

50 Cent, The Mechanic

[CHORUS:]

Man i run this rap shit
Get your hands up high, hands up high, hands up high
Rest in piece to Biggie Smalls
Get your hands up high, hands up high, hands up high
R.I.P. to Tupac
Get your hands up high, hands up high, hands up high
Nigga roll that good shit
Get your hands up high, hands up high, hands up high

[VERSE 1: 50 CENT]

U wanna dance lets dance nigga ill take u to da prom
Im armed tre pound in my palm im calm
Nigga my mamma made a baby boy the hood made a man
My first 14 grams took that and made a grand
I do this you knew this i told you pussy
Ur fate ur death date ill f**king come for u pussy
Have you like ei-ei-uh oh after the 44 blow
I get low they say i go like a pro
Its a rap when im doseing
You smoked like a roach
U been clapped then in fact theres no coming back from that
Im the last of my breed
No henny no weed
Just my vest and my semi
In the back of that bentley
Im nos and im bras
See im there and im gone
Cause my loyals is strong
And my money here is long
So when im right im right
And when im wrong im right
Ill hit your ass up right
Nigga its nighty night

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[VERSE 2: TONY YAYO]

Hey yo im higher than a pilot man
Ill cut your body man
Beat the case i lied on a polygram
These ogs talk about back in the days
I have an r.i.p. sign on your myspace page
Im your top eight nigga
Drop eight nigga
GCT coupe its sour grape nigga
Im an ape nigga a gorilla in the mist
I hold weight nigga my connect gots bricks
I wear gold you wear platinum we still got the same cars
Same house and still f**k the same broads
Dreams of f**king an r&b bitch
Yeah you look good girl but get your teeth fixed
Im the teflon don boy i get busy
Ur legs to strong doing sex with pretty ricky
760 drive by light tint
With two hoes in the whip looking like flip

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