

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, 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