

50 Cent, Good Die Young

yo, ya know what i want?
i want the beat to drop in right, like...now
niggas be thinkin im crazy right? (yeah, you are crazy)
i aint crazy (you are crazy)
atleast i dont think im crazy, i think my shit is hott,
i think im hott (you hott but you crazy)
why they want..i dunno
its the money that makes shit get ugly
its the money that make these hoes love me
its the money that make niggas wanna slug me
man i thought the money would make it all lovely
yo i actually write what i do or see
the felonies from day to day make me say what i say
when i die my auto be worth as much as picasso
dont cry for me smile for me
an' if you see dem niggas who wet me, wow for me
remember the good times, the chips we stacked, the clips we packed,
an all the bricks we cooked from coke to crack
let my tombstone read "i tried";
an from the start everything i wrote was from my heart
so its always gon be number 1 on my chart
i get sensitive wit my shit, dont fuck with my art
sometimes it sounds like im playin' but im sayin' this shit is real
it aint a game
(chorus)
they say the good die young
i guess these grimy niggas live a long time
sit in fancy whips, sip champagne, an' shine
keep your eyes on yours while i keep my eyes on mine
(repeat)
(end chorus)
first it happened to stretch, then to pac and big
im convinced it could happen to anybody here
so i get vest-ed up when i get dressed up
an' the hood is messed up,
niggas runnin' 'round shootin' shit up
if its Don that u drinkin, fill up my cup
if u gossipin' about me, shut the fuck up
why dont niggas act like they hard? when they know they but.
when gettin' robbed aint a good time to press your luck
dude listen, if you move, ima hurt you
you'll get your time to shine later, paitence is a virture
right now, what you need to do is gimme the cash
forget about your boss bein' mad, just save your ass
be a good boy, now go an' get your stash
i see you throwin next to the garbage can like it was trash
ight run along before i shoot your ass
i hate to do this to you, bt i really need this cash
(chorus)
i know we all gonna go, but i hate to go fast,
then again i dont think it'd be fun to stick around an' go last
man listen if you really really like this shit,
nigga call steve stout (?) and ill write your shit
call him now before i drop
for real cuz after i drop
im gonna be chargin y'all niggas like 40 a pop
to each his own
me? i'd get it while it was cheap
typical mentality, i know. straight from the street
1999's the year of the predator
killin' to eat
niggas will treat you like an egg when you come to cop with your beat
gimme your dough, oh your wore your jewels? what a treat.
your a generous guy, take 'em off or die

man, we hurtin round here, aint nobody slingin pie,
look around, aint nobody 'round here fly
why you around here with this shit anyway? huh? you high?
kiss your ass goodbye
(chorus 2x)