

Poor Lil' Rich

50 Cent

I let my watch talk for me, my whip talk for me
My gat talk for me, bow! What up homie?
My watch saying, "Hi shorty, we can be friends?"
My whip saying, "Quit playing bitch get in"
My earring saying, "We can hit the mall together"
Shorty, it's only right that we ball together
I'm into bigger things y'all niggaz y'all know my style
Ya wrist bling bling, my shit bling blow My pinky ring talk it say, "50 I'm sick"
That's why these niggaz is on my dick
Some hate me, some love my hits
Flex my man, he gon' bump my shit
See I'm alive, man I really don't care
I tell them hoes whatever they wanna hear
You try and play me I'ma blaze it in
My chromes cost more than the crib ya Momma raised ya in I was a poor nigga
Now I'm a rich nigga
Getting paper now you can't tell me shit, nigga
You can find me in the fo' dot six nigga
In the backseat fondling ya bitch nigga I was a poor nigga
Now I'm a rich nigga
Getting paper now you can't tell me shit, nigga
You can find me in the fo' dot six nigga
In the backseat fondling ya bitch, nigga New York niggaz, cocky niggaz like it's all good
Fuck around we crip, walking in the wrong hood
I'm fresh up out the slammer, I ain't no fucking bama
I'm from the wild whody, but I know country grammar
See me I get it crunk, niggaz go head and front
I go up out the trunk, come back, rollout I'm done
My money come in lumps, my pockets got the mumps
You see me sitting on dubs, that's why you mad chump? Don't make me hit ya up, 50 cent will split ya up
I lay you down, them carnids will come and get ya up
See 50 play fa keeps, and 50 stay wit heat
I can't go commercial, they love me in the street
I'm real bloody man, the hood love me, man
Don't make me show up in ya crib like bro-man
Locked up in a pen, I still do my thing
C O screaming shut the fuck up in the pen I was a poor nigga
Now I'm a rich nigga
Getting paper now you can't tell me shit, nigga

You can find me in the fo' dot six nigga
In the backseat fondling ya bitch niggaI was a poor nigga
Now I'm a rich nigga
Getting paper now you can't tell me shit, nigga
You can find me in the fo' dot six nigga
In the backseat fondling ya bitch niggaI'm in the Benz on Monday, the BM on Tuesday
Range on Wednesday, Thursday I'm in the hooptay
Porsche on Friday, I do things my way
Vipe or Vette, I tear up the highway
Shorty, she can tell ya about my dick game
But she don't know me, she only know my nickname
Left the hood and came back, damn shit changed
These young boys, they done got they own work manI was a poor nigga
Now I'm a rich nigga
Getting paper now you can't tell me shit, nigga
You can find me in the fo' dot six nigga
In the backseat fondling ya bitch niggaI was a poor nigga
Now I'm a rich nigga
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