

Poor Lil Rich

50 Cent

I let my watch talk for me, my whip talk for me
My gat talk for me, BOW! What up homie
My watch saying hi shorty we can be friends
My whip saying quit playing bitch get in
My earring saying we can hit the mall together
Shorty its only right that we ball together
I'm into bigger things y'all niggaz y'all know my style
Ya wrist bling bling, my shit bling blow
My pinky ring talk it say fifty I'm sick
That's why these niggaz is on my dick
Some hate me, some love my hits
Flex my man he gon bump my shit
See I'm a liar and I really don't care
I tell them hoes whatever they wanna hear
You try and play me I'ma blaze ya then
My áross cost more than the crib ya momma raised ya in

(2x):

I was a poor nigga
Now I'm a rich nigga
Getting paper now you can't tell me shit nigga
You can find me in the fo' dot six nigga
In the backseat fondling ya bitch nigga

New York niggaz, copy niggaz like it's all good
Fuck around we crip-walking in the wrong hood
I'm fresh up out the slammer, I ain't no fucking bama
I'm from NY whody, but I know country grammar
See me I get it crunk, niggaz go head and front
I go up out the trunk, come back, rollout I'm done (yeah)
My money come in lumps, my pockets got the mumps
You see me sitting on dubs, that's why u mad chump
Don't make me hit ya up, 50 cent will split ya up
I lay you down, them coroners will come and get ya up
See 50 play fa keeps, and 50 stay wit heat
I can't go commercial, they love me in the street
I'm real bloody man, the hood love me man
Don't make me show up in ya crib like bro-man
Locked up in a pen, I still do my thing
C-O screaming shut the fuck up in the pen

2x):

I was a poor nigga
Now I'm a rich nigga
Getting paper now you can't tell me shit nigga
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I'm in the Benz on Monday, the BM on Tuesday
Range on Wednesday, Thursday I'm in the hooptay
Porsche on Friday, I do things my way
Vipe or Vette, I tear up the highway
Shorty she can tell ya about my dick game
But she don't know me, she only know my nickname
Left the hood and came back, damn shit changed
These young boys, they done got they own work man

(2x):

I was a poor nigga

Now I'm a rich nigga

Getting paper now you can't tell me shit nigga

You can find me in the fo' dot six nigga

In the backseat fondling ya bitch nigga