

Curtis 187

50 Cent

Ay nigga tell 'em where you from!
Southside, I'm a Southside nigga what
Nigga stunt, you know I tear a nigga up

They say I'm grimy, I'm greasy
I make a one-eight-seven look easy
Fuck that~! I lay my murder game down
Push me nigga, see what I'm about

I was a snotty nose, nappy head, dirtball nigga
Sayin I can't wait 'til I get a little bigger
After niggaz jumped me, bumpin my head
Thinkin I wish I had a gun I fill a nigga with lead
Took a kitchen knife to [censored] fin' to poke me a nigga
Wishin I had a gun so I could smoke me a nigga
Sold my first five quarter gram pieces in the alley
Where Bizzy had the Bondeville and Kev had the Caddy
Now those were the days, when crime really paid
The nine milli sprayed, I got the fuck out the way
From shootout to shootout, the bricks went fast
Robberies went bad, niggaz got blast
Niggaz kidnapped Drew grandpa kid
Came through and shot Ms. Leak in the head
You wonder why I got a gun? So I can get down for mine
You need that, out on the grind all the time

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It was Kangols, Cazelli shades, Pumas and corn braids
Doo-rags on the waist, brass knuckles, switchblades
Ski mask to get paid, new shells to get sprayed
Hoodrats to get laid, money to get made
YEAHHH~! .. Yeah I had a dream
I was rich, woke up broke, gun in my hand
Sayin DAMN! .. Dope cost sixty a gram
I got to find me a nigga, line me a nigga
And say "Give it up kid, before I put one in your wig"
Picture me thirsty, ridin 'round foamin out the mouth
Sayin "I don't get on, I'ma lay a nigga out"
Now diamonds are beautiful and pearls are precious
I hit you and your bitch both over your necklace
I'm wreckless, I spray the semi drunk off Henny
Wipe your blood off the shines, run and sell 'em to Benny
Fuck with me, y'all niggaz know Boo Boo get bizzy

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Yeah
I gave Just a buck-fifty, ask him if I cut niggaz
Shootouts in Bedford, ask them if I bucked niggaz
In four-fifth they call me Boo Boo, the accident baby

Hennessy and cocaine helped to grime me and make me
My eyes don't cry, I'm a fatherless child
Got my ass whooped in Spofford but never that now
When my name in your mouth, you better watch how you talk
I'll send yo' punk ass to therapy to learn how to walk
I bust a clip, I'll hit ya hip, I'm takin your shit
Thats how the eses play, for that SSK
Your probably heard through the grapevine, I'm good out in Watts
Bulletproof shit, cruisin through them Compton blocks
I'm the beast from the East, but I play on the West
In the drop by myself with my nine and my vest
And you niggaz best be on yo' best behaviors
I was bred for this shit, front on me I'ma blaze ya

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