

When I Pop The Trunk

50 Cent

Nigga no wait, no time box, no funeral
Just 9 shots, take top 5, plus big 4
You got 50, I love war

Who wanna box, with my ox, they wanna dump him
I wanna dump him
It's click clack pop pop when I pop the trunk
It's click clack pop pop when I pop the trunk (2x)

Think I got him, 10 shots, follow the trail of the blood drops
Fuck the police, better talk to allah arc
Nigga you bleeding bad, damn, you bleeding bad
Your Rolex soaked, like the cortex in your neck
It's gonna get dark
Where's the cops when you fucking need them?
That blood feeling your lungs boy I see you weezing
The harder you tryna run you mug leaking
You could have found something better to do this weekend
I got an arsenal burn your face off properly
Guns ammo, knife Rambo,
Nightmare, wake up on right there
You hellbound, hell yea

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Talk that shit now I love it when you front
Eating all that pussy guess cat got your tongue
Open up your mouth when [?]
Buckshot come out the back of your neck like razor bumps
I'm too small to fight you can swing all you want
I box with the ox, you drop, I swing once
This is a sad scene, at least you die happy
Next lick eater looking like you was smiling at me
Damn Kidd Kidd, snuck at me and just stabbed me
Tell a nigga I'm grimy, bitch I'm from [?] street
If you holler gangsta shit, come get at me
I sprint like athletes in a track meet

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