

# 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

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

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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