

50 Cent "Life's On The Line"

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Nobody likes me
Nobody likes me but that's okay
'Cause I don't like y'all anyway
And I don't like y'all anyway
Fuck all y'all!

My watch talk for me, my whip talk for me
My gat talk for me, blat! Whattup homie?
For bitches who don't know me, they wanna blow me
'Cause the shit I floss with sayin' a lot for me

I came into rap humble, I don't give a fuck now
Serve anybody like niggaz who hustle uptown
Coke price go up, cats is come down
The D's run in my crib, I'm nowhere to be found

The bitch who hustle for me, they don't even stash
tracks
They keep it on 'em, right there in they ass crack
When I don't like a nigga, I don't pretend to
I'll have the paramedics wrap your fuckin' head like a
Hindu

Look, I ain't goin' nowhere, so get used to me
OG's look at me and see what they used to be
I'm that nigga that sold coke, the nigga that sold dope
The nigga that shot Dice when he broke to so so

The thug, they pop shit, the thug that pop clips
The thug that went from three and a half to whole
bricks
Nigga ain't in his right mind, goin' against me
My picture's painted through words that make a blind
man see

Scream murder!
(I don't believe you!)
Murder!
(Fuck around and leave you!)
Murder!
(I don't believe you!)
Murder, murder!

(Your life's on the line!)

Y'all niggaz don't want no parts of me
I'm tryna figure out how y'all started me
If you gonna make me catch her on the late night
Pop shots with the fifth and slide off with the six

I'm not a marksmen while spark issue, I spray random
Not a pretty nigga but my mom's think I'm handsome
I hate to hear, "He say, She say" shit
Unless, he say, she say, "She on my dick"

It's no coincidence, niggaz who fuck with me get shot
up
I do a Cali style drive by and tear ya block up
You soft through, be puttin' up a crazy front
I stay with the Mac, 'cause niggaz tried to blaze me
once

In the hood they be like, "Damn, 50 really spitted on
'em"
"You heard that shit?", "Yeah, 50 really shitted on 'em"
Beef, you don't want none, so don't start none
You just a small player in this game, play a part son

Scream murder!
(I don't believe you!)
Murder!
(Fuck around and leave you!)
Murder!
(I don't believe you!)
Murder, murder!
(Your life's on the line!)

These cats always escape reality when they rhyme
That's why they write about bricks and only dealt with
dimes
Leave it to them, and they say they got a fast car
Nascar, truck with a crash bar, and TV's in the dash, pa

See 'em in the five with stock rims, I just laugh, pa
I catch stunts when I ain't tryin'
I ain't lyin', I sit Dom P till I split up
Keep my rent split up

Get outta line, I get you hit up
Now if you say my name in your rhyme
You better what, watch what you say

You get carried away, you can get shot and carried
away

Now here's a list of MC's that can kill you in eight bars
50, umm Jay-Z and Nas
I'ma say this shit now and never again

We ain't buddies, we ain't partners and we damn sure
ain't friends
The games you playin', you get killed like that
Actin' like you all hard, you ain't built like that
See me when you see me nigga, one

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