

50 Cent "Ghetto Qua Ran"

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Uh, huh, uh, huh, uh, huh, South side
What y'all niggas know about the dirty south?
One time

Lord forgive me for I've sinned
Over and over again just to stay on top
I recall memories filled with sin
Over and over again, and again

Yo, when you hear talk of the south side, you hear talk
of the team
See niggas feared Prince and respected Preme
For all you slow muthafuckas I'm a break it down iller
See Preme was a business man and Prince was the
killer

Remember, he used to push the bulletproof BM, uh,
huh
This here get ya seasick, I sat back and peeped shit
They roll with Easy Rider and they ain't get blunted
Had the whole projects workin' for fifty on five-hundred

As a youth, all I ever did was sell crack
I used to idolize cat, heart me in my heart
To hear that nigga snitched on Pat
How he go out like that?

Rumors in the hood was [unverified] was snitchin'
I ain't believe that, pa, he helped me cop my first GSX-R
Had the four-runner, the Z, the 5 and the 3
Used to drive his truck through the hood draggin' jet
skis

From Gerald Wallace to Baby Wise, don't be surprised
Of how freely I thought of names of games who dealt
with pies
Like L A N Y's, L got shot in the neck, then told us
connect
Them niggas who shot 'em got 'em for ten bricks
Fuckin' Dominicans turned around and gave 'em more
bricks

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That first verse is just a dose of the shit that I'm on
Consider this the first chapter in the ghetto's Qu Ran
I know a lot of niggas that get dough like Remmy and
Joe
And Prince and Righteous from Hillside with the mole
on his nose

Throughout my struggles through the hood, I started
learnin'
Life's a bitch with a pretty face but she burnin'
Man, I'm a get cheese like Chaz then run through wips
like Cigar
Gamble all the time like country-curly head Prince and
Tata

Popo under pressure too, they know what they facin'
Go against crews like B-Bo and killers like Patty Mason
A lotta niggas I know been corrupted since birth
Enticed to rob nuns for fun, for everything they worth

I know some cats that hail at old complexes like Cooley
Wall
Together niggas stand and divided they fall
'Round here, shook niggas they keep it in motion
Come around here with your rollie you can get robbed
like Ocean

Lord knows, Tommy had loved and sold
Helicopters, Rolls Royce's with Louie VaTonne interior
Might sound like I'm fantasizin', but son I'm dead
serious
Montanna was no dummy, brought Benice to watch the
money

Had money out the ass, he politic like the Asian
Fed's couldn't catch him dirty so settled for tax evasion

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Yo, rest in peace to Rich and Ron, money what they was
about yo
The twins was some queens but got crazy cream with
Alpo

Throughout my time I heard tales of Himey
Frenchy, Jamaican Pauly, Ducky, Cally

Rodney Bump and Chick, shit, a lot a niggas flow the
way I flow
But ain't been in the game all their life so don't know
who I know
Writin' rhymes is the best way I express how I feel
If I ain't rich by twenty-six, I'll be dead or in jail

Comin' up I heard sippin' too much booze'll leave you
confused
And if you watch the news you see playas in this game
that lose
I'm forgettin' Lefty and Jazz, Pretty Tony and Lance
Head Lou, Mel son, Troy and E Money Bags

And a conversation over shrimp and lobster
And Benny Hiners heard Chico stopped boxin'
And started robbin' diners, shout out to Clanvis and
Clutch
Bob Dre, Black Will, if the flow don't kill you the Mac will

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