Straight to the Bank

Yeah!!! When I'm out in N.Y. boy it's blunts and Phillies When I'm out in L.A. boy it's wraps and swishes Now Blood walk to this, now Crips walk to this Now throw it up, raise it up for that gangster shit Now Blood walk to this, now Crips walk to this Now throw it up, raise it up for that gangster shit

I'm in my Lambo maggot, my fo' fo' faggot Doors lift up I'm like Go Go Gadget See the shit I got on, homey I hate too My Teflon arm brought my government issues I'll hit your vertebrate bullets rip through tissues Your wife on the futon hugging that shitsu Homey you a bitch you got feminine ways Heard you got four lips and bleed for seven days I got fo' fifths and bananas on the K's And got more whips than a runaway slave Me and Yayo go back like some high top fades When I made fifty mill, Em got paid When I made sixty mill, Dre got paid When I made eighty mill, Jimmy got paid I ain't even gotta rap now life is made Said I ain't even gotta rap, I'm filthy mayne

I'm laughing straight to the bank with this (Ha, ha ha ha ha ha, ha, ha ha h a ha ha) I'm laughing straight to the bank with this (Ha, ha ha ha ha ha, ha, ha ha ha a ha ha) I'm laughing straight to the bank with this (Ha, ha ha ha ha ha, ha, ha ha h a ha ha) I'm laughing straight to the bank with this (Ha, ha ha ha ha ha, ha, ha ha h a ha ha) I'm laughing straight to the bank with this (Ha, ha ha ha ha ha, ha, ha ha ha i ha ha)

I see nothing but hundred dollar bills in the bank roll I got the kind of money that the bank can't hold Got it off the street moving bundles and loads Seventy Three Caprice old school when I roll Breeze pass with the EZ Pass fuck the toll No more platinum I'm wearing gold I'm internationally known as the kid with the flow That brings enough dough it's never enough dough Shit I need mo' I need shit out the sto' Baby ble was cold fresh out the flo' Stashbox by the dashbox in case they want war Make the purple bring the green in fuck the law I'm oh so raw, I'm hot I'm sure I'm like the coolest motherfucker around the globe boy I set the club on fire I told ya I'm the general salute me soldier

I'm laughing straight to the bank with this (Ha, ha ha ha ha ha, ha, ha ha h a ha ha) I'm laughing straight to the bank with this (Ha, ha ha ha ha ha, ha, ha ha h a ha ha) I'm laughing straight to the bank with this (Ha, ha ha ha ha ha, ha, ha ha h a ha ha)

50 Cent

I'm laughing straight to the bank with this (Ha, ha ha ha ha ha, ha, ha ha h a ha ha) I'm laughing

Now work it out now, shorty work it out, work it out I wanna see you, break it down Now back it up now, you know what I'm about It's like a bank job I'm in and I'm out Now work it out now, work it out, work it out Now work it out now, work it out, work it out