

## 50 Shot Ya

DJ Kay Slay

Yo, yo, yo  
What the fuck poppin' man  
This the Drama King man  
Yo who there, who dat, who there man?  
(Yeah, yeah, it's 50 Cent nigga)  
Muthafucka (What's up man)  
Uh, Harlem to Queens muthafuckas  
(Heh, What's up nigga)  
And I'll smack the fuckin' shit out your favorite DJ man  
Y'all know what the fuck it is man (Yeah, yeah)  
(And, and say somethin ya bitch-ass nigga)  
Yeah, street justice muthafucka  
(Yeah, go ahead, say something)  
Yo, yo, check it out fifty  
You handle the bitch-ass rap niggas  
I'mma handle the bitch-ass DJ niggas  
(Alright, alright)  
We gon' bring justice to the game  
(That's how we gon' put it down)  
Straight muthafuckas

That's the sound of the man, cockin' that thang - that thaaaang  
That's the sound of the man, clappin' that thang - thaaang  
Yo, in my hood we was taught not to say who shot ya  
See the flash, you heard the shot, you feel the burnin', I got ya  
Say a prayer for me if you care for me cause I'm on the edge  
I'm finna put a shell in a nigga head  
I rock a lot of ice, I dare you to scheme on it  
The fifth got a rubber grip and a beam on it  
Homie that took the hit on me couldn't shoot  
They say I'm skinny now, but I look big in a coupe  
My cousin Uzi out in L.A. done tripped and do the sets again  
Got shot the fuck up tryin' to rob the wrong Mexicans  
I write my lifestyle, y'all niggas is cheaters  
Your lines come from feds, felons and don diva  
Oh you the black hand of death, then why your name ain't preacher  
If you a pimp like Ken why them hoes don't treat ya?  
If you wanna ball like Kirk, now shorty let me teach ya  
This flow's God sent, it's bound to reach ya

Problem child, I'm familiar with problems  
I know how to solve em  
Semi-automatic, luger tray, revolve em  
Shoot em up, rob em  
In the hood we starvin, you don't want problems  
Problem child

And why can't you be man enough  
To tell me where you're comin' from

They say you can never repay the price for takin' a man's life  
I'm in debt with Christ, I done did that twice  
I'm nice, y'all niggas can't hang with fifty  
"Blaaat", y'all niggas can't bang with fifty  
For every bar in the rhyme, there's a shell and a nine  
For every stone in the cross, there's a bitch I tossed  
See the wounds in my skin they from a war of course

You can check C-N-N for the "War Report"  
See the drama got me ridin' with a sawed-off shottie  
Catch you at the light, I blow ya ass off the Ducati  
Man, niggas ain't gon' do me like Sammy did Gotti  
I'll do it myself, I don't need no help  
Give me a knife, I'll get rid of your neighborhood bully  
Give me a minute, I'll take a fuckin' car with a pully  
See the hood is the deepest stole my innocence young  
Niggas jumped me cause they couldn't beat me one-on-one

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I must've broke a mirror at three and had bad luck for seven  
Cause pops slid, mommy died before I turned eleven  
This cities split 'posed to let black cats cross your path  
The footprints in the sand is Satan carryin' your ass  
I got "God Understand Me" tattooed in my skin  
When I die, come back, I'mma tattoo it again  
I'm the young buck that let the gun buck  
Roll the window down and say: "'Wassup", niggas get ready to duck  
My heart is a house, homie, fear don't live here  
Nigga believe me when I say I don't care  
Muslims mix a lot, God studied they lessons  
Even when my luck's hard I still count my blessings  
See that look in my eye, ya betta keep on steppin'  
Spent time on my cell floor, to sharpen my weapon  
If you pussy I'mma smell you when you come around here  
Them boys in Pelican Bay couldn't live in my tier

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