

# 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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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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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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