

50 Cent "That Ain't Gangsta"

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How you gonna take this? Like a man or a bitch?
You gon' get it on nigga or you gon' snitch?
I represent niggas in the hood gettin' rich
Man, I stack chips and I unload clips

After 3 summers in the joint I thought life was hard
Some niggas started fightin', some niggas found God
You know me, started sellin' leek in the yard
Yo, I ran into niggas who used to have Hummers big as Hell

In the joint wearin' '86 numbers damn Dog, you been in here that long?
You could think that but say that and yo' ass is dead wrong
A convoy is only three words, "Yo whattup"
You ain't gotta work out to leave this bitch cut up

Let a nigga find out you on some goin' home shit
And you tryin' to bounce without payin' a loan, shit
Some niggas beat cases on the strength of they cream
After the witnesses disappeared on the strength of they team

I'm hard as Hell to get along wit' so it never fails
A nigga I got beef with end up in the same jail
He had a L rolled in bible paper blowin' the lye
I sent him a little kite just to be blowin' his high
And when I shot you in New York why would I box you now?

If I catch you in the yard I'ma ox you down
Niggas you think is real really can't hold they own
I'll have 'em on some E.T. shit tryin' to phone home
In here a gem star is like a Nine Milly chrome
It's similar, in fact they'll both split ya dome
Scars are souvenirs, niggas always take 'em home.

You got blown over the jack?
(That ain't gangsta)
Your Man ran when you got clapped?
(That ain't gangsta)

Rockin' a vest with no gat?
(That ain't gangsta)
You only a thug when you rap?
(That ain't gangsta)

Niggas jocked you for your track?
(That ain't gangsta)
You ran to other thugs to get it back?
(That ain't gangsta)

Niggas ran off with your packs?
(That ain't gangsta)
If you ain't bustin' ya gat
(That ain't gangsta)

You'd call me an Animal if you seen me livin' on lock
I stay in a box cats be shook when I'm visitin' pop-
ulation
When I walk by, niggas like, "Fifty don't play Son"
Yeah, somethin' really wrong with that nigga

Max out, I'm goin' straight for the glock
Bust a u-turn, I'm goin' straight to the block
The things that'll happen if niggas say I can't eat
Down goes the window, out goes the heat

I'll make the whole block look like a fuckin' track meet
Some get it in the leg, some get it in the back
Some get it in the foot, bleed all over their air max
Nigga pump my packs or pay poor tax

It's extortion, it happens in the hood often
Claim more lives than choices, free abortions
Rich Nice says I got a problem with the dice
'Cause I put the title to the Benz on the line twice

I rock shit 'cause I stay on that block shit
That 9mm Ruger to your knot shit
See the difference is I'm real and you not, kid
I still stash crack money in my sock, shit

Y'all niggas wanna pop shit? I pop clips
Leave with your blood on my mink in the drop Six
Guiliani and Pataki can't stop this
Since '86 my whole clique pop Criss.

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5, 5, 1 blap, blap
1, 3, 4 blap, blap
What the fuck you know about that?

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