

Lifes On the Line (Bonus)

50 Cent

Nobody likes me
Nobody likes me, but that's okay
Cause I don't like y'all anyway
And I don't like y'all anyway
Fuck all y'all!
My watch talk for me, my whip talk for me
My gat talk for me
What up homie
For bitches who don't know me
They want to blow me 'cause the shit I floss wit sayin a lot for me I came into rap humble, I don't give a fuck
now
Serve anybody like niggas who hustle uptown
Coke price go up, cats is come down
The D's run in my crib, I'm nowhere to be found
The bitch who hustle for me, they don't even stash tracks
They keep it on em, right there in they ass crack
When I don't like a nigga, I don't pretend to
I'll have the paramedics wrap your fucking head like a Hindu
Look, I ain't going nowhere, so get used to me
OG's look at me and see what they used to be
I'm that nigga that sold coke, the nigga that sold dope
The nigga that shot Dice when he broke to So So
The thug, they pop shit
The thug that pop clips
The thug that went from three and a half to whole bricks
Nigga ain't in his right mind, going against me
My picture's painted through words that make a blind man see
Scream murder! (I don't believe you!)
Murder! (Fuck around and leave you!)
Murder! (I don't believe you!)
Murder, murder! (Your life's on the line!) Y'all niggas don't want no parts of me
I'm trying to figure out how y'all started me
Make me catch her on the late night
Pop shots wit the fifth and slide off wit the six I'm not a marksman while spark issue, I spray random
Not a pretty nigga but my moms think I'm handsome
I hate to hear "He say, She say" shit
Unless he say she say she on my dick
It's no coincidence, niggas who fuck wit me get shot up
I do a Cali style drive by and tear ya block up
You soft through, be putting up a crazy front

I stay wit the Mac, 'cause niggas tried to blaze me once
In the hood they be like, "Damn, 50 really spitted on em"
"You heard that shit?" "Yeah, 50 really shitted on em"
Beef, you don't want none, so don't start none
You just a small player in this game, play a part sonScream murder! (I don't believe you!)
Murder! (Fuck around and leave you!)
Murder! (I don't believe you!)
Murder, murder! (Your life's on the line!)These cats always escape reality when they rhyme
That's why they write about bricks and only dealt wit dimes
Leave it to them, and they say they got a fast car
Nascar, truck wit a crash bar
And TV's in the dash, pa
See em in the five wit stock rims, I just laugh, pa
I catch stunts when I ain't trying
I ain't lying, I sit Don P til I split up
Keep my rent split up
Get outta line, I get you hit up
Now if you say my name in your rhyme, watch what you say
You get carried away, you can get shot and carried away
Now here's a list of MC's that can kill you in eight bars:
50, Jay-Z and Nas
I'ma say this shit now and never again
We ain't buddies, we ain't partners and we damn sure ain't friends
The games you playing, you get killed like that
Acting like you all hard, you ain't built like that
See me when you see me nigga, oneScream murder! (I don't believe you!)
Murder! (Fuck around and leave you!)
Murder! (I don't believe you!)
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Songwriters

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