Don't Push Me

50 Cent

I need you to pray for me and

I need you to care for me and

I need you to want me to win

I need to know where I'm heading 'cause I know where I've been

Flows, bones, crushing it's nothing

I come up with something

Come through your strip, fronting, stunting

It's something you want, 745 chrome spinning

Haters hate that I'm winningMan I've been hot from the beginning

Motherfuckers aim at the kid, control your jealousy

'Cause I can't control my temper, I'm fitting to catch a felony

Pistol in hand homie, I'm down to get it popping

Once I squeeze the first shot

No I ain't stopping till my clip is empty

I'm simply not that nigga you should try your luck with

Fuck with, hollow-tip shells struck with your bones broke

Gun smoking, still locing, what nigga

Lay your ass down paramedics get you up feelingRight now I'm on the edge

So don't push me

I aim straight for your head

So don't push me

Fill your ass up with lead

So don't push me

I got something for your ass, keep thinking I'm pussyRight now I'm on the edge

So don't push me

I aim straight for your head

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I got something for your ass, keep thinking I'm pussyI cross my bigger nigga and I didn't cry

To young to understand, the consequences of man

Living a lie, I gotta get that money

I'll be damned if If I'm bummy

Gotta watch my back around these niggas

'Cause they fronting twenty years

Of watching my Mama's tears

Got me heated, heavily weededSmoking that bomb 'cause I need it

These niggas don't want me balling, they want me bury

Thrown in the dirt, from shots flurry

Laying with bugs under my shirt

I got plans to hop up in that Hummer

'Cause I'mma stunner, I sit back and wonder

When them angels gon' call my number

Under, my chest is a heart of a lionI ain't lying, bounty hunters got me flying

With my iron, high as a giant

I'm running from nothing, my stomach is touching

What I'm clutching, to give you more then a concussion

End of discussion

My blood is colder, so I'm bolder

And it's either soda

Hood on my my shoulder

Looking in the mirror, I see a soldierRight now I'm on the edge

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I got something for your ass, keep thinking I'm pussyThese are my ideas, this is my sweat and tears

This is shit that I solved with my balls, my ears

This is me who's gotta be, what you see on TV

What you hear on C.D., what appears easy

Man these teenie boppers see me on these magazine covers

In these beanies and these rags, living fantasies

Fronting like it's all fun and games

Till they shoot 'em up bangThen you see brains hang and you see we ain't playing

Ain't saying we ain't laying down at night and ain't praying

I bully my way in this game, man I'm done playing

Man I'm done saying that I'm done playing

I'mma start laying any of these motherfucking cocksuckers

There's no way I'mma back down, like a goddamn coward

I can't, how would I look as man bowing to his knees

Like the mad cow disease, let somebody lash out at me

And not lash back out at 'em, pleaseOh, whoa, yo, ho, hold up, oh no, not me

Not Marshall, you wanna see Marshall?

I'll show you Marshall, I try to show you art

Put you just pick it apart, so I see I have to start

Showing you fuckin' old farts a whole other side

I wanted to not show you, so you know you're not dealing with

Some fuckin' marshmallow, little soft yellow Punk pussy, who's heart's Jello, 'causeRight now I'm on the edge

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I got something for your ass, keep thinking I'm pussyShady aftermath nigga, G-Unit Rap juggernauts of this shit, we takin' over

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