

Ain't from the streets of Compton
Ain't from no prison yard
Ain't got no guns or weapons
Hell, nigga, I ain't hard

I'd rather help than fight you
I'd rather hug than swing
I know where diamonds come from
And ain't about to bling

Ain't got no fancy car
I can't afford my rent
Ain't even got my own style
Sometimes I'm 50 Cent

But I ain't got no bullets
And I ain't bullet proof
And you can take your aim
But you can't kill the truth

Ay, yo, untie that noose
Son, we ain't free, we're loose
I'm sleeping on the floor
Above your party's burning roof

And when that party's through
Here's what you need to do
Just hold that mic right to your heart
And hear the beat of you

I got a heart beat produced by God
And, boy, it sounds hard
I got heart beat produced by God
And, boy, it sounds hard

I got a heart beat produced by God
And, boy, it sounds hard
I got heart beat produced by God
And, boy, it sounds hard