

When You Hear That

50 Cent

You want some of this?

When you hear that... (gun cocking)
Nigga, it's on
When you hear that... (gun cocking)
You better be gone
It could be in the late night or in the morn'
Shells will bend your ass up - word is born
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You say you a shooter; nobody believes you
I don't say I'm a shooter; I just shoot if I need to
Gat bust
Adrenaline rush
High off dust
Rap tycoon
Mossberg boom
Nigga, I go through ya whole set
I come through ya hood bumpin' Bobby Womack
Old school, new school
Nigga, don't move
I run up right behind your ass, lightin' up the tool
Nigga, what?

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Yeah, nigga
50, nigga
You know what time it is
The Talk of New York

I'm like a Mexican drug lord - my cash come quicker
I'm sittin' on bricks like a Columbian nigga
Movin' coke - a lot of that white shit
On the Amtrak, comin' back with this dyke chick
And this white bitch
Man I just bought a nice whip
Chi-Chi get that Yayo; homie toss that brick
They lovin' my product
They fiendin' to buy it
Man, I got these fiends gettin' skinny like Bohemian Diets

Po-Po they creep pass
Man, I peep task
They lookin' at my face cause I shoot like Steve Nash
The Llama in the truck
Baby mama baggin' up
Got Medina in the cut
So these fiends ballin' up

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You hear that boy, Yayo
Ah, man
It's crazy
You just 'gon give 'em that for free?
Ah, man
I'm puttin' this shit out man
Tony Yayo man...
2nd quarter
AH!