

50 Cent "Problem Child"

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[50 Cent]

That's the sound of the man, cockin' that thang -
that thaaaang
That's the sound of the man, clappin' that thang -
thaaaang
Yo, in my hood we was taught not to say who shot ya
See the flash, you heard the shot, you feel the burnin'
, I got ya
Say a prayer for me if you care for me cuz I'm on the
edge
I'm finna put a shell in a nigga head
I rock a lot of ice, I dare you to scheme on it
The fifth got a rubber grip and a beam on it
Homie that took the hit on me couldn't shoot this
Say I'm skinny now, but I look big in the coupe-dee
My cuzin Uzi out in L.A. done tripped and do the sets
again
Got shot the fuck up tryin' to rob the wrong Mexicans
I write my lifestyle, y'all niggas is cheaters
Your lines come from feds, felons and don diva
Oh you the black hand of death, then why your name
ain't preacher
If you a pimp like kid, why them hoes don't treat ya
If you wanna ball like Kirk, now shorty let me teach ya
This flow's God sent, it's bound to reach ya

[Hook]

Problem child, I'm familiar with problems
I know how to solve em
Semi-automatic, luger tray, revolve em
Shoot em up, rob em
In the hood we starvin, you don't want problems
Problem child

[Bridge] [Singing]

And why can't you be man enough
To tell me where you're comin' from

[50 Cent]

They say you can never repay the price for takin' a
man's life
I'm in debt with Christ, I done did that twice

Iâ€™m nice, yâ€™all niggas canâ€™t hang wit fifty
+Blaaat+, yâ€™all niggas canâ€™t bang wit fifty
Say Iâ€™m born to rhyme, thereâ€™s a shell and a nine
For every stone in the cross, thereâ€™s a bitch I tossed
See the wounds in my skin they from a war of course
You can check C-N-N for the "War Report"
See the drama got me ridinâ€™ with a sawed-off shottie
Catch you at the light, I blow ya ass off the Ducati
Man, niggas ainâ€™t gonâ€™ do me like Sammy did Gotti
I do it myself, I donâ€™t need no help
Give me a knife, Iâ€™ll get rid of your neighborhood
bully
Give me a minute, Iâ€™ll take a fuckinâ€™ car with a pully
See the hood is the deepest stole my innocence young
Niggas jumped me cuz they couldnâ€™t beat me one-on-
one

[Hook] [2x]

[Bridge]

[50 Cent]

I mustâ€™ve broke a mirror at three and had bad luck for
seven
Cuz pops slid, mommy died before I turned eleven
This cities split â€™posed to let black cats cross your
path
The footprints in the sand is Satan carryinâ€™ your ass
I got "God Understand Me" tattooed in my skin
When I die, come back, Iâ€™ma tattoo it again
Iâ€™m the young buck that let the gun buck
Roll the window down and say: "â€™Sup up, niggas get
ready to duck"
My heart is a house homie, fear donâ€™t live here
Nigga believe me when I say I donâ€™t care
Muslims mix a lot, God studied they lessons
Even when my luckâ€™s hard I still count my blessings
See that look in my eye, ya betta keep on steppinâ€™
Spent time on my cell floor, to sharpen my weapon
If you pussy Iâ€™ma smell you when you come around
here
Them boys in Pelican Bay couldnâ€™t live in my tier
[Hook]

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