

50 Cent "I Don't Need 'em"

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[Intro]

Yeah
It is what it is man
Uh huh

[Verse 1]

Sirens flashin', you know the routine, the crime scene
taped off
It started off a robbery, they blew half his face off
They seen him shinin', course full of diamonds he
bought
Grindin', his foot slipped off the ladder of success he
was climbin'
The D's came through, asked the niggas if they knew
what happened
Somehow my name end up in anything that involves
clappin'
Detectives at my mama crib, they say they wanna
question me
They put me in a line up last time and they arrested me
When it come to cookin' coke, they know I got the
recipe
I turn a quarter to a half, thats why they mess with me
I'm the neighborhood pusher, I move packs to make
stacks
A little weed, a little X, a little H, a little crack
Figure, I push it to the limit, take this shit to the max
Navy blue vest on, navy blue Yankee hat
Calm, in my palm, fully loaded fire arm
First to let off, last to run, everytime its on

[Chorus]

I tell niggas to suck my dick
Get the fuck out my face
Cause I don't need 'em
Cause they're never around
When I'm down
Shot and I'm bleedin'

[50 Cent]

What, niggas yeah
Is there a mothafuckin' problem nigga

Oh yeah

That's what I thought so, pussy

[Verse 2]

niggas be talkin' about me, they always callin' me crazy

Fuck them O.G. niggas, they stuck in the eighties

Sayin' they gonna do me somethin', now you know

thats a lie

nigga you look at me wrong, I'll let that hammer fly

I'm rich, I still wake up with crime on my mind

Queens nigga put it down like Pappy Mason in his prime

When I say move, nigga move or get caught in the

cross fire

Up a fence runnin, cut my fuckin' hand on a barb wire

Shits crazy, just a different day, its the same shit

Hollow tip part in ya head, leave ya whole fuckin' brain

split

They sit, they see me in the Ashton Martin

What's the matter, they can't get that Hoopty started

Thought they was grindin', well goddamn where that

money at

Thought you was fucked, cause you was lettin' paper

stack

You ain't a hustler, matter of fact, you's a busta

I don't trust ya, I shoulda sent niggas to touch ya

[Chorus]

I tell niggas to suck my dick

Get the fuck out my face

Cause I don't need 'em

Cause they're never around

When I'm down

Shot and I'm bleedin'

[Outro]

What?

Who said they gonna do somethin' to me

You must be out your rabbid ass mind

Fuck around and kill one of these niggas

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