

50 Cent, Guess Who's Back

Guess who's biz-ack it's not beanie Siegal or J-Hov
It's 50 Cent ya niggas should know
Don't make me relapse
Run up on yo' ass with the 4
You punk nigga I done told you before
Fuck being in a cage "man that shit's for the birds"
I do my dirt in the hood but I live in the burbs
When ya talk be careful how you choose your words
Cause send niggas to put ya fuckin' brains on the curb
Am I my brothers keeper? "Yes I am"
You know to get low, you see that gun in my hand
G-UNIT! Don't go fuckin' with my soldiers Boy
I leave you laid out I'ma say "I told you boy"
You rollin with twenty niggas, you rollin' with twenty guns
Sixteen hollows in loaded in every one
I know you slow so I do the math
That's 320 shells lying at your ass (HA!)
You spend alot of time talkin' bout how you ball out
When you get hit you gon' run and bleed to you fall out
I guess you didn't think we was down to go all out
Once again you was wrong
You ain't on the shit we on
My money gettin' long
Now my team gettin' strong
I'm gone!!
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Guess who's biz-ack it's not beanie Siegal or J-Hov
It's 50 Cent ya niggas should know
Don't make me relapse
Run up on yo' ass with the 4
You punk nigga I done told you before (bitch)
50 Cent!