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## 50 Cent "Back Down"

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Yea, G-G-G-Unit Ha ha

It's easy to see when you look at me If you look closely, 50 don't back down Everywhere I go both coasts wit toast Eastside, Westside, I hold that mack down Every little nigga you see around me Hold a gun big enough to fuckin' 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 decease existin' little nigga, now listen Yo mami, yo papi, that bitch you chasin' Ya little dirty ass kids, I'll fuckin erase them Your success is not enough, you wanna be hard Knowin' that, you get knocked, you get fucked in the yard

Youza poptart sweetheart, you soft in the middle I eatcha 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 his knight to be suge You can buy cars but you can't buy respect in the hood Maybe I'm so disrespectful 'cuz to me you're a mystery I know niggaz from ya hood, you have no history Never poked nothin' never popped nothin' nigga stop frontin'

Jay put you on, X made you hot Now you run around like you some big shot Ha, ha pussy

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How we gonna eat man? 50 back around
That's Ja's lil punk ass stickin' out loud
Southside, tie-dyed, 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 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 mayn"

Now you stay the fuck outta my zone, outta my throne I'm New York City's own bad guy bad guy

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I ain't tellin' anyone you pussy
I ain't tellin' anyone you gettin' extored
It ain't over G-Unit
I've been patently waitin' to blow
Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to the 50 cent show
This is my life, my pain, my night, my gun
Now that I'm back, you can't sleep
I'm a nightmare huh
You hired cops to hold you down 'cuz you fear for your
life

You heard about them guns I done bought, right? I ain't goin' nowhere, I done told you nigga I'ma G-Unit motherfuckin' solider 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, ok? Jeffery Atkins ain't never hurt nobody And y'all know big thangs come in small packages, holla!

Now everythang was cool, until, 50 Cent, came back into the picture

They better not put they hands on Jeffery!

Ok first of all, they don't know that I am a 12 degree pinkbelt

Okay I will dice his ass up like a little piece of celery Okay 'cuz see, they don't know me, Delicious, do they know me?

Okay, I thought so

'Cuz you know that I know karate, and I will see him And I will "Jet Li" his ass!

Whitaaaah!

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