

I'm Supposed To Die Tonight

50 Cent

Man

You know where the niggas be at right?

Take me to 'em[Chorus]

All through the hood, I keep hearin' niggas sayin'

I'm supposed to die tonight (pup, pup, pup, pup, pup, pup)

Niggas come put a hit out and they talkin' like the shit okay

(pup, pup, pup, pup, pup, pup)

I'm down to ride tonight

We rollin, whip stolen, AK loaded

I'm down to ride tonight

Its smokin', street locin', locked and loaded

Somebody gon' die tonight This is nothin' new, I been in the position before

Grandma crib, niggas outside of her door

Different day, same shit, old mac, new clip

Thirty two hollow tips, gloves, no rubber grip

I'm a boss, but niggas never show no respect

I catch 'em slippin', I have 'em tongue kissin' my tec

Want to come test me, pussy boy don't try

Police responds, never fast enough, the shots fired

Don't be stupid, find out who you fuckin' wit son

'Fore we find out where ya bitch gets her hair and nails done

Its elementary, life is but a dream

You know row, row ya boat, your blood forms a stream

After you get hit, you should of thought about the shit

You took that paper, you take a life or ya life get took bitch

Sometimes, I sit and look at life from a different angle

Don't know if I'm God's child or I'm Satan's angel[Chorus] In 2002, if you asked me to make a wish

I simply would of wished that my music would be a hit

Big said damn, niggas want to stick me for my paper

And pray for my downfall, I understand it all

But me, I'm a little more flashy a nigga

So chances are, I'ma have to blast me a nigga

I'm on that teflon vest shit, that wild wild west shit

And eighty one 1 carrot stones in my necklace

I shine so hard, I make motherfuckers want to kill me

Every projects and every hood I go, they feel me

Know it sounds like rap, but this shit is real be

I don't talk that rich shit, but nigga I'm filthy

When I come out to play, had my mom been with me

You could bet your bottom dollar that revolver with me
Homeboy, frontin' on me will shorten your life span
Hold the mic with my left, the knife in my right hand[Chorus]

Songwriters

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