

Back Down

50 Cent

It's easy to see when you look at me
If you look closely 50 don't back down
Everywhere I go both coasts with toast
Eastside, Westside, I hold that mack down
Every little nigga you see around me
Hold a gun big enough to fucking hold Shaq down
Next time you in the hood and see an O.G
You ask about me, the young boy don't back down Any living thing that cannot co-exist with the kid
Must de cease existing, little nigga, now listen
Your mami, your papi, that bitch you chasin'
Your little dirty ass kids, I'll fucking erase them
Your success is not enough, you wanna be hard
Knowing that you get knocked you get fucked in the yard
You's a Pop Tart, sweetheart, you soft in the middle
I eat ya for breakfast, the watch was an exchange for your necklace
And your boss is a bitch, if he could he would
Sell his soul for cheap, trade his life to be Suge
You can buy cars, but you can't buy respect in the hood
Maybe I'm so disrespectful cause to me you're a mystery
I know niggas from ya hood, you have no history
Never poked nothing, never popped nothing, nigga stop fronting
Jay put you on, X made you hot
Now you run around like you some big shot
Ha ha, pussy It's easy to see when you look at me
If you look closely 50 don't back down
Everywhere I go both coasts with toast
Eastside, Westside, I hold that mack down
Every little nigga you see around me
Hold a gun big enough to fucking hold Shaq down
Next time you in the hood and see an O.G
You ask about me, the young boy don't back down "The rap game is all fucked up now, what are we gonna do
now?
How we gonna eat man? 50 back around"
That's Ja's little punk ass thinking out loud
Southside 'til I die, that's just how I get down
I'm back in the game, shawty, to rule and conquer
You sing for hoes and sound like the cookie monster
I'm the hardest from New York, my flow is bonkers
All the other hard niggas they come from Yonkers

It's been years and you had the same niggas in the background
You never gonna sell Mitsubishi Tah, Crack Child
Them niggas dead, they just suck, they no good
I ain't never heard a nigga say they like them in the hood
I'm back better than ever on top of my game
Even them country boys saying "50 we feeling you, mane"
Now you stay the fuck outta my zone, outta my throne
I'm New York City's own bad guyIt's easy to see when you look at me
If you look closely 50 don't back down
Everywhere I go both coasts with toast
Eastside, Westside, I hold that mack down
Every little nigga you see around me
Hold a gun big enough to fucking hold Shaq down
Next time you in the hood and see an O.G
You ask about me, the young boy don't back downI ain't telling anyone you pussy
I ain't telling anyone you getting extorted
I've been patently waiting to blow
Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to "The 50 Cent Show"
This is my life, my pain, my night, my gun
Now that I'm back, you can't sleep, I'm a nightmare, huh?
You hired cops to hold you down cause you fear for your life
But you heard about them guns I done bought, right?
I ain't going nowhere, I done told you, nigga
I'm a G-Unit motherfucking soldier, nigga
(They not gon' like you)
I know, I knowOh no, he didn't say anything about Ja
Okay? Ja is my boo, okay? Jeffrey Atkins ain't never hurt nobody
And y'all know big thangs come in small packages, holla
Now everythang was cool until 50 Cent came back into the picture
They better not put their hands on Jeffrey
Okay, first of all, they don't know that I am a 12 degree pink belt
Okay, I will dice his ass up like a little piece of celery
Okay, cause see, they don't know me, Delicious, do they know me?
Okay, I though so
Cause you know that I know karate, and I will see him
And I will Jet Li his ass, hitaaaah!

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