

50 Cent "Fuck You"

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Pain in da ass, fuck you
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Styles, I don't give a fuck
Styles, I don't give a fuck
Styles, I don't give a fuck
Styles, I don't give a fuck who you are

Pain in da ass, fuck you
Nas, niggaz, is this and that
Big Pun, I'm even, even better than before
Styles, I don't give a fuck who you are
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I'm just, I'm just, I'm just the best

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Either I'm trippin' off the ecstasy or I could feel the
world turnin'
I'm havin' flashbacks, I can feel the shells burnin',
comin' up
I was taught never back down that's why I act the way I
act now
Hold the mac down, thirty two shots, squeeze til there
ain't a shell left

Come with my gun smokin', you can smell death
They get the first laugh, I get the last laugh homie, hit
the gas on it
Pull up and mash on 'em, there's a lot of talk in the
streets about me
Niggaz know, ain't nothing sweet about me, get back to
questions
Like "50, who shot ya? You think it was Preme, Freeze
or Tah, Tah?

Nigga, street shit should stay in the street, so, keep it
on the low
But everybody who's somebody already know a few
words for any nigga
That get hit the fuck up, my advice if you get shot down
Is get the fuck up, let's go

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Man, I told niggaz not to fuck with me they still push me
Figured they'd get away with it 'cause Tone and Poke
pussy
I been gone through static, shot at with automatics,
since '90
When Nas came out with Illmatic if Suge was home
Death row would be good for me 'cause Tommy Matola

Ain't shootin' out in the hood wit me, I've been shot nine
times
My nigga, that's why I walk funny, hit in the jaw once,
why I talk funny
With a Ruger on my hip, I walk the street with no care
Think my grandma's prayers the only reason I'm here
My wrist icy, keep my ears icy, keep my neck icy

That's why you bitch like me, so I'm a heavyweight
How dare these niggaz take me lightly?
I ain't come to make friends and niggaz ain't gotta like

me

My own homie said "50, you done lost yo' mind"
'Cause I shoot out in broad day, run and toss my nine

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Can't find a nigga in the hood, that say, "50 ain't hot",
when I drop
I'm sound like Eminem and Kid Rock, play the block
with the watch
All rocked the fuck up, jukes me, a week later y'all be
shot the fuck up
Born a healthy baby, I wasn't always crazy
This ain't how moma rasied me, this how the hood
made me

The D's call me by my government name, I be dumb
and shoot up parks
Have niggaz runnin' like "Jesus Comin'", there's wet
pillows in prison
Niggaz cry in the dark 'cause if they did in the day
Niggaz would question they heart, so when they come
home

The come home, walking that tough walk, talking that
rockavalede
Talk'll get you shot in New York, blat, sex, money,
murder, I gotta eat
But I ain't tryin' do hard time like pistol P, see, niggaz

uptown
Understand me in the street, you niggaz uptown'll stan
me in the street

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