

# 50 Cent, Elemntry

[50 Cent]

G Unit!

[50 Cent]

A, B

[Scarlett]

You can't fuck with me

[50 Cent]

C, D

[Scarlett]

We from the Harlem streets

[50 Cent]

E, F

[Scarlett]

Don't talk me to death

[50 Cent]

G, H

[Scarlett]

It's elementary

[Scarlett]

Picture me rolling Range Rover

Same color your Air Force Ones

White on white, ya like?

Red I flight the night

From L.A. to N.Y.

I'm Harlem bound

You see how bitches tips up, when Scarlett 'round

Niggas get the heart to holla while we up in the club

But get intimidated when they see me sitting on dubs

I hear 'em whispering "Ain't a man, shit that's heard."

She roll with them G Unit niggas, that's what's up

Disrespect me, I'll have niggas blast ya up

Take my advice, don't let ya peoples gas ya up

I got a fetish for the chips

20's for the six

Hollows for the clips

Try me, if you think I'm playing bitch

And the police we'll have another crime scene taker

Jim Star crush your head, give your ass a shape-up

Uptown niggas known for the money they make

Everybody ain't shook, you see doing the shake

[50 Cent][Chorus]

The boss spending ends

Saying, "Gimme that Benz, 20 inch rims, and four TV's"

The snitch in the precinct saying, "He sell X, he sell techs, and he sell D"

The balla by the bar saying, "Everybody drink, the best champgane, it's all on me"

Snitch in the back of the police car, pointing out the window saying, "He robbed me"

It's elementary

[Lloyd Banks]

1,2,3,4

[50 Cent]

Lloyd Banks' in the house

[Lloyd Banks]

Now get the fuck on the floor

I slid through the front door

With the 9 and the velour

A cal in my pocket

You wil', I'mma pop it

I'm down for a profit

I'm ghetto as hell

You can't you tell?

My road dog, under the jail

Getting frustrating mail

So I'm drinking and smoking

Thinking and hoping

This cell gon' open  
You can dance next to me, but don't throw an elbow  
I'll throw one back and leave blood on your Shell Toes  
Hell no  
I ain't paying for pleasure  
Your pussy don't bring rainbows and pots of treasure  
It's every girl's dream, to floss with the team  
Long on the suine  
DVD's on the screen  
Blowing on cream  
Waiting for you to scheme  
You ain't gotta know how to read, to spray a magazine  
[Chorus]  
[Tony Yayo]  
I don't wanna grow up, I'mma hustler kid  
Go'head and stunt, see I don't pop two your wig  
I'm artistic, intelligent, so much ability  
When I use them big words, your bitch be feeling me  
So ya'll niggas hate me, 'cause your wives be our groupies  
Ya'll irritate me, like loud people in the movies  
Fall back, matter fact back down  
'Cause I just passed security without no pat down  
You can catch me in the bathroom blowing a sticky  
Or catch me on the dancefloor feeling some tits  
Sex sells, so I'mma P-I-M-P  
So my pockets never be empty  
It ain't no problem, we scoop them models  
We got condoms, coups, and lavish condos  
50 got me getting ass like I never did  
So when I step in the club, hoes love the kid  
[Chorus]  
[50 Cent]  
The cat in the house go  
Meow, meow, meow, meow, meow, meow, meow, meow, meow  
The bird in the cage go  
Tweet, tweet, tweet, tweet, tweet, tweet  
It's elementary