

If I Can't

50 Cent

If I can't do it, homey, it can't be done
Now I'ma let the champagne bottle pop
I'ma take it to the top
Fo sho I'ma make it hot, baby
(Baby)I apply pressure to pussies that stuntin' I pop
Stand alone squeezin' my pistol I'm sure that I gotta
Now Peter Piper picked peppers, and run rocked rhymes
Now 50 Cent, I write a li'l bit but I pop nines Tell niggaz, "Get they money right", 'cause I got mine
And I'm around quit playin' nigga you can't shine
You gon' be that next chump to end up in the trunk
After bein' hit by the pump, is that what you want? Be easy nigga, I lay your ass out
Believe me nigga, that's whut I'm about, gangsta
You could find a nigga sittin' on chrome
Hit the clutch, hit the gear, hit the gas and I'm gone If I can't do it, homey, it can't be done
Now I'ma let the champagne bottle pop
I'ma take it to the top
Fo sho I'ma make it hot, baby
(Baby)I'm down for the action he smart with his mouth so smack 'em
You holdin' a strap, he might come back so clap 'em
React like a gangsta, die like a gangsta for actin'
'Cuz you'll get hit and homicide'll be askin' whut happened? Oh no, look who crept in with the fo-fo 20 inch
rims sittin' on low-pro
Eastside westside niggaz all know, I'm loco
Even my mama said, "Something really wrong with my brain"
Niggaz dont rob me they know I'm down to die for my chain G unit
(Yea)
We get it poppin' in the hood
G unit
(Yea)
Muthafucka whut's good?
I'm waitin' on niggaz to act like they don't know how to act
I had a sip of too much jack, I'll blow 'em off the map
With the mack, thinkin' it's all rap
'Til that ass get clapped and Doc say "It's a wrap"
(It's a wrap, nigga) If I can't do it, homey, it can't be done
Now I'ma let the champagne bottle pop
I'ma take it to the top
Fo sho I'ma make it hot, baby
(Baby)I been feelin' I have to teach lessons to slow learners

Go head act up, get smacked in the head with the burner
I dont fight fair, I'm dirty dirty
I'm from Southside Jamaica, Queens, nigga ya heard me?When streetlights come on niggaz blast the nines
Get locked up, they read books to pass the time
In the game there's ups and downs, so I stay on the grind
Niggaz on my dick more than my bitch, I stay on they mindThey ain't nothin' they could do to stop my shine
This is God's plan homey, this ain't mine
I played the music loud so Grandpa called me a nuisance
And Grandma who always gotta throw her two centsI'm the drop out who made more more money than these
teachers
Ruthless like the Coupe but I come with more features
I am whut I am, you could like it or love it
It feels good to pull 50 grand and think nothin' of it fuck itIf I can't do it, homey, it can't be done
Now I'ma let the champagne bottle pop
I'ma take it to the top
Fo sho I'ma make it hot, baby
(Baby)If I can't do it, homey, it can't be done
Now I'ma let the champagne bottle pop
I'ma take it to the top
Fo sho I'ma make it hot, baby
(Baby)Uh huh, Im'a make it hot
Dr. Dre, aftermath
Shady, ha ha

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