

Don't Push Me

50 Cent

I need you to pray for me and
I need you to care for me and
I need you to want me to win
I need to know where I'm heading, 'cause I know where I've been
Flows, bones, crushing it's nothing
I come up with something
Come through your strip, fronting, stunting
It's something you want, 745 chrome spinning
Haters hate that I'm winnning
Man I've been hot from the beginning
Motherfuckers envy the kid, control your jealousy
'Cause I can't control my temper, I'm fitting to catch a felony
Pistol in hand homie, I'm down to get it popping
Once I squeeze the first shot
No I aint stopping till my clip is empty
I'm simply not that nigga you should try your luck with
Fuck with, hollow-tip shells struck with your bones broke
Gun smoking, still locing, what nigga
Lay your ass down paramedics get you up feeling

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So don't push me
I aim straight for your head
So don't push me
Fill your ass up with lead
So don't push me
I got something for your ass, keep thinking I'm pussy

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I cross my bigger nigga and I didn't cry
To young to understand, the consequences of man
Living a lie, I gotta get that money
I'll be damned if I'm bummy
Gotta watch my back around these niggas
'Cause they fronting 20 years
Of watching my mama's tears
Got me heated, heavily weeded
Smoking that bomg 'cause I need it
These niggas don't want me balling, they want me bury
Thrown in the dirt, from shots flurry
Laying with bugs under my shirt
I got plans to hop up in that Hummer
'Cause I'mma stunner, I sit back and wonder
When them angels gon' call my number
Under, my chest is a heart of a lion
I ain't lieing, bounty hunters got me flying
With my iron, high as a giant
I'm running from nothing, my stomach is touching
What I'm clutching, to give you more then a concussion
End of discussion

My blood is colder, so I'm bolder
Hennesy and soda
Hood on my my shoulder
Looking in the mirror, I see a soldier

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These are my ideas
This is my sweat and tears
This is shit that I saw with my eyeballs, my ears
This is me who's gotta be
What you see on TV
What you hear on CD
What appears easy
Man these teenie boppers see me on these magazine covers
In these beanies and these rags, living fantasies
Fronting like it's all fun and games
Till they shoot 'em up bang
Then you see brains hang and you see we ain't playing
Ain't saying we ain't laying down at night and ain't praying
I bully my way in this game, man I'm done playing
Man I'm done saying that I'm done playing
I'mma start laying any of these motherfucking cocksuckers
There's no way I'mma back down, like a goddamn coward
I can't, how would I look as man bowing to his knees
Like the mad cow disease, let somebody lash out at me
And not lash back out at 'em, please
Oh, whoa, yo, ho, hold up, oh no, not me
Not Marshall, you wanna see Marshall?
I'll show you Marshall, I try to show you art
Put you just pick it apart, so I see I have to start
Showing you fucken old farts a whole other side
I wanted to not show you, so you know you're not dealing with
Some fucken marshmallow, little soft yellow
Punk pussy, who's heart's Jello, 'cause

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