

50 Cent

"187 Curtis"

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[Chorus - 50 Cent]

They say Im grimey, Im greasy
I make a 187 look easy
Fuck that, I lay my murder game down
Push me nigga, see what Im about

[Verse 1 - 50 Cent]

I was a snotty nose, nappy head, dirtbomb nigga
Sayin I cant wait till I get a little bigger
after niggas jumped me, bumpin' my head
Thinkin' I wish I had a gun I fill a nigga with lead
Took a kitchen knife, Im finna poke me a nigga
Wishin' I had a gun so I could smoke me a nigga
Sold my first five quarter gram pieces in the alley
Where Bizzy had the Bondeville and Kev had the caddy
Now those were the days, where crime really pay
the 9 milly spray, i got the fuck out the way
The shootout, the shootout
The bricks went fast, robberies went bad, niggas got
blast
Niggas kidnap Drew granpa kid
Came through and shot Ms Leak in the head
you Wonder why I got a gun so I can get down for mine
You need that, out on the grind all the time

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[Verse 2 - 50 Cent]

It was kangos, caselli shades, boombars and corn
brades
Do rags on the waist, brass knuckles, switch blades
E-mass to get paid, new shells to get sprayed

Hood rats to get layed, money to get made
Yeah, yeah I had a dream I was rich
Woke up broke, gun in my hand
Sayin' "Damn!" this dope cost 60 a gram
i got to find me a nigga, line me a nigga
And say "Give it up kid, before I put one in ya wig"
Picture me thirsty, ridin' round foamin' out the mouth
Sayin' "I dont get on" Im'a lay a nigga out
Now diamonds are beautiful, pearls are precious
I hit ya in ya bitch, both over ya necklace
Im wreckless, I play the semi drunk off henny
Wipe your blood off the shines run and sell em to
Benny
Fuck with me, ya niggas know Boo Boo get bizzy

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[Verse 3 - 50 Cent]

I gave Just a buck 50 ask him If I cut niggas
Shootouts in Bedford ask him If I bucked niggas
Four fifth they call me Boo Boo, the accident baby
Hennysee and Cocaine, helped to grime me and make
me
My eyes dont cry, Im a fatherless child
Got my ass whooped in Spotford but never that now
When my name in ya mouth, you better watch how you
talk
i'll Send yo punk ass to therapy to learn how to walk
I bust a clip I'll hit ya hip
Im takin your shit
Thats how the esse's play, for that s.s.k
Your probably heard through the grape vine, Im good
out Watts
Bulletproof shit, cruisin' through the Compton blocks
Im the beast from the east, but I play on the west
In the drop by myself with my nine and my vest
And you niggas best be on your best behaviours
I was bread for this shit, front on me Im'a blaze ya

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