

# Wu-Tang Clan, Who The Fuck Is 50 Cent

fuckin around, its that the fuckin clown?  
40 Cent? (uh-huh)  
If you real thing, cuz you was here  
You'll be fuckin dead, you hear me cock-sucker, DEAD!  
Yo, yo, yo,  
Who the hell is 50 Cent? Crook with a deal  
Keep talkin, you gon' meet a crook with a steel  
You really want beef, I'ma hand you war  
Got big guns, shit you never seen before  
Just a no-name nigga, seekin the rep  
'bout to take aim, spit a hot flame in your chest  
Although everythin was cool, had to start wildin  
Front all you want, but not on Shaolin  
Point blank, simple and plain, you small change  
Tear you up out of the frame from close range  
Fake 50 Cent tryin to face the best  
Wanna impress me? Let me see you fake your death  
Until then, you herb, don't deserve respect  
What possessed you? Who gave you the nerve to flex?  
God bless you, I'ma lay your soul to rest  
Think about it next time you'll pose a threat  
Who the hell is 50 Cent? Cornball frontin  
'nother studio thug, ain't hurtin nothin, nigga  
And your raps ain't built for that  
On the real, niggas get killed for that  
So you wanna stick the Gods for they funny-ass rings?  
How dare you? Clip your wings and straight aim  
You be careful, how you mention the name  
Speaks codes, I violate your clan like parole  
Who want it? Run in your lab without a warrant  
What you gon' do now? Got your ass cornered  
Feel a squad closing in, from all angles  
Hit you, split you from your ass to your ankle  
Let my dogs eat your food, hear my wolves howl at the moon  
Lock down your body, leave the room  
You fake fuck, wanna start with us?  
Anybody ever told you, you talk too much?  
Niggas want mine, I'ma put five on your bucket  
Shine on the wrist, cost more than your budget  
Who you? Face it, your whole camp doo-doo  
Wanna get it on, nigga do you, fake fuck  
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Yo, I lay long enough, for you cowards to eat  
It's time to apply pressure, devour the streets  
Yo, it seems another crab, like runnin his mouth  
Where he at? Point him out, and I'm callin him out  
Make his chick nod the head like she's suckin me off  
Keep it raw, meat combat with the dog, dustin me off  
No joke, you ain't never seen gun smoke  
Nickel pump bastard, stick to playin jump rope  
Who the bosses? Power like thoroughbred horses  
With more guns than armed forces  
You ain't ready, overnight joker  
Strip you like poker, your bullshit's over  
Give it to me raw, I want mine the foul way  
Small change in this game, nigga like a child's play  
Motherfuckin coward

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Fuckin 40 Cent  
4 dimes and a nickel, God  
I challenge you, thats right  
Fuckin cheesy boy  
Cream Team niggas see you boy  
You better have your shit out  
You better have your shit right, nigga  
Youknowl'msayin?  
We the flavoury niggas  
We fuckin flavoury niggas  
You fuckin coward  
Trying to come in this shit  
You know I'm sayin'?  
We out here, you just small change