

# 50 Cent, Curtis 187

(Chorus - 50 Cent)

They say Im grimey, Im greasy  
I make a 187 look easy  
F\*\*k that, I lay my murder game down  
Push me nigga, see what Im about

(Verse 1 - 50 Cent)

I was a snotty nose, nappy head, dirtbomb nigga  
Sayin I cant wait till I get a little bigger  
Half the niggas jumped me, bumpin' my head  
Thinkin' I wish I had a gun I fill a nigga with lead  
Took a kitchen knife, Im finna poke me a nigga  
Wishin' I had a gun so I could smoke me a nigga  
Sold my first five quarter gram pieces in the alley  
Where Bizzy had the Bondeville and Kev had the caddy  
Now those were the days, where crime really pay  
9 milly spray, got the xxxx out the way  
The shootout, the shootout  
The bricks went fast, robberies went bad, niggas got blast  
Niggas kidnap Drew granpa kid  
Came through and shot Ms Leak in the head  
Wonder why I got a gun so I can get down for mine  
You need that, out on the grind all the time

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(Verse 2 - 50 Cent)

It was kangos, caselli shades, boombbers and corn brades  
Do rags on the waist, brass knuckles, switch blades  
E-mass to get paid, new shells to get sprayed  
Hood rats to get layed, money to get made  
Yeah, yeah I had a dream I was rich  
Woke up broke, gun in my hand

Sayin' "Damn!" this dope cost 60 a gram  
Have to find me a nigga, line me a nigga  
And say "Give it up kid, before I put one in ya wig"  
Picture me thirsty, ridin' round foamin' out the mouth  
Sayin' "I dont get on" Im'a lay a nigga out  
Now diamonds are beautiful, pearls are precious  
I hit ya in ya bitch, both go for ya necklace  
Im so wreckless, I play the semi drunk off henny  
Wipe your blood off the shines run and sell em to Benny  
F\*\*k with me, ya niggas know Boo Boo get bizzy(Chorus - 50 Cent)  
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(Verse 3 - 50 Cent)

I gave Jus a buck 50 ask him If I cut niggas  
Shootouts in Bedford ask him If I bucked niggas  
Four fifth they call me Boo Boo, the accident baby  
Hennysee and Cocaine, those remedies made me  
My eyes dont cry, Im a fatherless child  
Got my xxx whooped in Spotford but never that now  
When my name in ya mouth, better watch how you talk  
Send yo punk xxx to therapy to learn how to walk  
I bust a clip Ill hit ya hip  
Im take your shit  
Thats how the esse's play, for that s.s.k  
Your probably heard through the grape vine, Im good out Watts  
Bulletproof shit, cruisin' through the Compton blocks  
Im the beast from the east, but I play on the west  
In the drop by myself with my gun and my vest  
And you niggas best be on your best behaviours  
I was bread for this shit, front Im'a blaze ya(Chorus - 50 Cent)  
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