

## If I Can't

50 Cent

Yea, ha ha, yea, yea

If I can't do it, homie, it can't be done  
Now I'ma let the champagne bottle pop  
I'ma take it to the top  
Fo sho I'ma make it hot, baby (baby)

I apply pressure to pussies that stuntin I pop  
Stand alone squeezin my pistol I'm sure that I gotta  
Now Peter Piper picked peppers but Run rocked rhymes  
I'm 50 Cent, I write a lil bit but I pop nines  
Tell niggaz, "Get they money right," cuz I got mine  
And I'm around quit playin nigga you can't shine  
You gon be that next chump to end up in the trunk  
After bein hit by the pump, is that whut you want?  
Be easy nigga, I'll lay your ass out  
Believe me nigga, thats whut I'm about, gangsta  
You could find a nigga sittin on chrome  
Hit the clutch, hit the gear, hit the gas & I'm gone (Yea!)

If I can't do it, homie, it can't be done  
Now I'ma let the champagne bottle pop  
I'ma take it to the top  
Fo sho I'ma make it hot, baby (baby)

I'm down for the action, he smart with his mouth so smack em  
You holdin a strap, he might come back so clap em  
React like a gangsta, die like a gangsta for actin  
Cuz you'll get hit & homicide'll be askin, "Whut happened?"  
OH NO look who clapped em with the FO'FO'  
20 inch rims sitting on Lo Pros  
Eastside, Westside niggaz know, yo, i'm loco  
Even my mama said, "Something really wrong with my brain"  
Niggaz don't rob me they know I'm down to die for my chain  
G-UNIT! We get it poppin in the hood  
G-UNIT! Muthafucka whuts good?  
I'm waitin on niggaz to act like they dont know how to act  
I had a sip of too much Jack, I'll blow em off the map  
With the mack, thinkin its all rap  
Til that ass get clapped and Doc say "It's a wrap"

(It's a wrap, nigga)

If I can't do it, homie, it can't be done  
Now I'ma let the champagne bottle pop  
I'ma take it to the top  
Fo sho I'ma make it hot, baby (baby)

I been feelin i had to teach lessons to slow learners  
Go head act up, get smacked in the head with the burner  
I dont fight fair, I'm dirty-dirty  
I'm from Southside Jamaica, Queens, nigga ya'heard me?  
When streetlights come on niggaz blast the nines  
Get locked up, they read books to pass the time  
In the game there's up's and down's, so I stay on the grind  
Niggaz on my dick more than my bitch, I stay on they mind  
They aint nothin they could do to stop my shine

This is God's plan homey, this ain't mine  
I played the music loud so Grandpa called me a nuisance  
And Grandma; who always gotta throw in her two cents  
I'm the drop out who made more more money than these teachers  
Roofless/Ruthless like the Coupe but I come with more features  
I am whut I am, you could like it or love it  
It feels good to pull 50 grand & think nothin of it  
Fuck it

If I can't do it, homie, it can't be done  
Now I'ma let the champagne bottle pop  
I'ma take it to the top  
Fo sho I'ma make it hot, baby (baby)

If I can't do it, homie, it can't be done  
Now I'ma let the champagne bottle pop  
I'ma take it to the top  
Fo sho I'ma make it hot, baby (baby)

Uh huh, hood make it hot  
Dr Dre, Aftermath  
Shady, ha ha