a semi-auto, and a vest on my chest  
I try not to say nothing, the DA might want to play in court  
But I'll hunt or duck a nigga down like it's sport  
Front on me, I'll cut ya, gun-butt ya or bump ya  
You getting money? I can't none with ya then fuck ya  
I'm not the type to get knocked for D.W.I.  
I'm the type that'll kill your connect when the coke price rise  
Gangstas, they bump my shit then they know me  
I grew up around some niggas that's not my homies  
Hundred G's I stash it (what), the mack I blast it (yeah)  
D's come we dump the diesel and battery acid  
This flow's been mastered, the ice I flash it  
Chokes me, I'll have your mama picking out your casket, bastard  
I'm on the next level, right lane forget bezzle  
Benz pedal to the metal, hotter than a tea kettle, god (what)

What up, Blood? (What)  
What up, Cuz? (What)  
What up, Blood? (What)  
What up, Gangstaaa?

What up, Blood? (What)  
What up, Cuz? (What)  
What up, Blood? (What)  
What up, Gangstaaa?

We don't play that  
We don't play that  
We don't play that (G-Unit)  
We don't play around

I sit back, twist the best bud, burn and wonder  
When gangstas bump my shit, can they hear my hunger?  
When the 5th kick, duck quick, it sounds like thunder  
In December I'll make your block feel like summer  
The rap critics say I can rhyme, the fiends say my dope is a nine  
Every chick I fuck with is a dime  
I'm like Patty LaBelle, homie, I'm on my own

Where I lay my hat is my home, I'm a rolling stone  
Cross my path I'll crush ya, thinking I won't touch ya  
I'll have your ass using a wheelchair, cane, or crutches  
Industry hoe fuckers, in the hood they love us  
Stomp a bone out your ass with some brand new chuckas

What up, Blood? (What)  
What up, Cuz? (What)  
What up, Blood? (What)  
What up, Gangstaaa?

What up, Blood? (What)  
What up, Cuz? (What)  
What up, Blood? (What)  
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We don't play that  
We don't play that (G-Unit)  
We don't play around