Come and Get Me

Timbaland

Nigga, your time is up; I ain't come to kid you I knew you niggas was dumb, but how dumb is you? Thinkin' you can see the king when you unofficial You don't wanna go to war 'cause I'll launch these missiles I'm a ride-or-die nigga; I be tearin' shit up We ain't like them other fools who don't compare to us All the hos love a nigga; they be backing it up But me - I love money; I be stacking it up When my bandwagon pull up, they hop on board They hop right on mine and hop right off yours I get respect, homey, all across the board I get a quarter mill' a track without an award Ever wanna test a nigga, then come see me In the street I hold my ground like I'm concrete I know shit ain't sweet so when shit get deep I'm rich, I can pay to have you six feet deep (Nigga) [Chorus] I give it to whoever want it If you want it, come see me You know where I'm at If you, if you want it, come get me If you, if you want it, come get me [50 Cent] Nigga, you violate, I regulate, rat-tat-tat Bigger shells - they fit in that banana clip tech

Run, and a bullseye form on your back It's hard to miss wit' a full clip in the mac I got ammo; ammo I unload; reload cut a nigga quick Yeah, my knife game lethal - that tough guy shit Nigga, that's what I see through You like a three course meal, motherfucker, I eat you You food, and I'm in the mood; so front, I let the hammer fly Nigga, you can duck, run for cover, or die Your choice; you choose I Pop, you move, like you in shock: you been shot Nigga, your blood on the street, you up shit's creek You can hardly speak, startin' to get weak, your eyes close Your life flash, your heart slow, your heart stop Your ass dead, you fucked, kid

[Chorus]

[Tony Yayo] I'm like Nicholas Cage: Yeah, it's the Ghost Rider P89, yeah, I let my toast slide, Costa Rica To Brazil I got my hos in the lamb; why your bitch bald headed? Like Britney Spears; I'm in the projects gettin' dope and piff money Two more flips; that's Anna Nicole Smith money; fuck a G4 I'm in a G-500, G-450, G-550; that's airplane talk I'm the aviator man, baby; AR shoot your baby out your hands Spaghetti and corn bread; mix got me blunted There's no talk abouts; you don't fuck on an empty stomach Buy out the mall, then hug the block; hundred-thou wood grain In a phantom drop; then I cruise in the club Got my ruge in the club; pay a bouncer a buck Now my uz in the club, yeah, nigga

[Chorus]