

50 Cent, Get In My Car

[Intro]
Uhhhhh
Yeah
Uhhhhh
Yeah

[Verse 1]

I'm a straight guerilla with it, cold hearted killa wit it
Any nigga gettin' outta line can get it
I make it hot, mothafuckas freeze up when I come through
Mac-10, thirty two shot clip in my snorkel
I might smile and say whats up but I don't fuck with you niggas
My rap money slow up, I'll run up on you niggas
I'm on the edge, I'm just waitin' on a nigga to push me
Put my hand on my strap, what you lookin' at pussy
We ain't buddies, we ain't partners and we damn sure ain't friends
So much chrome on my Benz, you see ya face in my rims
If your bitch wanna roll, I'ma let her get in
I don't play but I'm a playa till the mothafuckin' end [gunshots]

[Chorus x2]

I got no pickup lines
I stay on the grind
I tell the hoes all the time
Bitch get in my car (Bitch get in)
I got my 64, ridin' on Dayton spokes
And when I open that do'
Bitch get in my car

[Verse 2]

Don't tell me you don't know that, uhh I'm the shyiiit
Now you better watch ya girl mayn, I leave with ya bitch
I ain't shiting these hoes, man I'm bout my paper
If your bitch really bout it nigga I'm gon' take her
Backseat of my jeep, fuck till I fuck up her make up
Take her to the Diamond District, introduce her to Jacob
Tell her if she like me she should keep me icy
My game fuck with a bitch brain till she think she wifey
Spent a life savings in a day, cause she likes me
Committment for me, uhh nah not likely
When I with Vivica, I thought I was onto somethin'
But then the next week, nah man it was nothin' [gunshots]

[Chorus x2]

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[Verse 3]

Look into the windows of my soul, the eyes never lie
They blood shot red, its gaunja in my system, I'm high
First its pain when you lust for love, then its smooth and calm
Feel the rush, like a needles in your arm
Its a cold world baby girl, lovin' me is not enough
Find out when you fuckin' broke, love won't get you on the bus
Man you should see the pretty bitches that be sexin' me
They suck cock that make 'em hot, I just let 'em stand next to me
Hundred percent thug, freak too, I'll taste your love
69's the position, your mouths full baby huhhhh?
My conversations so deep, I get in your head

Next thing you know, you yawnin', turnin' over and I'm in the bed [gunshots]

[Chorus x2]

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I got my 64, ridin' on Dayton spokes

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[Outro]

Hahaha

Quit playin' bitch get it

You know you wanna ride with a nigga

50 Cent

G-G-G-G-G-Unit

[Gunshots]