

Akon, I'll still kill (ft.50 Cent)

Dont even look at me wrong when I come through the 'hood
Aint nothin' changed, still holla at my homies (Ohhhhhhhhhh)
And when I hit the block I still, will kill!

And I dont want, nigga but I will If I got to, kill!

If niggas get to fuckin' around

[Verse 1: 50 Cent]

Yeah!

Respect come from admiration or fear

You can admire me or you can catch one in your wig

You see the Testarossa, the toasters right on my lap

So If a nigga get outta line, a nigga get clapped

I got an arsenal of infiltry, Im built for this mentally

Thats why Im the general, I do what they pretend to do

Front on me now nigga I will be the end of you

Forget ya enemies and think of what your friends'll do

I drop a bag off, then let a mag off

The Hecklar Koch should tear have of your ass off

Im not for the games, Im not for all the playin'

The hollow tips rain, when I unless the pain

Get the message from my lines or get the message from the .9's

Paint a picture with words, you can see when I shine

Put my back on the wall nigga, watch me go for mine

I let 21 shots off at the same time, yeah!

[Akon: Chorus]

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If niggas get to fuckin' around...

[Verse 2: 50 Cent]

Yeah!

Where Im from death is always in the air homie

Nanna love me so you know she say my prayers for me

I got creepin' through the hood wearin' teflon

Hit the corners mother fuckers get left on

Niggas know If not they better check my background

Try and stick me, Ill fill your back with mac rounds

Ask Preme nigga 50 dont back down

I kick it funky like fiends in a crack house

Cross the line boy Ima air ya ass out

Screw your face at me, I wanna know what thats 'bout

Nigga I know you aint mad, I done came up

And If you are, fuck you 'cause I aint changed up

The O.G's wanna talk but I dont know these niggas

And I aint did no business with 'em, I dont owe these niggas

A minute of my time, get it 'cause I grind

All across the globe like the worlds mine Yeah!

[Akon: Chorus]

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[Verse 3: Akon]

Konvict!

Now tell me have you ever looked up in the distance

And seen a mac aimin' at your head mayne

Before you know it, life is flashin', reminiscin and your body is drippin' and full of lead
mayne

I done been there (Uh huh), I done cocked that (Uh huh), It aint ever been a question Im bout
that

Dont go there, you'll get cocked at, and if you plan to fuck around and rewrite that

You'll never catch me ridin' around on these streets, with all the couple metal pieces under my feet
Fully automatic weapons and know it was done deeds
Smash up under the carpet like a Tennessee breeze, but 50 dont make me ride on these niggas (Hey)
Cause I will kill, dip and hide on these niggas, 50 dont make me ride on these niggas
Cause I been long gone like the ripper, soooo..
[Akon: Chorus]
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And I dont want, nigga but I will If I got to, kill!
If niggas get to fuckin' around
If niggas get to fuckin' around...