

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

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