

50 Cent

"We Don't Need Them"

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I Don't Need 'Em

[Intro]

Yeah

It is what it is man

Uh huh

[Verse 1]

Sirens flashin', you know the routine, the crime scene
taped off

It started off a robbery, they blew half his face off

They seen him shinin', course full of diamonds he
bought

Grindin', his foot slipped off the ladder of success he
was climbin'

The D's came through, asked the niggas if they knew
what happened

Somehow my name end up in anything that involves
clappin'

Detectives at my mama crib, they say they wanna
question me

They put me in a line up last time and they arrested me

When it come to cookin' coke, they know I got the
recipe

I turn a quarter to a half, thats why they mess with me

I'm the neighborhood pusher, I move packs to make
stacks

A little weed, a little X, a little H, a little crack

Figure, I push it to the limit, take this shit to the max

Navy blue vest on, navy blue Yankee hat

Calm, in my palm, fully loaded fire arm

First to let off, last to run, everytime its on

[Chorus]

I tell niggas to suck my dick

Get the fuck out my face

Cause I don't need 'em

Cause they're never around

When I'm down

Shot and I'm bleedin'

[50 Cent]

What, niggas yeah
Is there a mothafuckin' problem nigga
Oh yeah
That's what I thought so, pussy

[Verse 2]

niggas be talkin' about me, they always callin' me crazy
Fuck them O.G. niggas, they stuck in the eighties
Sayin' they gonna do me somethin', now you know
thats a lie
nigga you look at me wrong, I'll let that hammer fly
I'm rich, I still wake up with crime on my mind
Queens nigga put it down like Pappy Mason in his prime
When I say move, nigga move or get caught in the
cross fire
Up a fence runnin, cut my fuckin' hand on a barb wire
Shits crazy, just a different day, its the same shit
Hollow tip part in ya head, leave ya whole fuckin' brain
split
They sit, they see me in the Ashton Martin
What's the matter, they can't get that Hoopty started
Thought they was grindin', well goddamn where that
money at
Thought you was fucked, cause you was lettin' paper
stack
You ain't a hustler, matter of fact, you's a busta
I don't trust ya, I shoulda sent niggas to touch ya

[Chorus]

I tell niggas to suck my dick
Get the fuck out my face
Cause I don't need 'em
Cause they're never around
When I'm down
Shot and I'm bleedin'

[Outro]

What?
Who said they gonna do somethin' to me
You must be out your rabbid ass mind
Fuck around and kill one of these niggas

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