

Position of Power

50 Cent

I told niggas not to shoot dice with me
Look at this stack, I got money, I got money Nigga don't trip, I'll kill ya if you fuck with my grip
I won't hesitate to let off a clip, nigga don't trip
You gon' make me get on some shit
Run up on you quick, what up, you're whipped Nigga don't trip, you gon' get ya monkey ass hit
Run in ya whip, tryna fuck with my clique
Nigga don't trip case you didn't know who this is
It's 50 Cent bitch, G-Unit, nigga don't trip I come through your hood, stuntin' in my yellow Lam
Murcielago, loud gold top down, nigga damn
I'm the biggest crook from New York since son of Sam
Cruisin', bumpin' Bugz shit, ruger in my hand Thinkin' the East ain't enough, it's time to expand
I plan to head out West and plant my feet down
A nigga big as King King in the street now
I do a lil' house shoppin' and buy me a crib It's palm trees and pretty bitches out in Cali kid
I touched the Hollywood paper, go and shoot me some flicks
Have some supermodel bitches come and suck on my dick
My mom turn in her grave if I married a white chick But baby'll suck the chrome off the Chevy and shit
Niggas be wearin' fake signs, I'm rockin' a lil' charm
Thirty karats on the pinky, kiss the ring on the Don
Crack open that Cali bud, stuff the weight in the bomb Nigga you hustle but me I hustle harder
I got what you need, them trees, that heart, that powder
My niggas we gee packs, devour on the hour
They shoot when I say shoot, so I'm in the position of power
You fuck around if you wanna Where I'm from, you learn to blend in or get touched
I don't need niggas for support, I don't walk with a crutch
Niggas know my stage, they don't fuck with me son
You got an appetite for hollow-tips, I'll feed you my gun This is that Ferrari F-50 shit, it's real laid back
Type shit you recline to in the Maybach
I got two suiters now, on the run from the fuzz
You get the same shit for ten bodies, you get for one 'cuz I live life in the fast lane, 100 miles an hour
Chrome and some wood grain
You know a nigga still really tryna move cane
Make a lil' extra money on the side, maybe I ain't playin', I'm up early with the birds word
Puttin' that work in, Pirelli's on the Porsche chirpin'
I got a hundred mill from music, a hundred grand from crack
Goin' to see my jeweler, so I can blow a stack Nigga you hustle but me I hustle harder
I got what you need, them trees, that heart, that powder
My niggas we gee packs, devour on the hour
They shoot when I say shoot, so I'm in the position of power

You fuck around if you wanna

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