

## 50 Cent "Nobody Likes Me"

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YOUR LIFE'S ON THA LINE

[brand new by fifty cent]

Nobody likes me but that's ok cuz i don't like ya'll  
anyway

And i don't like ya'll anyway

Fuck all ya'll

[verse]

I got my watch talk for me

My whip talk for me

My gat talk for me

BAH what up homie

And bitches who don't know me they wanna blow me

Cuz the shit i floss with be sayin it all for me

I came into rap humble

I don't give a fuck now

Ill serve anybody

Like niggas who hustle uptown

The coke price go up

Caps just come down

The D's run in my crib

I'm nowhere to be found

Niggas who hustle for me

They don't even stash cracks

They keep it on 'em

Right there in they ass crack

I don't like a nigga

I don't pretend to

I'll have the paramedics wrappin'

Your fuckin' head like a Hindu

Look I ain't goin' nowhere

So get used to me

OG's look at me

An' see I'm what they used to be

I'm that nigga that sold coke

The nigga that sold dope

The nigga that shot dice

Went broke an' sold soap

The thug that pop shit

The thug that pop clips

The thug that went from 3 1/2

To a whole brick

Nigga ain't in his right mind  
Goin' against me  
My pictures painted the words  
That make a blind man see

[chorus]  
Scream Muurdaaa  
I don't believe you  
Muurdaaa  
Fuck around an leave you  
Muurdaaa  
I don't believe you  
Murda, murda  
Your life's on the line

[chorus]  
Yall niggas don't  
Want no parts of me  
I'm tryin to figure out  
How yall started me  
You gon' make me  
Catch you on a late night  
Pop shots with the fifth  
Then slide off in the sixth

I'm not a marksman while sparkin'  
So I spray random  
Not a pretty nigga  
But my moms think I'm handsome  
I hate to hear he say  
She say shit  
Unless he say  
She says  
She on my dick  
It's no coincidence  
Niggas who fuck wit' me  
Get shot up (blaw, blaw)  
I'll do a Cali-style-  
Drive by, an' tear your block up  
You soft duke  
You puttin' up a crazy front  
I stay wit' the mack  
Them niggas tried to blaze me once  
In the hood they're like "Damn!"  
"50 really spit it 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 playa in this game  
Play your part, son

[Verse]

These cats always  
Escape reality when they rhyme  
That's why they write about bricks  
An' only dealt with dimes  
Leave it to them  
An' they say they got a fast car  
Nascar  
Truck with a crash bar  
An' TV's in the dash, Pa  
See them in the five  
Wit' stock rims  
I just laugh, Pa  
I catch stunts  
When I ain't tryin'  
I ain't lyin'  
I sip Don P 'til I spit up  
Keep my wrist lit up  
Get out of line  
I'll get you hit up  
Now if you say my name  
In your rhymes  
You better watch what you say  
You get carried away  
You could get shot  
An' carried away  
Now here's a list of MC's  
That could kill you in eight bars  
50, ummm....  
Jay-Z and Nas  
I'ma say this shit now  
An'never again  
We ain't buddies  
We ain't partners  
An' 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  
What! What!

[chorus]

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