

## Position of Power

50 Cent

Ha, ha, ha  
I told niggas not to shoot dice with me  
Look at this stack  
I got money  
I got money  
Ha, ha, ha

Aww nigga don't trip  
I'll kill you if you fuck with my grip  
I won't hesitate to let off a clip  
Aww nigga don't trip  
You're gonna make me get on some shit  
Run up on you quick  
What's up? You're whipped  
Aww nigga don't trip  
You're gonna get you monkey ass hit  
Run in you whip tryna fuck with my clique  
Aww nigga don't trip  
Case you didn't know who this is  
It's 50 Cent bitch, G-Unit  
Aww nigga don't trip

I come through your hood, stuntin' in my yellow lam  
Murcielago, top down, nigga damn  
I'm the biggest crook from New York since son of Sam  
Cruisin', bumpin' Bugz shit, ruger in my hand  
Thinkin' the east ain't enough, it's time to expand  
I plan to head out west and plant my feet down  
A nigga big as King Kong in the street now  
I do a little house shoppin', and buy me a crib  
Its palm trees and pretty bitches out in Cali kid  
I touched the Hollywood paper, go and shoot me some flicks  
Have some supermodel bitches come and suck on some dick  
My mom turn in her grave if I married a white chick  
But baby'll suck the chrome off the Chevy and shit  
Niggas be wearin' fake signs, I'm rockin' a little charm  
Thirty carrots on the pinky, kiss the ring on the Don  
Crack open that Cali bud, stuff the weed in the bong

Nigga you hustle, but me I hustle harder  
I got what you need, them trees, that hard, that powder  
My niggas we gee packs, every hour on the hour  
They shoot when I say shoot, so I'm in the position of power  
You fuck around if you wanna

Where I'm from, you learn to blend in or get touched  
I don't need niggas for support, I don't walk with a crutch  
Niggas know my stage, they don't fuck with me son  
You got an appetite for hollow-tips, I'll feed you my gun  
This is that Ferrari F-50 shit, it's real laid back  
Type shit you recline to in the Maybach  
I got two suiters now, on the run from the fuzz  
You get the same shit for ten bodies, you get for one 'cause  
I live life in the fast lane, 100 miles an hour, chrome and some wood grain  
You know a nigga still really tryna move cane  
Make a little extra money on the side mayn  
I ain't playin', I'm up early with the birds word

Puttin' that work in, parrelli's on the Porsche chirpin' (I'm making moves)  
I got a hundred mill from music, a hundred grand from crack  
Goin' to see my jeweler, so I can blow a stack

Nigga you hustle, but me I hustle harder  
I got what you need, them trees, that hard, that powder  
My niggas we gee packs, every hour on the hour  
They shoot when I say shoot, so I'm in the position of power  
You fuck around if you wanna