

# Power Of The Dollar

## 50 Cent

[Talking] Ya'll niggas wanna get high, well we gonna get high then This shit right here is drugs, ya'll for sell baby 50 Cent uh, take it how you wanna take it nigga [Verse 1] Yo aiyyo, aiyyo, there is six different wings in the spot, choose one Some get addicted, some do it for fun Boy my hoes are clean, just like my guns And I keep them in a safe place, just like my funds I keep all my big bills, give my wifey the ones Frontin' and I'll clap your ass and leave you for dead son Niggas who know me, know how I get down, I'm fresh out the pound Fuck wit dogs you ain't familiar wit, and get bit NYPD crit the flip, get on some New York undercover shit Niggas scripted through the hit, for some paper and shit It's all about the cash, keep it in a stash Some niggas talk shit wit they ass, I see through them like glass Popo lookin' for me, for some shit I did in the past This rap shit, I got it in smash, I'm built to last If you don't like me at first, I'm gonna grow on you like a rash Feel the wrath, I bust that ass, sit back and laugh (haha) [Chorus: repeat 2X] You don't have to respect a nigga, but respect his cash Cause for the money, niggas will murder that ass I came up fast, I watched a lot of gats blast The power of the dollar (the cash, the cash) Nigga don't you ever forget, I call the shots [Verse 2] I run the spots, extort your pops, flossin' drops I'm "Livin Off Xperience" like Lox, I'm hot Check what I got, shorty got knocked Comin' up out the capsule spot On the uptown block, he couldn't run from the cops So my man got shot In a jet black Brasada, across the street from his mom's crib on his block Heard the shot, went through his face after the glass, he crashed I told him get them niggas that cash, they murdered that ass Niggas told 'em slow down, he was movin' too fast Hit the three on his niggas grass, the cattle said it got low fast The kid who had it done was a crude fella Who woulda thought he wile out over that mozzarella We ain't know them, but now we know better Not to fuck with his cheddar, his man pack a beretta He won't hesitate to squeeze that, over that green back Believe that, now niggas know that he's back [Chorus] [Verse 3] I ain't got a worry in the world, if it's beef, don't sing it, bring it Parents warn their kids, about people like me I'm out of order, I turn your only daughter, into a transporter Before I die, I'm gonna see more blow than Rich Porter (woo) Let it go back to Smith, I dissect it 50 Cent, don't get it fucked up for greens, I for greens I check and correct it, flow perfected I make shit hectic, I wreck shit, nigga check it If you ain't tryin' to feel the flames from the blast My smile will rock niggas to sleep, pack heat Respect a nigga cash Fuck the police, handle beef on the street On a scale of 1 to 10, I'm a 9 with 2 MM's Niggas been wantin' me dead, I'm still here kid If your man want to get involved, I'll bring it to him They send their dogs to come get me They wet shit, but they ain't hit me Word in the hood is 50, shifty Niggas they don't want to go against me Cause they know I hunt your ass alive [Chorus]

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>