

Then Days Went By

50 Cent

Leave me alone
I ain't fucking with nobody Keep fucking with me you gon' turn me back to booboo
Had me casing out your crib tryna pop your fucking noodles
She was 20, I was 12, man, my nana said she raped me
I just smiled from ear to ear saying, "Take me baby, take me" Since high school, nigga I ain't got no friends
Got 2 .380's like the Ying Yang Twins
That's spot clicking 'til the D's run in
Then it's bail money and lawyer fees you got to have it Rest of year I had that CBR Hurricane
And an I'll hair an' bone I got 'em slingin' heroin
I shoot a nigga in a heartbeat, I ain't no chump
Then you can run Forrest run retard when I dump They take kindness for weakness, niggas don't respect that
So me, I'm with that Ruger that Pump and that Tec at
So look at me I'm on that I thought we was rich then
Shipment, you had like 20 bricks in Richmond We was in cocaine heaven I was fish scale dreamin'
We just got in the town, we was strapped up schemin'
First Country caught a body then, Country caught a body then
I popped a couple niggas then Country shot everybody It's cold blooded it's real shit you got to love it
Three-eight Snub it and don't think nothing of it
It's the way of the wolves, that's how they train us to move
Get it poppin' when we shoppin', niggas hold down the tools I see niggas gettin' rich
Then days went by, then days went by, then days went by
I was tired of not having shit
Then days went by, then days went by, then days went by I see niggas getting hit
Then days went by, then days went by, then days went by
We were swinging that shit
Then days went by, then days went by, then days went by
Here I am Unsure since we was little niggas, son since we was 7
Armed robbery, first degree, my man did seven
Niggas popped his whip up, hit his Camry with seven
He a lucky motherfucker, I bet he make it to heaven My grandpa drunk my uncle Rob drunk
My uncle Champ bombed crack smoked my fuckin' stash up
I had two hundred and fifty grams stashed on the porch
I mean how much you gon' smoke man, how much you gon' snort? First the VCR went then the TV went
He stole out of mommy purse she thought it was me, kid
I ain't ask for no money son 'cause I was out hustlin'
She was lookin' at me sideways like I'm a thief or somethin' That hurt me, come on son, that wouldn't hurt you
I pistol whip that nigga 'til his face was purple
I need anger management, see I hold on new broads
The same way I hold on to that nickel plate Snub The Lord don't have imperfections, baby

So I think I'm perfect the way he made me
Some say I'm cool, some say I'm crazy
Some say I ain't shit, some say I'm amazing I see niggas gettin' rich
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