

## 50 Cent "Slow Dough"

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Trackmasters, 99 shit  
Huh uh, huh uh, yea

*[Chorus]*

Slow dough, is better than no dough (fa sho)  
Get caught talking to popo (what you say to him son?)  
They hit you with the fofo (blaow, that's right)  
My niggas is loco (loco)  
Yo to diss me that's a no-no (no-no)  
Y'all niggas is so-so (so-so)  
That's why you ain't got no dough (broke ass niggas)

Put me through any test I bet ya I'll pass cause I'm a  
cheater  
Broke niggas, smoke niggas, rich niggas smoke  
Cohiba's  
My team been puffing chiba and packing heaters since  
the days of shell toe Adidas  
And ain't shit come between us  
Look I'm winning now and I'ma keep on winning  
I see with you ain't nothing changed same ginen same  
linen  
Fuck the don shit, nigga I'm an armed convict  
I live wild beat cases before a trial  
Grand jury style I'm foul  
You wondering why I don't smile  
I'm schemeing to stick you up now  
Son I be the first to blast the gun, the last to run  
While you hit the pavement son I mash you, ugh  
If you don't know you better go and ask someone  
50 Cent is my symbol and my name  
Symbolizing the change that I'm bringing to this game  
Things'll never be the same (never the same baby)

*[Chorus]*

Yo nowadays niggas talk like they wanna get shot  
Like I won't grab the glock and run up in your spot  
Six double O drop I'll put two in your knot

And stick around and get every motherfucking thing  
you've got

Here I stand on the alley on godrule  
Same spot where rob got shot  
The block's high  
Warrent squad flashing my mug shot  
Everybody know I'm loco, kill the popo, blast the fo fo,  
rode dolo  
Rock solo, I should be old T on the low yo  
Pump the six and push the volvo  
I hear they go kuku and go puff loco  
I sell llelo and price up and down like yo yo  
But keep that on the low do, nobody's supposed to  
know, yo  
I make 16 hundred off of every ho do  
Fucking with the cash flow that'll get you blast yo  
(haha)  
I always get the last laugh yo

*[Chorus]*

I rap a muthafucking house around my my wrist for  
wreck  
While you niggas race neck to neck  
While niggas who live from cheque to tech  
I ain't even going to front I ain't working with a full deck  
Life in the hood so hard I done lost some of my cards  
Instead of praying before I sleep I put my hands on my  
heat  
As soon as I start dreaming I'm right back on the street  
Any nigga in this game flowing they think they can see  
me  
Gotta be, fucked up in the head and smoking heme  
Believe me if you thought like me you could be me  
But you ain't been through what I been through and this  
shit ain't that easy (one)

*[Chorus]*

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