

50 Cent "If Dead Men Could Talk"

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Hold up son, them niggas know
Who hit that nigga, son
(I know, I know)
How the fuck we gon' know who hit 'em
And they don't know who hit him
The hood talkin' man everybody know
(I know it's fucked up)

Now I lay thee down to sleep
Niggas tryin' to lay me down with heat
If I should die do' before I awake
I pray my Lord my soul to take

If dead men could talk in your sleep
And your homie told you who got him
Would you have the heart to shoot the nigga that shot
him
Or would you start switchin' up?

You think about the penitentiary, your bitchin' up?
What if he said money ain't everything
The hood raised us wrong
What it takes to get your money long
But look I'm gone

Would that touch your heart have you feelin' funny
inside
Would that be enough to make your punk ass ride
What if he gave you a li'l list of things to do
Said he wouldn't have to die, he could live through you

Would you load your gats and get ready ro ride
Or would you lock the door at your crib and hide
It's a cold world even when it's hot outside
Whether sunshine or rain, you still feel pain

Hit him 'cause he was your strength
Now you in a daze
Your homie turnin' over in his grave
'Cause you pussy

Ya know who killed him

Ya know who killed him
Ya know who killed him
(Ride)

Ya know who killed him
Ya know who killed him
Ya know who killed him
(Ride)

Them boys smoked your homie
You ain't gon' do nothin' back
Not even if he told you, you next to get clapped
It don't take much for them shells to make the best of
you

Your peoples probably gon' cremate and burn the rest
of you
You done did too much dirt to try and make it to
heaven
Nigga, is you down for this 1 8 7
When you reach the pearly gates, how you gon'
explain?

You gonna try and tell God you've been framed
Y'all did everything together, he was your dog
Now you uptown coppin' and he in the morgue
Them niggas he gave pacs to they kept the cake

His sister and baby momma talkin' to Jake
Da' niggas that rocked him they came to the wake
But they come inside, they sat out in the ride
At the funeral, homicide, all in the business

Walkin' 'round askin' niggas to tell 'em who did it
Niggas is throwin' blows, now you ready to rumble?
Thirsty niggas an animal, the hood is a jungle
Broke nigga, will body someone over a bundle
Man, a three year old kid in my hood know what a gun
do

Ya know who killed him
Ya know who killed him
Ya know who killed him
(Ride)

Ya know who killed him
Ya know who killed him
Ya know who killed him
(Ride)

Ya know who killed him

Ya know who killed him
Ya know who killed him
(Ride)
...

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