

Fuck You

50 Cent

Pain in da ass, fuck you
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Styles, I don't give a fuck
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Styles, I don't give a fuck
Styles, I don't give a fuck who you are
Pain in da ass, fuck you
Nas, niggaz, is this and that
Big Pun, I'm even, even better than before
Styles, I don't give a fuck who you are
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Nas, niggaz, is this and that
I'm just, I'm just, I'm just the best
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I'm just, I'm just, I'm just the best
Either 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 left
Come 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 go
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I'm just, I'm just, I'm just the bestMan, 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 MatolaAin'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 icyThat'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 ninePain in da ass, fuck you

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I'm just, I'm just, I'm just the bestCan'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 rased me, this how the hood made meThe 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 homeThe 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 streetPain in da ass, fuck you

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