

# Crime Wave

## 50 Cent

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
When the strap out you know what that 'bout  
We do it my way 'cause a crime wave  
Whoa, wave, whoa, wave  
I wave the heat deep with my right to speak  
Leave the clip y'all and talk shit y'all  
Whoa, wave, whoa, wave  
I'm not tellin' you to shoot somebody  
But if somebody try to shoot you shoot 'em  
Don't waste time, lil' nigga just do it  
Any nigga out of order must be serviced  
See now now you hesitatin' boy you makin' me nervous  
The Feds know I clap heat felonies on my rap sheet  
Front on me try to run from me hollows be up your back B  
Pistol pop, dime for dime, burn, baby, burn  
Revolver spinnin again and again you niggas never learn  
Got a itchy, itchy, itchy, itchy trigger finger nigga  
So if you hit me and you get me I'll be back to get ya  
Man I might bring the homies in that's if it's necessary  
See you might not be worried but I think you should worry  
Them bullets come in flurries next  
thing you know you're buried  
Yeah, I do away with nine niggas in nine days  
My nine sprays, which it don't go my way  
Hold it sideways, fuck around 'cause a crime wave  
When the strap out you know what that 'bout  
We do it my way 'cause a crime wave  
Whoa, wave, whoa, wave  
I wave the heat deep with my right to speak  
Leave the clip y'all and talk shit y'all  
Whoa, wave, whoa, wave  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
I talk about my arsenal, I rap about my infantry  
Them crackers they be scared of me, the hood man, they into me  
Yeah, I'm number one on Forbes  
Yeah, they can't fuck witch a boy  
Tack time is crank time, I flip that, get that back  
Louie V knapsack filled up with G-stacks  
I'm sick in the head, me I'm all 'bout the bread  
Go 'head fuck with the kid, see it's just what I said  
See the stash I'm makin' double makin' kilos  
bubble  
Jim stop, boy I cut you 'til your ma don't know you  
See when we play them warriors come out to play  
You wanna play? Get your ass laid out today  
See I'm back on the shit I was on before  
So if a nigga try to stunt, we gon' take 'em to war  
When the strap out you know what that 'bout  
We do it my way 'cause a crime wave  
Whoa, wave, whoa, wave  
I wave the heat deep with my right to speak  
Leave the clip y'all and talk shit y'all  
Whoa, wave, whoa, wave  
Oh yeah, oh yeah  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Man, I be on some other shit, these niggas can't fuck with me

Yeah, oh yeah, oh yeah  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
The homie said he fuck with me, I have him hit ya up for me  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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