

# 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 decease 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 patiently 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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