

# 50 Cent, Im So Sorry

50 cent

50 cent, uh  
Llod banks,uh  
Young Buck, uh  
Game Nigga~ G-UNIT  
haha its easy man, its easy man  
Ay yo i swith my hustle, no more dice games or limosuine you see blood  
in the snow after the shots in december  
Niggas is broke thats why they stay ice grillin  
im in the aspens laughin snow mobilin  
with a beautiful bitch she chocolate athletic  
ass bigger then serena asks banks he seen her  
plus she hood she hood she aint hollywood remind me of trina  
D's come shorti even down to hold my beretta  
G stand for gangsta unit stand for u niggaz in trouble  
better lock and load on the ground YEAH

Chorus:

Im so sorry  
niggaz all fucked up they aint gettin money in the hood  
I So Sorry  
i lied to ya homie told ya id let you hold something if i could  
Im so sorry

50 talking: You know i could but i dont wanna help you out nigga  
Im SO sorry

Game:

Im in that 6,7 glass house  
in and out of lanes  
murder on my mind  
old english runnin through my veins  
i think about easy and it eases my pain  
i drink a 40 ounce g unit soakin in the game  
i came into this world both feet in the dirt  
no purple label no button down shirt  
no harm intended to subliminal disses  
but hardcore seperate the men from the bitches  
i would popped your ass if i thought you was worthy  
lookin like boy george in that larry bird jersey  
buck pass the dutch im blowin that bob marley  
hop off the G-4 lets have a boston tech party G-UNIT

50 Chorus:

Im so sorry  
You niggas dont sound that good when you step in the booth  
im So sorry  
nigga i know it hurts but god damnit you know its the truth  
Im So Sorry  
to see me do good its makin your punk ass sick  
Im so sorry  
that i aint got room for all you niggas on my dick  
Im so Sorry

Lloyd Banks: Yeah

a snap of a finger will make you guys cripple  
i came up with shitta, nigga  
i handle bars like a bicycle  
stars make your eyes trickle  
as stiff as an icecycle  
the muffalas the sounds of land thats why i whistle  
file your status you know thats wrong  
before you go and put that foot locker noback on

around here niggas get shot for performin that song  
and hoes cut they eyebrows off and draw them back on  
they try to merk me yo  
thats why 50 bought me a trey pound with a nose longer then pinchio  
pop shit i stroke your slut  
and soon as her mouth open up what?  
same color as coconut

50 Chorus3:

Im so Sorry  
you aint from compton you aint gotta flow like game  
im so sorry  
you aint lloyd banks mixtape artist of the year man  
Im so sorry  
you aint young buck you dont let the gun buck son you butt  
im so sorry  
you get outta line ill personally come fuck you up

Young Buck:

we dont chase no hoes  
we dream about it while we makin dough  
ill have a hundred fuckin hatians come and cut your throat  
i stood tuff to dough  
niggas my ears to the street  
i got niggas from your own hood workin for me  
i got ya man out  
you cant even bail your man out  
we no real cuz the bitch niggas stand out  
nobody gonna miss you when the dessert eagle hits you  
just do like pac said pour out a little liquor  
picture gettin your chest blown open and no one there to save ya  
you momma gotta wake up makin funeral arrangements  
you kno who to play with and we aint the ones  
thins G-unit shit is deeper than a prick in your thumb motha fuckas

50 talking: yeah i wanna take the time out to apologize to all yall niggas  
that put out records this year and didnt seel none im so sorry  
hahaha oh man i dont know how to explain it how we get that money man haha  
i just say shit i swith my hustle motha fucka