

If I Cant (D-Brosh Can Do Crazy Remix100)

50 Cent

Yea, ha ha, yea, yea If I can't do it, homey, it can't be done
Now I'ma let the champagne bottle pop
I'ma take it to the top
For sure I'ma make it hot, baby (baby) I apply pressure to pussies that stunting I pop
Stand alone squeezing my pistol I'm sure that I gotta
Now Peter Piper picked peppers and don't rock rhymes
I'm 50 Cent, I write a lil bit but I pop nines
Tell niggas, "Get they money right," 'cause I got mine
And I'm around quit playing nigga you can't shine
You goin' be that next chump to end up in the trunk
After being hit by the pump, is that what you want?
Be easy nigga, I'll lay your ass out
Believe me nigga, that's what I'm about, gangsta
You could find a nigga sitting on chrome
Hit the clutch, hit the gear, hit the gas & I'm gone (Yea!) If I can't do it, homey, it can't be done
Now I'ma let the champagne bottle pop
I'ma take it to the top
For sure I'ma make it hot, baby (baby) I'm down for the action, he smart with his mouth so smack em
You holding a strap, he might come back so clap em
React like a gangsta, die like a gangsta for acting
'Cause you'll get hit and homicide'll be asking, "What happened?"
OH NO look who clapped em with the fo' fo'
20 inch rims sitting chrome!
Eastside, Westside niggas OH NO, NO GO
Even my mama said, "Something really wrong with my brain"
Niggas don't rob me they know I'm down to die for my chain
G-UNIT! We get it popping in the hood
G-UNIT! Motherfucker whats good?
I'm waiting on niggas to act like they don't know how to act
I had a sip of too much Jack, I'll blow em off the map
With the mack, thinking its all rap
Til that ass get clapped and Doc say "It's a wrap" (It's a wrap, nigga) If I can't do it, homey, it can't be done
Now I'ma let the champagne bottle pop
I'ma take it to the top
For sure I'ma make it hot, baby (baby) I been feeling I had to teach lessons to slow learners
Go head act up, get smacked in the head with the burner
I don't fight fair, I'm dirty-dirty
I'm from Southside Jamaica, Queens, nigga ya heard me?
When streetlights come on niggas blast the nines

Get locked up, they read books to pass the time
In the game there's up's and down's, so I stay on the grind
Niggas on my dick more than my bitch, I stay on they mind
They ain't nothing they could do to stop my shine
This is God's plan homey, this ain't mine
I played the music loud so Grandpa called me a nuisance
And Grandma, who always gotta throw in her two cent
I'm the drop out who made more more money than these teachers
Roofless like the Coupe but I come with more features
I am what I am, you could like it or love it
It feels good to pull 50 grand & think nothing of it
Fuck it If I can't do it, homey, it can't be done
Now I'ma let the champagne bottle pop
I'ma take it to the top
For sure I'ma make it hot, baby (baby) If I can't do it, homey, it can't be done
Now I'ma let the champagne bottle pop
I'ma take it to the top
For sure I'ma make it hot, baby (baby) Uh huh, hood make it hot
Dr Dre, Aftermath
Shady, ha ha

Songwriters

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