

# Lifes on the Line (Wnta remix)

## 50 Cent

Nobody likes me  
Nobody likes me, but that's okay  
Cause I don't like y'all anyway  
And I don't like y'all anyway  
Fuck all y'all!  
My watch talk for me, my whip talk for me  
My gat talk for me  
What up homie  
For bitches who don't know me  
They want to blow me 'cause the shit I floss wit sayin a lot for me I came into rap humble, I don't give a fuck  
now  
Serve anybody like niggas who hustle uptown  
Coke price go up, cats is come down  
The D's run in my crib, I'm nowhere to be found  
The bitch who hustle for me, they don't even stash tracks  
They keep it on em, right there in they ass crack  
When I don't like a nigga, I don't pretend to  
I'll have the paramedics wrap your fucking head like a Hindu  
Look, I ain't going nowhere, so get used to me  
OG's look at me and see what they used to be  
I'm that nigga that sold coke, the nigga that sold dope  
The nigga that shot Dice when he broke to So So  
The thug, they pop shit  
The thug that pop clips  
The thug that went from three and a half to whole bricks  
Nigga ain't in his right mind, going against me  
My picture's painted through words that make a blind man see  
Scream murder! (I don't believe you!)  
Murder! (Fuck around and leave you!)  
Murder! (I don't believe you!)  
Murder, murder! (Your life's on the line!) Y'all niggas don't want no parts of me  
I'm trying to figure out how y'all started me  
Make me catch her on the late night  
Pop shots wit the fifth and slide off wit the six I'm not a marksman while spark issue, I spray random  
Not a pretty nigga but my moms think I'm handsome  
I hate to hear "He say, She say" shit  
Unless he say she say she on my dick  
It's no coincidence, niggas who fuck wit me get shot up  
I do a Cali style drive by and tear ya block up  
You soft through, be putting up a crazy front

I stay wit the Mac, 'cause niggas tried to blaze me once  
In the hood they be like, "Damn, 50 really spitted on em"  
"You heard that shit?" "Yeah, 50 really shitted on em"  
Beef, you don't want none, so don't start none  
You just a small player in this game, play a part sonScream murder! (I don't believe you!)  
Murder! (Fuck around and leave you!)  
Murder! (I don't believe you!)  
Murder, murder! (Your life's on the line!)These cats always escape reality when they rhyme  
That's why they write about bricks and only dealt wit dimes  
Leave it to them, and they say they got a fast car  
Nascar, truck wit a crash bar  
And TV's in the dash, pa  
See em in the five wit stock rims, I just laugh, pa  
I catch stunts when I ain't trying  
I ain't lying, I sit Don P til I split up  
Keep my rent split up  
Get outta line, I get you hit up  
Now if you say my name in your rhyme, watch what you say  
You get carried away, you can get shot and carried away  
Now here's a list of MC's that can kill you in eight bars:  
50, Jay-Z and Nas  
I'ma say this shit now and never again  
We ain't buddies, we ain't partners and we damn sure ain't friends  
The games you playing, you get killed like that  
Acting like you all hard, you ain't built like that  
See me when you see me nigga, oneScream murder! (I don't believe you!)  
Murder! (Fuck around and leave you!)  
Murder! (I don't believe you!)  
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Songwriters

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