Slow Dough

50 Cent

Trackmasters, 99 shit
Huh uh, huh uh, yea
[Chorus]Slow dough, is better than no dough (fa sho)
Get caught talking to popo (what you say to him son?)
They hit you with the fofo (blaow, that's right)
My niggas is loco (loco)
Yo to diss me that's a no-no (no-no)
Y'all niggas is so-so (so-so)
That's why you ain't got no dough (broke ass niggas)
Put me through any test I bet ya I'll pass cause I'm a cheater
Broke niggas, smoke niggas, rich niggas smoke Cohiba's
My team been puffing chiba and packing heaters since the days of shell toe Adidas
And ain't shit come between us
Look I'm winning now and I'ma keep on winning
I see with you ain't nothing changed same ginen same linen
Fuck the don shit, nigga I'm an armed convict
I live wild beat cases before a trial
Grand jury style I'm foul
You wondering why I don't smile
I'm schemeing to stick you up now
Son I be the first to blast the gun, the last to run
While you hit the pavement son I mash you, ugh
If you don't know you better go and ask someone
50 Cent is my symbol and my name
Symbolizing the change that I'm bringing to this game
Things'll never be the same (never the same baby)
[Chorus]
Yo nowadays niggas talk like they wanna get shot
Like I won't grab the glock and run up in your spot
Six double O drop I'll put two in your knot
And stick around and get every motherfucking thing you've got
Here I stand on the alley on godrule
Same spot where rob got shot
The block's high
Warrent squad flashing my mug shot
Everybody know I'm loco, kill the popo, blast the fo fo, rode dolo
Rock solo, I should be old T on the low yo
Pump the six and push the volvo
I hear they go kuku and go puff loco

I sell llelo and price up and down like yo yo
But keep that on the low do, nobody's supposed to know, yo
I make 16 hundred off of every ho do
Fucking with the cash flow that'll get you blast yo (haha)
I always get the last laugh yo
[Chorus]I rap a muthafucking house around my my wrist for wreck
While you niggas race neck to neck
While niggas who live from cheque to tech
I ain't even going to front I ain't working with a full deck
Life in the hood so hard I done lost some of my cards
Instead of praying before I sleep I put my hands on my heat
As soon as I start dreaming I'm right back on the street
Any nigga in this game flowing they think they can see me
Gotta be, fucked up in the head and smoking hemee
Believe me if you thought like me you could be me
But you ain't been through what I been through and this shit ain't that easy (one)
[Chorus]

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