

50 Cent, I Need A Girl Pt. 2/Ambitionz Az A Ridah

Yo u kno me I'm a straight-up nigga
So I tell a bitch exactly what I wanna do ya knah sayin?
If I'm in a club and I'm tryin to go home I'm like "Yo ma wassup";
Ya kno get wit u ya kno
I mean tonight tho, not like next month
None of dat other shit ya knah sayin?
But u kno every now and then I be lyin
I aint gonn front, I be lyin to the hoes man
I can tell a bitch exactly what she wanna hear

[Verse 1 - 50 Cent]

I wanna be the reason u smile after u wipe ya tears
The reason you have the courage to confront ya fears
The reason theres 2 karats in each of ya ears
I'll splurge wit the paper ma, I dont care
How u like it, pumps or boots?
Jeeps or Coupes? Minks or leathers?
50 fall off never
Whats mine is yours and whats yours is mine
Cuz when I shine, you shine c'mon
Fine champange, we can toast to life
Crap table in Vegas u could toss the dice
Don't let ya friends get u confused, sayin "50 bad news";
I need u in my life girl, ya too much to lose

Ay Puffy stop makin them muthafuckin "I miss J.Lo" records nigga
Yo Chi, turn this shit off man I aint feelin this shit right now
Put sum hard shit on

--beats switches--

Yea c'mon uh hahaha yo

[Chorus 2x - 50 Cent]

Nigga u wont deny that I'm a fuckin rider
You dont wanna bump heads wit me
I'll put a hole in yo ass you'll see
That it aint cool to fuck wit me

[Verse 2 - Tony Yayo]

G Unit.. I roll wit gorillaz
Fuck a big bodyguard I hang wit pint-sized killers
I aint tryin to be dirty - still on the strip
I'm tryin to be dirty - filthy rich
Give a nigga too much rope he think he a cowboy
Give him too much dope I'm pushin a big boy
V-12 XL detail
I rap and wait for dem checks in the mail
And if u hatin in due time ya life will expire
Cuz my guns speak Jamaican they be like "Bloodfire!";
Where I'm from niggas be on sum sneak shit
When hungry use they lighters to cook they beef stick
And its dro and its Nestle, got me right
So my lungs be as black as Wesley Snipes
I'm on first class flights headed towards Vegas
Not slot machine niggas, we crap table playas
I roll a 7 cuz we crap table playas

[Chorus 2x]

[Verse 3 - Lloyd Banks]

I kno alot of niggas want Banks gone
But my kinda beef'll fuck up ya grill and not the kind u put franks gone
I'm hot now so my meals is home-cooked

I deal wit more hoes than a Chinese phonebook
You hidin wit ya messed-up ratchets
I'm out blowin haze bags the size of ketchup packets
Fuck Uz' in ya ride, this tool's on my side
Got females standin' wit tattoos on her thighs
Visualize cats losin they wives
Cuz the next time I see em they got black and blues on they eyes
Nah I aint ready to die but I'm prepared
I'd rather grow old wit gray hairs in my bed
They kno me in the field, the kid wit the fans
That argue over my balls like Kobe and Shaquille
If u talkin bout millions throw me in the deal
Big city stadium tour roll me in the wheels muhfucka..