

# Then Days Went By (Prod.By Lab Ox)

## 50 Cent

This is how monster's functionLeave me alone  
I ain't fuckin' with nobodyKeep fuckin' with me you gon' turn me back to Boo Boo  
Have me casin' out your crib, tryna pop your fuckin' noodles  
She was twenty I was twelve, man my Nana said she raped me  
I jus' smiled from ear to ear, sayin' take me baby take me  
Since high school, nigga I ain't got no friends  
Got two Three-Eighty's like the Ying Yang Twinz, ah  
That's spot clickin' till the D's run in  
Then it's bail money and lawyer fees you got to have ends  
Freshman year I had that C-B-R Hurricane  
In a ill Herringbone I got 'um swingin' Heroine  
I shoot a nigga in a heartbeat I ain't no chump  
Then you can run Forrest run retard when I dump  
They take kindness for weakness, niggas don't respect that  
So me I'm where that Reuger, that Pump and that Tech at  
Some look at me I'm on now, I thought we was rich then  
Shit man, but you had like, twenty bricks in Richmond  
We was in Cocaine heaven, I was fishscale dreamin'  
We jus' got in the town, we was strapped up schemin'  
First Country caught a body, then country caught a body then  
I popped a couple niggas, then country shot everybody  
It's cold blooded, it's real shit you got to love it  
Tre-Eight Snub it, and don't think nuttin' of it  
It's the way of the wolves, it's how they train us to move  
Get it poppin' when we shoppin' niggas hold down the two'sI seen niggas gettin' rich  
Then days went by, then days went by, then days went by  
I was tired of havin' shit  
Then days went by, then days went by, then days went by  
I seen niggas gettin' hit  
Then days went by, then days went by, then days went by  
We was slingin' that shit  
Then days went by, then days went by, then days went by  
Here I amYeah  
I was ? since we was little niggas son since we were seven  
Armed robbery, first degree, my man did seven  
Niggas popped his whip up, hit his can we were seven  
He a lucky muhfucker I bet he make it to heaven  
My Grandpa drunk, my uncle Rock drunk  
My uncle Champ pump crack, smoked my fuckin' stash up

I had two-hundred and fifty grams stashed on the porch  
I mean I'm what you call smoke man, I'm what you call snort  
First the VCR went, then the T.V. went  
He stole outta mommy purse, she thought it was me kid  
I ain' ask her for no money son cause I was out hustlin'  
She was lookin' at me sideways like I'm a thief or somethin'  
That hurt me, c'mon son that wouldn't hurt you  
I pistol whip that nigga till his face was purple  
I need anger management, see I hold on to a grudge  
The same way I hold on to that nickel-plate SnubThe Lord don't have imperfections baby  
So I think I'm perfect the way he made me  
Some say I'm cool, some say I'm crazy  
Some say I ain't shit, some say I'm amazin'I seen niggas gettin' rich  
Then days went by, then days went by, then days went by  
I was tired of havin' shit  
Then days went by, then days went by, then days went by  
I seen niggas gettin' hit  
Then days went by, then days went by, then days went by  
We was slingin' that shit  
Then days went by, then days went by, then days went by  
Here I am

#### Songwriters

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