

50 Cent, Whoo Kid

[50 Cent talking]

[Hook]

You want beef wit me? take a number, and get in line
You bump heads wit me? I pop ya top off wit the nine
You mad at me? Shit cause you can't shine
You ain't gettin' yours? thats fucked up cause I'm gettin' mine

[50 Cent]

I got a M1 in my hand, I'm feelin' to start killin' shit
I'm not the nation's new Malcolm X, but I'm militant
What, I'm supposed to be scared cause you got a big chest?
My four fifth will lift you and your motherfuckin' bench press
Why you screamin' war senseless, I'm tryin' to spaz
Swing my knife, tore break it off in yo ass
Niggas get hugged up in the huddle, I know how to clear 'em out
Four fifth, four shots, that'll fuckin' air 'em out
In the hood niggas love me cause I keep it real
G-Unit niggas, they gon' always make bail
Whether it's two G's or twenty G's
Whether or not wit two pieces or two keys
Bitch please, get on ya knees you can lick these balls
I'm not that nigga that you striptease for
You gotta a problem or anger nigga to call
Cause I'm out like a pimp and a trick, bitch!

[Hook]

You want beef wit me? take a number, get in line
You bump heads wit me? I pop ya top off wit the nine
You mad at me? Shit cause you can't shine
You ain't get yours? That's fucked up cause I'm gettin' mine

[50 Cent talks till end]