

## Too Hot

50 Cent

"Niggas bit off Nas shit" - "Admit it, you bit it" - "Niggas bit off Nas shit, niggas, niggas, bit off, Nas shit" - "Admit if, you bit it, bit it" - You can be a ridah and ride, or a coward and hide  
Either way you go against me, you still gon die  
I got four macs, a few nines, I'm ready for beef  
You wanna talk, it ain't about money, then let it be brief  
I need a drop for when it's a hot, a hummer for when it's cold  
An ill attorney's in my corner when these fake niggas fold  
The shit I kick fuck with niggas mentally, makes them wanna mention me  
And see me doing a quarter century in the penitentiary  
Nastradamus predicted 50's the future, that's a fact money  
I run up on your workers with the mac, like where that pack money  
I'm a tell ya'll what Papi told me  
I got what you need, 19,5 a key  
I stay catching a stunt, frontin' in somethin' mean  
And I'll clap any nigga for the right amount of cream  
Run up on them all with the same problem solver  
Beat up ass, tape on the handle, trey eight revolver. What!

Projects too hot, niggas better hope we never hit rock  
Cause then we gonna run up in your spot  
Screamin' get the fuck on the floor, give us the Ro'

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Aiyyo, aiyyo, aiyyo, aiyyo  
I'm like Sugar Shane Mosley, it ain't no beef  
You're staring, a ticket holder that sits in row three  
Next to Ron Artest and Kobe  
Yo I woulda went pro too, then I let them phillies slow me  
I'm like a black man's asthma, seeking a pump  
Breathin' deeper when I'm creeping up  
Ya'll need to fuck with the tightest, I stick niggas  
Ensevilitus, leavin' whole families in silence  
My virus is obvious, past on to most rap fiends  
Un cured, ain't no vaccine  
Last seen at the automatic teller machine, maxing out  
Or in the studio booth, blacking out  
It's Con Ed style, real twisted, I disappear on some Blair Witch shit  
Comin' back I'm rich kid  
Either or, you can't stop me with my feet in the door  
Or walk away from the street or the morgue, play your part nigga.

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"Niggas bit off Nas" - Ghostface Killah  
"Admit it, you bit it" - G. Dep  
"Tell these niggas somethin' God" - Ghostface Killah

What, yo  
I disturb niggas and white boys, with five pointed stars  
Tatted on they arms, pimp your moms, like I'm Magic Don Juan  
From Queens to Hong Kong, weed in the bong  
We smoke that, leave our minks on the coat rack

Those that plot on me, nine times outta ten the nine is on me  
Feds search the God, but nothin' they find on me  
When I rap don't wait to clap applaud sooner  
Unless you hate a nigga like George Bush Jr., I bring awkward to you  
Porsche maneuvers thru the city like New York sewers  
Stinkin' up the air, Central Park, horse manure  
Rims is 22 inches, Benz suspensions  
22 inch dick when I'm pimpin'  
Impotent you niggas get me sick, wanna be soundin' like  
You knowin' my arithmetic, but we don't sound alike  
50 Cent with Braveheart-ed, we ride to the grave depart us  
You fake niggas imitate what I started, let's go

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