I Don't Need 'em

50 Cent

Yeah
It is what it is man
Sirens flashin', you know the routine, the crime scene taped off
It started out a robbery, they blew half his face off
They seen him shinin', course full of diamonds he bought
Grindin', his foot slipped off the ladder of success he was climbin'
The D's came through, asked the niggas if they knew what happened
Somehow my name end up in anything that involves clappin'
Detectives at my mama crib, they say they wanna question me
They put me in a line up last time and they arrested me
When it come to cookin' coke, they know I got the recipe
I turn a quarter to a half, thats why they mess with me
I'm the neighborhood pusher, I move packs to make stacks
A little weed, a little X, a little H, a little crack
Figure, I push it to the limit, take this shit to the max
Navy blue vest on, navy blue Yankee hat
Calm, in my palm, fully loaded fire arm
First to let off, last to run, every time its on
I tell niggas to suck my dick
Get the fuck out my face 'cause I don't need 'em
'Cause they're never around when I'm down
Shot and I'm bleedin'
What, niggas yeah
Is there a mothafuckin' problem nigga
Oh yeah that's what I thought so, pussy
Niggas be talkin' about me, they always callin' me crazy
Fuck them O.G. niggas, they stuck in the eighties
Sayin' they gonna do me somethin', now you know thats a lie
Nigga you look at me wrong, I'll let that hammer fly
I'm rich, I still wake up with crime on my mind
Queens nigga put it down like Pappy Mason in his prime
When I say move, nigga move or get caught in the cross fire
Up a fence runnin', cut my fuckin' hand on a barb wire
Shits crazy, just a different day, its the same shit
Hollow tip part in ya head, leave ya whole fuckin' brain split
They sit, they see me in the Ashton Martin
What's the matter, they can't get that hoopty started
Thought they was grindin', well goddamn where that money at
Thought you was fucked, 'cause you was lettin' paper stack

You ain't a hustler, matter of fact, yous a busta
I don't trust ya, I should a sent niggas to touch ya
I tell niggas to suck my dick
Get the fuck out my face 'cause I don't need 'em
'Cause they're never around when I'm down
Shot and I'm bleedin'
What?
Who said they gonna do somethin' to me
You must be out your rabid ass mind
Fuck around and kill one of these niggas

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/