

# Fuck You

## 50 Cent

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Styles, I don't give a fuck who you arePain in da ass, fuck you  
Nas, niggaz, is this and that  
Big Pun, I'm even, even better than before  
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I'm just, I'm just, I'm just the bestEither I'm trippin' off the ecstasy or I could feel the world turnin'  
I'm havin' flashbacks, I can feel the shells burnin', comin' up  
I was taught never back down that's why I act the way I act now  
Hold the mac down, thirty two shots, squeeze til there ain't a shell leftCome with my gun smokin', you can  
smell death  
They get the first laugh, I get the last laugh homie, hit the gas on it  
Pull up and mash on 'em, there's a lot of talk in the streets about me  
Niggaz know, ain't nothing sweet about me, get back to questions  
Like "50, who shot ya? You think it was Preme, Freeze or Tah, Tah?Nigga, street shit should stay in the street,  
so, keep it on the low  
But everybody who's somebody already know a few words for any nigga  
That get hit the fuck up, my advice if you get shot down  
Is get the fuck up, let's goPain in da ass, fuck you  
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Man, I told niggaz not to fuck with me they still push me  
Figured they'd get away with it 'cause Tone and Poke pussy  
I been gone through static, shot at with automatics, since '90  
When Nas came out with Illmatic if Suge was home  
Death row would be good for me 'cause Tommy Matola  
Ain't shootin' out in the hood wit me, I've been shot  
nine times  
My nigga, that's why I walk funny, hit in the jaw once, why I talk funny  
With a Ruger on my hip, I walk the street with no care  
Think my grandma's prayers the only reason I'm here  
My wrist icy, keep my ears icy, keep my neck icy  
That's why you bitch like me, so I'm a heavyweight  
How dare these niggaz take me lightly?  
I ain't come to make friends and niggaz ain't gotta like me  
My own homie said "50, you done lost yo' mind"  
'Cause I shoot out in broad day, run and toss my nine  
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Can't find a nigga in the hood, that say, "50 ain't hot", when I drop  
I'm sound like Eminem and Kid Rock, play the block with the watch  
All rocked the fuck up, jukes me, a week later y'all be shot the fuck up  
Born a healthy baby, I wasn't always crazy  
This ain't how moma raised me, this how the hood made me  
The D's call me by my government name, I be

dumb and shoot up parks  
Have niggaz runnin' like "Jesus Comin'", there's wet pillows in prison  
Niggaz cry in the dark 'cause if they did in the day  
Niggaz would question they heart, so when they come home  
The come home, walking that tough walk, talking  
that rockavalede  
Talk'll get you shot in New York, blat, sex, money, murder, I gotta eat  
But I ain't tryin' do hard time like pistol P, see, niggaz uptown  
Understand me in the street, you niggaz uptown'll stan me in the street  
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