

Then Days Went By (Produced By Lab Ox)

50 Cent

This is how monster's function Leave me alone
I ain't fuckin' with nobody Keep fuckin' with me you gon' turn me back to Boo Boo
Have me casin' out your crib, tryna pop your fuckin' noodles
She was twenty I was twelve, man my Nana said she raped me
I jus' smiled from ear to ear, sayin' take me baby take me
Since high school, nigga I ain't got no friends
Got two Three-Eighty's like the Ying Yang Twinz, ah
That's spot clickin' till the D's run in
Then it's bail money and lawyer fees you got to have ends
Freshman year I had that C-B-R Hurricane
In a ill Herringbone I got 'um swingin' Heroine
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 where that Reuger, that Pump and that Tech at
Some look at me I'm on now, I thought we was rich then
Shit man, but you had like, twenty bricks in Richmond
We was in Cocaine heaven, I was fishscale dreamin'
We jus' 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
Tre-Eight Snub it, and don't think nuttin' of it
It's the way of the wolves, it's how they train us to move
Get it poppin' when we shoppin' niggas hold down the two's I seen niggas gettin' rich
Then days went by, then days went by, then days went by
I was tired of havin' shit
Then days went by, then days went by, then days went by
I seen niggas gettin' hit
Then days went by, then days went by, then days went by
We was slingin' that shit
Then days went by, then days went by, then days went by
Here I am Yeah
I was ? since we was little niggas son since we were seven
Armed robbery, first degree, my man did seven
Niggas popped his whip up, hit his can we were seven
He a lucky muhfucker I bet he make it to heaven
My Grandpa drunk, my uncle Rock drunk
My uncle Champ pump crack, smoked my fuckin' stash up

I had two-hundred and fifty grams stashed on the porch
I mean I'm what you call smoke man, I'm what you call snort
First the VCR went, then the T.V. went
He stole outta mommy purse, she thought it was me kid
I ain' ask her 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, c'mon son that wouldn't hurt you
I pistol whip that nigga till his face was purple
I need anger management, see I hold on to a grudge
The same way I hold on to that nickel-plate SnubThe 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 amazin'I seen niggas gettin' rich
Then days went by, then days went by, then days went by
I was tired of havin' shit
Then days went by, then days went by, then days went by
I seen niggas gettin' hit
Then days went by, then days went by, then days went by
We was slingin' that shit
Then days went by, then days went by, then days went by
Here I am

Songwriters

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