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
At least 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 wanna? 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 wanna 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 champagne and shine
Keep your eyes on yours while I keep my eyes on mine
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Keep your eyes on yours while I keep my eyes on mine
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'ma 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
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Keep your eyes on yours while I keep my eyes on mine
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'ma 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
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