

## 50 Cent "Things We Do"

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[Intro: 50 Cent]

I don't wanna hear no complainin'!  
Cause ya niggaz already know how I get man!  
Ya niggaz cannot punk 'round here!  
What the fuck ya think it's different cause it's music?  
[kids ovations]  
Nah man fuck that man! {DAMN! }

[50 Cent:]

Close your eyes! - See the shooters see the money in  
the bag  
See the D's in the unmarked - on a niggaz ass.  
See '62 on the plate, when niggaz bag up  
Scrape the plate my nigga! - Everything add up!  
I'm hungry! - Like I been missin' a meal.  
Back writin' like I need me a deal. - I show you the steel!  
It's a jux nigga feel the chill  
Up your spine I'm a menace for real! - I blast to kill!  
{COME ON! }  
Leave your brains on the dash and wheel  
Mix the kush with the hash and chill; let's talk bread!  
Them niggaz in the way of the money let's shoot their  
head  
The rest of them suckers have scattered it don't  
matter!  
I try to get my head right, I boogie like my head lights  
Big Benz! Big friends! Bitch get in!  
I blow twenty on the chain, ten at the dice game  
We used to be the same, now we not alike man! -  
C'mon!

[Chorus: Gina Thompson sample from "The Things We  
Do" (50 Cent)]

The thiiiings you dooooooooooo...  
Makes meeeeeeee keep ruunnin' to yoooouuuu!  
(Run to me now, baby come on! Run to me now, baby  
come on! )  
[Scream] {COME ON! }  
The thiiiings you dooooooooooo...  
(Run to me now, baby come on! Come on! Come on!  
Come on! )  
Makes meeeeeeee keep ruuunnin' to yoooouuuu!

{Whooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo Kiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiid! }  
(Run to me now, baby come on! Come on! Come on!  
Come on! )  
{"FOREVER KING"! }

[50 Cent:]

I like my bitches fast, jus' like the Porsches  
Switch gears, ride at like 500 horses.  
Your now rockin' with the boss of the bosses  
My wris' glis' so sick I leave a nigga nauseous.  
That's you lied! - What's that you got?  
I rock that on Monday, you'll have that one day!  
Follow my footsteps you know I move proper  
So what you got a chopper? Nigga I got a chopper!  
Mines ain't got no wheels; what's the deal?  
Propellor's propel, I'm on the top of New York!  
Top of the food chain, nigga talkin' my talk;  
Success is my addiction you should take a hit of this  
{HAHA! }  
I'm down for the friction you start it I'll finish it  
Victim? - Pick 'em! - Knife work - stick 'em!  
Chrome Colt - pop 'em! - Hollowtip - drop 'em!  
It won't be long 'fore you're goin' dyin' now, watch 'em!  
(Come on! Come on! )

[Chorus: Gina Thompson sample from "The Things We Do" (50 Cent)]

The thiiiings you dooooooooooo... {CAN'T FORGET... }  
Makes meeeeeee keep ruunnin' to yooooouuu! {NIKKI!  
}  
(Run to me now, baby come on! Run to me now, baby  
come on! ){G-UNIT! }  
The thiiiings you dooooooooooo... [scraches]  
(Run to me now, baby come on! Come on! Come on!  
Come on! )  
Makes meeeeeee keep ruuunnin' to yooooouuu!  
(Run to me now, baby come on! Come on! Come on!  
Come on! )  
[Kids ovation] {"THISIS50.COM"! }

[Outro: 50 Cent]

Yeah!  
After the drought it's the flood! [scraches]  
It's strategic man!  
I planned it! {HAHA! }  
NOW... follow my footsteps!  
You know I move proper!  
Let me inspire you! [scraches]  
Let me make you wanna win!  
Let's take it to the top, baby!  
I wan' say somethin' that'll make you hungry! [gunshot]

Don't let nobody fuck up your vibe man!  
Come in with that negative bullshit we don't wanna hear  
it!  
How they gon' stop a hustler from hustlin'?  
Man!  
Till next time...  
50! [scratches] {LET'S GO! } [beat stops]

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