

# I'm Supposed to Die Tonight

50 Cent

Ahh, man  
You know where the niggas be at right?  
Take me to 'em All through the hood, I keep hearin' niggas sayin'  
I'm supposed to die tonight  
Niggas come put a hit out and they talkin' like the shit okay  
I'm down to ride tonight We crawlin', whip stolen, AK loaded  
I'm down to ride tonight  
It's smokin', street locin', locked and loaded  
Somebody gon' die tonight This is nothin' new, I been in the position before  
Grandma crib, niggas outside of her door  
Different day, same shit, old mac, new clip  
Thirty two hollow tips, gloves, no rubber grip I'm a boss, but niggas never show no respect  
I catch 'em slippin', I have 'em tongue kissin' my tec  
Wanna come test me, pussy boy don't try  
Police responds, never fast enough, the shots fired Don't be stupid, find out who you fuckin' wit son  
'Fore we find out where ya bitch gets her hair and nails done  
It's elementary, life is but a dream  
You know row, row ya boat, your blood forms a stream After you get hit, you shoulda thought about the shit  
You took that paper, you take a life or ya life get took bitch  
Sometimes I sit and look at life from a different angle  
Don't know if I'm God's child or I'm Satan's angel All through the hood, I keep hearin' niggas sayin'  
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Somebody gon' die tonight In 2002, if you asked me to make a wish  
I simply woulda wished that my music would be a hit  
Big said, damn, niggas wanna stick me for my paper  
And pray for my downfall, I understand it all But me, I'm a little more flashy a nigga  
So chances are, I'ma have to blast me a nigga  
I'm on that Keflon vest shit, that wild wild west shit  
And eighty one 1 carrot stones in my necklace I shine so hard, I make mothafuckas wanna kill me  
Every projects and every hood I go, they feel me  
Know it sounds like rap but this shit is real B  
I don't talk that rich shit but nigga I'm filthy When I come out to play, had my mom been with me  
You could bet your bottom dollar that revolver with me  
Homeboy, frontin' on me'll shorten your life span  
Hold the mic with my left, my knife in my right hand All through the hood, I keep hearin' niggas sayin'

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