

## 50 Cent

Esham

Bitch, that's funny  
To play the game of death, it cost you fifty cent  
Fiddy cent, fifty cent  
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Fiddy cent, fifty cent  
To play the game of death, it cost you fifty cent  
Fiddy cent, no clowns allowed

Okay, okay, okay  
To have money like me, you best to not pray  
And you gotta sell yo soul  
And always keep a motherfuckin' devil in control  
(Alright) You say I'm not allowed in? (Okay)  
I just watched the demons all pile in  
Hip hop been Luciferic spirits  
It just took you this long to hear it

(Bitch) Fifty cent  
That's what it'll cost you to pay the rent  
(Bitch) Fifty cent  
Nobody know where's your head went  
(Bitch) Fifty cent  
You put it in the game, now you just ashamed  
(Bitch) Fifty cent  
You losin', I took down your high score  
(Bitch) Now that's my score  
(Bitch) Yeah, got the fly score  
Fifty cent  
Two quarter, I slaughter  
(Bitch) Fifty cent  
Put it in the change thang and change thangs  
Fifty cent  
It'll only cost you fifty cent