

50 Cent "Da Realest Killaz"

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Tupac:

There's gonna be some stuff you gonna see that's
gonna make it
hard to smile in the future.

50:

Yeah, nigga! Haha!

Let's go, nigga!

This is what it is:

Tupac cut his hair bald, and you wanna cut your hair
bald!

Tupac wears a bandana, you wanna wear a bandana!

Tupac gets crosses on his back, you wanna get crosses
on your back

Nigga you ain't Tupac!

Tupac:

Isn't it money and women a funny beginning to tragic
endings?

I could make a million and still not have enough for
spending

And since my life is based on sinnin, I'm hell-bound
I'd rather be buried than be worried, livin held-down

My game plans to be trained at military mind

of a thug lord sittin in a cemetery cryin

I've been lost since my adolescent callin from Jesus

Ballin as a youngsta wonderin if he's see us

Young black male crack sales got me three strikes

Livin in jail, this is hell enemies die,

Wonder when we all pass, is anybody listenin?

Got my hands on my semi-shotty, everyone's snitchin

Please God can you understand me, bless my family

Guide us all before we fall into insanity

I'm makin a point for my beat bumping warlike

Drop some shit to have you stupid bitches jaws tight

Chorus (50):

Til Makaveli returns it's all eyes on me.

And you can hate it or love it but that's what it's gon be

Should've listened, I told you not to fuck wit me

if you cant take the pressure that's what we gon see

50:

This is a cry for mercy I promise my success will be the
death of you

Lord and behold you sold your soul, nigga there's
nothin left of you

Look in the mirror

Ask yourself who are you, if you don't know who you
are

How can your dreams come true, muthafucka?

I sit back and watched

You pretended to be Pac, you pretended to be hot

But you're not NOW!

You seas to a clique, you can't take the pressure,
PUSSY!

i warn you not to push me!

you see me an chills run up your spine

God made menace in war, but your heart ain't like mine
and plus, they look at me like I'm a menace

i was playing with guns when ya mama had your punk
ass playing tennis

I'm a nightmare you see me in your dream

Wake up and turn on the TV and see my ass again

You cowardly hearted you couldn't make it on your own

Fuck the Source! Im on the cover of Rolling Stone!

Chorus x2

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