

This Is 50

50 Cent

This is 50

I don't know what you take me for
I really don't play that shit
I ain't got to get you hit
I get out myself and spray that shit

I got a itchy itchy trigger finger, nigga its a killa in me not to spray that shit
I got enough ammo shots to blow I up a hole in every mothafucka out t his bitch
I unload then reload, when you get hit I supposed you gon' be strong enough to take this shit
I'm in the hood ridin' round with a chrome fo' pound, can you see thru the windows see tints
I do dirt, the gat bussa, get to kickin' up dust, 'fore the jakes come around here kid
niggas get knocked if they start askin' question, my name end up in a ll types of shit
I be a gangsta, a nigga till I die fo' sho', whether I'm poor or I'm filthy rich
Now what you know about movin' that Peruvian and flake for that cake, I get rid of them bricks

(2x):

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Man I gotta have shoes, you know chrome 22's, everytime I get a brand new whip
I rolled around in a 5, till my money got right, then I went back and got that six
I'm in a big white Benz, on a hot sunny day, I call up the milk truck and shit
I have ya hoe, eyeballin' at the light, damn pimpin', you should take time to check that bitch
You saw me ridin through the hood, actin' like its all good, but I'm lookin' for a ??? and shit
In the middle of the night, you can turn on ya lights, I mean my niggas in ya crib
nigga holla if there's a problem, and your niggas got drama, I got burners for sell and shit
Got the macs, got the nines, got them tecks all the time, holo-tips and the extra clips

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Man I'm tired of tellin' niggas over and over everything about me be
gangsta
Man I'm tired of tellin' niggas over and over I won't hesitate to pop
or shank ya
Man I'm tired of tellin' niggas over and over they can hustle and I'm
in your shit
Man I'm tired of tellin' niggas over and over you don't listen you go
n' get ya ass hit

This is 50
Yeah
nigga cherish me
Like the water you drink
Like the air you breathe
You need me to live
Yeah