

50 Cent "Back Down- Incl. End"

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Yeah, G-G-G-G-G-Unit! (G-Unit!)
Ha ha...

[Chorus]

It's easy to see when you look at me
If you look closely, 50 don't back down
Everywhere I go both coast with toast
Eastside, Westside, I hold that mack down
Every little nigga you see around me
Hold a gun big enough to fucking hold Shaq down
Next time you in the hood and see an ol' G
You ask about me, the young boy don't back down

Any living thing that cannot co-exist with the kid
Must de cease existin, little nigga, now listen
Yo mami, yo papi, that bitch you chasin
Ya little dirty ass kids, I'll fuckin erase them
Your succes is not enough, you wanna be hard
Knowing that, if you get knocked, you get fucked in the
yard
Youza poptart sweetheart, you soft in the middle
I eat ya for breakfast, the watch was an exchange for
your necklace
and your boss is a bitch, if he could he would
Sell his soul for cheap, trade like to be Suge
You can buy cars but you can't buy respect in the hood
Maybe I'm so disrespectfull cuz to me you're a mistery
I know niggaz from ya hood, you have no history
Never poked nothing, never popped nothing, nigga
stop frontin
Jay put you on, X made you hot
Now you run around like you some big shot
ha, ha pussy..

[Chorus]

"The rap game's all fucked up now! What are we gonna
do now?
How we gonna eat man? 50 back around"

That's Ja's lil punk ass thinking out loud
Southside till I die, that's just how I get down

I'm back in the game Shawty, to +Rule+ and conquer
You sing for hoes and sound like the cookie monster
I'm the hardest from New York, my flow is bonkers
All the other hard niggaz, they come from Yonkers
It's been years and you had the same niggaz in the
background
You never gonna sell Mitsubishi Tah's and crack child
Them niggaz they just suck, they no good
I ain't never heard a nigga say "they like them in the
hood"
I'm back better than ever, on top of my game
Even them country boys sayin "50 we feelin you man"
Now stay the fuck outta my zone, outta my throne
I'm New York City's own... bad guy (bad guy)

[Chorus]

I ain't gonna tell nobody you pussy
I ain't gonna tell nobody you gettin extored
It ain't over... (G-Unit!)
I've been patiently waiting to BLOW
Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to the "50 Cent Show"
This is my life, my pain, my knife, my gun
Now that I'm back, you can't sleep
I'm a nightmare huuhhh
You hired cops to hold you down cuz you fear for you
life
well you done heard bout them guns I done bought,
right?
I ain't going nowhere, I done told you nigga
I'm a G-Unit mothafuckin soldier nigga (They not gon
like you)
I know, I know... ha ha (G-Unit!)

Oh, no, he didn't say anything about Ja, okay
Ja is MY boo, okay
Jeffrey Atkins ain't never hurt nobody.
Hey y'all know! Big thangs come in small packages!
Holla!
Now ev'rythang was cool
Until 50 Cent came back into the picture.
THEY better NOT put thier hands on Jeffrey.
Okay, 'cause first of all, they do not know that I am a 12
degree
PINK belt.
Okay, I will slice his ass up like a little piece of celery,
okay?
'Cause, see, they don't KNOW me.
Delicious- Do they know me?
Okay, I thought so.
'Cause YOU know I know karate.

And I will see him, and I will Jet-Li his ass.

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