

50 Cent, The hit

Uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh

[Chorus]

I change places, to prevent catchin' the cases

Races, in the faces, hall at you laces

This is a hit, let's see if homicide trace this

[Verse 1]

The only thing hotter than my flow is the block (inhale and exhale)

That's why I left this snow biz, and got into show biz

Let's get this clear, it ain't on 'til I say it's on, (pause), it's on

I'm eatin', ya'll niggas fastin' like it's Rimadon

Bowlish way in Lebanon, know 50 the bomb

I be at the edge of the bar, sippin' a Don

I keep the bottle just in case, you never know when it's on

This worries bump, I can't go wrong, my team's too strong

You want war? I take you to war, now that my money long

Why you broke? cat's buy the by lines and fantasize

The way I'm spittin', put TV's in everything I'm sittin'

While I'm hot to death, I'm gonna say this to all you playa haters

Ya'll should hate the game, not the playas (c'mon)

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

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(50 Cent, let's see if homicide trace this)

[Verse 2]

Everyday is bugged, niggas'll come to a club

To try to show you they a thug, instead of showing some love

Now, what you think you chump me, If I let you bump me

When I'm about to make a mill, faster than you make a G (haha)

I know I lie, it's a habit, I vow to clean the city like the mayor

And in the crack game, I'm a franchise player

Niggas be thinkin' I be out to lunch with mines

Then in crunch time, I start hittin' 'em hard with punch lines

You cats got to be sick, to think 50 can't spit

Better check my batting average, I always make hits

My flows leave these rap cats ketro (ketro), all across the metro (metro)

Plus I pack a cannon, up under my marple cannon

They fake, they look like money, but ain't worth half the cake

Have me runnin' from Jake, in a GS with bad brakes

They want to knock me take, for Christ sakes

[Chorus]

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[Verse 3]

Yo, son remember them fake playas

Who try to play us at The Shark Club in Vegas

Had them tight linen blazers, and beat up gators

Lookin' like last year's playas, (pause)

Yeah, I could tell they dough was low

When we came through the do'

I copped a case of Cristal, and copped one bottle of Mo

From the looking through face, and the bulge in his waist, he holdin'

(Yeah he's packin', I can see his rack

The one in the middle, he a big man, I dealt with him son)

Yeah, so I expect look like they ain't had a run, since ' 81

They ain't here on a hunt for food,

So they could catch you, some cash, and expensive jewels

I'm gonna crash 'em with this bottle if he move
I ain't the one son, my shit ain't come easy
It won't go easy, believe me
[Chorus: repeat 3X]
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(50 Cent, let's see if homicide trace this)