

# Could've Been You (Feat. Bishop Lamont, R. Kelly)

## 50 Cent

I gave her books to read, fed her mind with knowledge  
Gave her street smarts, shit you can't get in college  
She's a reflection of me so you know she the shit  
If I'm a star she a star, if I'm rich she rich  
That's my dog  
I tell her stay she wanna go, I tell her go she wanna stay  
That's my dog  
You know a bitch don't usually mean nothing to me, that's right  
But that's my dog I go left, she go right, I go up, she go down  
She couldn't listen that, she ain't around  
So ungrateful screaming "I hate you"  
She must got amnesia, bitch I made you  
Now just think, just think that could've been you  
Just think, that should've been you  
Yeah, with me, I share the world with you  
But you ain't ride with a rider so I ain't fucking with you  
Say, say, say girl, come here, no, you, no, her, yeah,  
you, go  
The reason you didn't get dick  
Because you got your nose up your ass like your smelling your shit  
But tonight you met your match  
'Cause I be smelling my shit too, now how you like that?  
You could've had this dude and anything you choose  
And now girl you lose cause I ain't fucking with ya  
(Could've been you)  
Shopping spree's, drop top hair blowing in the wind  
(Could've been you)  
Living lavish, instead it's your girlfriend  
But you tripping while we sipping  
In the back of the club big tipping  
She say it hurts when you supposed to win then you lose  
You were supposed to be sure, baby, you was confused  
I had a thing for you, I had a ring for you  
House, cars, kids and a pet name for you  
Pussycat, told you I'd make it, you ain't believe  
I guess cause coming up was hard it was easy to leave  
Now think about it, maybe I'm right, maybe I'm wrong  
Either way shorty, life goes on  
When you around, my smile's a grin, my thoughts are a sin  
You ask me can we try again, I ain't fucking with you  
It's on, the club jumping, I'm trying get my liquor and

You wanna suck the dick again, I'm staring at your thicker friends

I guess I'm like Will Smith in "Pursuit of Happyness"

In my hood, we all hustle and in pursuit of the same shit

Now just think, just think, that could've been you

Now just think that should've been you with me

I share the world with you

But you ain't ride with a rider, so I ain't fucking with you  
Say, say, say girl, come here, no, you, no, her, yeah,  
you, go

The reason you didn't get dick

Because you got your nose up your ass like your smelling your shit

But tonight you met your match

'Cause I be smelling my shit too, now how you like that?

You could've had this dude and anything you choose

And now girl you lose cause I ain't fucking with ya

(Could've been you)

Shopping spree's, drop top hair blowing in the wind

(Could've been you)

Living lavish, instead it's your girlfriend

And it ain't no other way to put it except

I know you understand it girl, it's so

But you see us in the back of the club

Popping bottles and it could've been you, but nope

#### Songwriters

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