

# Get in My Car

50 Cent

Uhhhhh  
Yeah  
Uhhhhh  
Yeah

I'm a straight guerrilla with it, cold hearted killa wit it  
Any nigga gettin' outta line can get it  
I make it hot, motherfuckers freeze up when I come through  
Mac-10, thirty two shot clip in my snorkel  
I might smile and say whats up but I don't fuck with you niggas  
My rap money slow up, I'll run up on you niggas  
I'm on the edge, I'm just waitin' on a nigga to push me  
Put my hand on my strap, what you lookin' at pussy  
We ain't buddies, we ain't partners and we damn sure ain't friends  
So much chrome on my Benz, you see ya face in my rims  
If your bitch wanna roll, I'ma let her get in  
I don't play but I'm a player till the mothafuckin' end

(2x):

I got no pickup lines  
I stay on the grind  
I tell the hoes all the time  
Bitch get in my car (Bitch get in)  
I got my 64, ridin' on Dayton spokes  
And when I open that do'  
Bitch get in my car

Don't tell me you don't know that, uh I'm the shyiiiit  
Now you better watch ya girl mayn, I'll leave with you bitch  
I ain't shitting these hoes, man I'm bout my paper  
If your bitch really bout it nigga I'm gon' take her  
Backseat of my jeep, fuck till I fuck up her make up  
Take her to the Diamond District, introduce her to Jacob  
Tell her if she like me she should keep me icey  
My game fuck with a bitch brain till she think she wifey  
Spent a life savings in a day, cause she likes me  
Commitment from me, uh nah not likely  
When I with Vivica, I thought I was onto somethin'  
But then the next week, nah man it was nothin' [gunshots]

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Look into the windows of my soul, the eyes never lie  
They blood shot red, its gaunja in my system, I'm high  
First its pain when you lust for love, then its smooth and calm  
Feel the rush, like a needles in your arm  
Its a cold world baby girl, lovin' me is not enough  
Find out when you fuckin' broke, love won't get you on the bus  
Man you should see the pretty bitches that be sexin' me  
They suck cock that make 'em hot, I just let 'em stand next to me

Hundred percent thug, freak too, I'll taste your love  
69's the position, your mouths full baby huhhhh?  
My conversations so deep, I get in your head  
Next thing you know, you yawnin', turnin' over and I'm in the bed [gunshots]

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Hahaha

Quit playin' bitch get it  
You know you wanna ride with a nigga  
50 Cent  
G-G-G-G-G-Unit