9 Shots

50 Cent

Fifty, fifty
Ferrari, Ferrari
Shooter, shooterI was innocent then, I ain't do no wrong
She said, "you mommy little man," I said, "yep, uh huh"
She was everything to me, when she came, I just lit up
Sunday morning I was so sharp, all did up
It was welfare hustlin', they killed her for that
The first shot, bullet wound in my back
I'm fucked up, look at my sneakers, I'm fucked up
Now I'm on my own, mommy gone
Sam said, "you a young boy, why your clothes look so old?
You don't need fish, little nigga, you need a pole
You don't need no new kicks, you need an O"
Chop that, bag it, get right back at it
That touched me, it hit me in my heart
I'm a hustler, homie, you was giving me my start
I am what I am, Sabrina's only baby
Practicing in the mirror, pulling out my .380
Oh man, I fucked up nana gonna kill me
Whenever shit can go wrong it always will, see
Seven grams of cocaine, three grams of dope
Saint Mary medallion hanging from my rope
Try to punk me and my gun smoke
Look, I'm outta control, my gun go
Off like it's legal, call the cops, you need to
Give 'em my description, I ain't bullshittin'
My high school sweetheart love didn't last long
Niggas start flashing that bread and she was gone
That hurt me like the bullet in my calf then
My next girl was a pain in the ass
I got two shots left, in case niggas try to get me
That's nine shots, we just call it fiftyMama said the Lord gon' bless us
Mama said, mama said
Mama said the Lord gon' bless us
Then in came the landlord, beef, and the stresses
Mama said the Lord gon' bless us
Mama said, mama said
Mama said the Lord gon' bless us
The dope bought the shit the food stamps couldn't get us

Mama said the Lord gon' bless us
That's what mama said, that's what mama said

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