

Flight 187

50 Cent

[INTRO]

Till the day you die... if your one of the poor ones you just got to work hard[CHORUS]

I'm on flight 187

187

Departure from the hood
Destination hell or heaven

187

187

Departure from the hood
Destination hell or heaven

I'm a rida

Say I'm a rida

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Say I'm a rida[VERSE 1]

They putting pressure on me son they want me to snap
End up like X and Whitney in my mansion smokin crack
I'm paranoid I'm feeling like niggas are trying to get me
Forget the kids I'm shavin off my head like fucking Brittny
Man dre wont mix my records now I need to talk to jimmy
I'm falling back in my old ways I'm riding with my semi
Who's calling me its Chris he's on the other line with diddy
But I don't want to talk right now my day is goin shitty
Why J rockin that erclie look isn't he from Marcy?
They say hes growin dreads and hes talking like a yatti
Man everything is changing I don't understand a thing
I guess this is that bullshit money brings[CHORUS]

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Say I'm a rida[VERSE 2]

My baby mama boyfriend likes to talk like he can hurt me

I'm laughin cuz she kissed him in the mouth and gave him herpes

That just makes him of 50s niggas wants to murk me?

Niggas found my truck and broke it up out there in jersey

You can ask my son he will tell ya my dads fucking crazy

She filled his head with shit and now I think he fucking hates me

Shady didnt invite me but a star is what he made me

Ill blow your fucking mind out if I told you what he paid me

He gave me all the pills he had left that why I'm so high

It makes me feel so good now I'm not so scared to die

I wish a nigga would I dare a mothafucka try

You get at me and you can kiss your black ass goodbye[CHORUS]

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Say I'm a rida[VERSE 3]

My lawyers all contained cuz every month I give them stacks

Them pigs want a semi if theirs a murder like macks

Man I wasn't the shooter I was never on the scene

So if they do forensics then they will know it wasn't me

Theres no need for a lie dictor cuz I aint sayin shit

The more you talk the higher your chance is your doin a bid

Today I read the paper and it said tru life caught a case

They said they found the victim with a knife stuck in his face

I spoke it Michael Vick and I told him I'm happy he home

You tell them crackers sorry nigga then you get back on

When dogs are fighting in the hood nobody gives a fuck
So you can back and shake it on the field and show them whats up[CHORUS]

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