

The Good Die Young

50 Cent

Yo, you know what I want? I want the beat to drop right..now

Niggas be thinkin' I'm crazy right?

You are crazy

I ain't crazy

You are crazy

Atleast I don't think I'm crazy

I think my shit is hot, I think I'm hot

You hot but you crazy

Why they want to? Man, I don't know...It's the money that, makes shit get ugly

It's the money that, makes these hoes love me

It's the money that, makes niggas want to 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 art will be worth more than Picasso's, don't cry for me,

Smile for me

And if you see them niggas that wet me, wile' for me

Remember the good times, the chips we stacked

The clips we packed

And all the bricks we cooked from coke to crack

Let my tombstone read "I Tried" and from the start everything I wrote

Was from my heart

So it'll always be number one on my chart

I get sensitive with my shit, don't fuck with my art

Sometimes it sounds like I'm playin' but I'm sayin'

This shit is real, it ain't a game. They say the good die young, I guess these grimy niggas live a

Long time, sit in fancy whips, sip champaigne and shine, keep your eyes

On yours while I keep my eyes on mine. (Repeat)First it happened to Stretch then to Pac and Big

I'm convinced it can happen to anybody kid

So I get vest up when I get dressed up

In the hood it's messed up, niggas runnin' 'round shootin' shit up

If it's Dom that you drinkin' fill up my cup

If you got somethin' to doubt me, shut the fuck up

Why do niggas act like they hard when they know they butt?

And gettin' robbed ain't a good time to press ya luck

Duke listen, if you move I'm a hurt you

You'll get your turn to shine later, patience is a virtue

Right now what you need to do is gimme the cash

Forget about your Boss bein' mad, just save ya ass

Be a good Boy now, go and get your stash
I seen you throw it next to the garbage can like it was trash
Alright run along before I shoot ya ass

I hate to do this to you but I really need this cash. They say the good die young, I guess these grimy niggas live a
Long time, sit in fancy whips, sip champaigne and shine, keep your eyes

On yours while I keep my eyes on mine. (Repeat) They say the good die young, I guess these grimy niggas live a
Long time, sit in fancy whips, sip champaigne and shine, keep your eyes

On yours while I keep my eyes on mine. (Repeat) I know we all gotta go, but I'd hate to go fast
Then again I don't think it'd be fun to stick around and go last

Man listen, if you really really like this shit

Nigga call Steve Stoute and I'll write ya shit

Call him now before I drop for real 'cause after I drop

I'm'a be chargin' ya'll niggas like Forty a pop

To each his own, me? I got it while it was cheap

Typical mentality, I know, I'm straight from the street

1999's the year of the predator, I'm killin' to eat

Niggas'll treat you like a egg, you come to cop you get beat

Gimme your dough, oh, you wore your jewels? what a treat

You're a generous guy

Take 'em off or die

Man, we hurtin' 'round here, ain't nobody slingin' pies

Look around, ain't nobody 'round here fly

Why you 'round here with this shit anyway? huh? you high?

See, you done made the wrong move, kiss your ass goodbye. They say the good die young, I guess these grimy
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On yours while I keep my eyes on mine. (Repeat)

Songwriters

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