

50 Cent

"Good Die Young"

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yo, ya know what i want?

i want the beat to drop in right, like...now

niggas be thinkin im crazy right? (yeah, you are crazy)

i aint crazy (you are crazy)

atleast i dont think im crazy, i think my shit is hott,

i think im hott (you hott but you crazy)

why they want..i dunno

its the money that makes shit get ugly

its the money that make these hoes love me

its the money that make niggas wanna slug me

man i thought the money would make it all lovely

yo i actually write what i do or see

the felonies from day to day make me say what i say

when i die my auto be worth as much as picasso

dont cry for me smile for me

an' if you see dem niggas who wet me, wow for me

remember the good times, the chips we stacked, the

clips we packed,

an all the bricks we cooked from coke to crack

let my tombstone read

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