

50 Cent, Nobody Likes Me

nobody likes me
[brand new by 50 cent]
nobody likes me but thats ok cuz i dont like ya'll anyway
and i dont like ya'll anyway
fuck all ya'll

[verse]

i got my watch talk for me
my whip talk for me
my gat talk for me
BAH what up homie
and bitches who dont know me they wanna blow me
cuz the shit i floss with be sayin it all for me
i came into rap humble
i dont give a fuck now
ill serve anybody
like niggas who hustle uptown
The coke price go up
Cats just come down
The D's run in my crib
I'm nowhere to be found
Niggas who hustle for me
They don't even stash cracks
They keep it on 'em
Right there in they ass crack
I don't like a nigga
I don't pretend to
I'll have the paramedics wrappin'
Your fuckin' head like a Hindu
Look I ain't goin' nowhere
So get used to me
Old G's look at me
An' see I'm what they used to be
I'm that nigga that sold coke
The nigga that sold dope
The nigga that shot dice
Went broke an' sold soap
The thug that pop shit
The thug that pop clips
The thug that went from 3 1/2
To a whole brick
Nigga ain't in his right mind
Goin' against me
My bitches pray at the words
That make a blind man see

[chorus]

Scream Muurdaaa
I don't believe you
Muurdaaa
Fuck around an leave you
Muurdaaa
I don't believe you
Murda, murda
Your life's on the line

[chorus]

Yall niggas dont
Want no parts of me
I'm tryin to figure out
How yall started me
You gon' make me
Catch you on a late night
Pop shots with the fifth
Then slide off in the sixth
I'm not a marksman while sparkin'
So I spray random

Not a pretty nigga
But my moms think I'm handsome
I hate to hear he say
She say shit
Unless he say
She says
She on my dick
It's no coincidence
Niggas who fuck wit' me
Get shot up (blaw, blaw)
I'll do a Cali-style-
Drive by, an' tear your block up
You soft duke
You puttin' up a crazy front
I stay wit' the mack
Them niggas tried to blaze me once
In the hood they're like "Damn!"
&"50 really spit it on 'em."
&"You heard that shit?"
&"Yeah, 50 really shitted on 'em."
Beef, you don't want none
So don't start none
You just a small playa in this game
Play your part, son
[Verse]
These cats always
Escape reality when they rhyme
That's why they write about bricks
An' only dealt with dimes
Leave it to them
An' they say they got a fast car
Nascar
Truck with a crash bar
An' TV's in the dash, Pa
See them in the five
Wit' stock rims
I just laugh, Pa
I catch stunts
When I ain't tryin'
I ain't lyin'
I sip Don P 'til I spit up
Keep my wrist lit up
Get out of line
I'll get you hit up
Now if you say my name
In your rhymes
You better watch what you say
You get carried away
You could get shot
An' carried away
Now here's a list of MC's
That could kill you in eight bars
50, ummm....
Jay-Z and Nas
I'ma say this shit now
An'never again
We ain't buddies
We ain't partners
An' we damn sure ain't friends
The games you playin'
You get killed like that
Actin' like you all hard
You ain't built like that
See me, when you see me nigga
What! What!

[chorus]