

# If I Can't

## 50 Cent

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  
Fo sho I'ma make it hot, baby  
(Baby)

I apply pressure to pussies that stuntin' I pop  
Stand alone squeezin' my pistol I'm sure that I gotta  
Now Peter Piper picked peppers, and run rocked rhymes  
Now 50 Cent, I write a li'l bit but I pop nines  
Tell niggaz, "Get they money right", 'cause I got mine  
And I'm around quit playin' nigga you can't shine  
You gon' be that next chump to end up in the trunk  
After bein' hit by the pump, is that what you want?  
Be easy nigga, I lay your ass out  
Believe me nigga, that's whut I'm about, gangsta  
You could find a nigga sittin' on chrome  
Hit the clutch, hit the gear, hit the gas and I'm gone  
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  
Fo sho I'ma make it hot, baby  
(Baby)

I'm down for the action he smart with his mouth so smack 'em  
You holdin' a strap, he might come back so clap 'em  
React like a gangsta, die like a gangsta for actin'  
'Cuz you'll get hit and homicide'll be askin' whut happened?  
Oh no, look who crept in with the fo-fo 20 inch rims sittin' on low-pro  
Eastside westside niggaz all know, I'm loco  
Even my mama said, "Something really wrong with my brain"  
Niggaz dont rob me they know I'm down to die for my chain  
G unit  
(Yea)  
We get it poppin' in the hood  
G unit  
(Yea)

Muthafucka whut's good?  
I'm waitin' on niggaz 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, thinkin' it's 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  
Fo sho I'ma make it hot, baby  
(Baby)

I been feelin' I have to teach lessons to slow learners  
Go head act up, get smacked in the head with the burner  
I dont fight fair, I'm dirty dirty  
I'm from Southside Jamaica, Queens, nigga ya heard me?  
When streetlights come on niggaz blast the nines  
Get locked up, they read books to pass the time  
In the game there's ups and downs, so I stay on the grind  
Niggaz on my dick more than my bitch, I stay on they mind  
They ain't nothin' 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 her two cents  
I'm the drop out who made more more money than these teachers  
Ruthless like the Coupe but I come with more features  
I am whut I am, you could like it or love it  
It feels good to pull 50 grand and think nothin' 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  
Fo sho 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  
Fo sho I'ma make it hot, baby  
(Baby)

Uh huh, hood make it hot  
Dr. Dre, aftermath  
Shady, ha ha

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>