

## 50 Cent

# "When Death Becomes You"

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Intro

Hahahahaaaa

Yeah Nigga

The Smoke of New York

Get up Come On

Ah

50 Cent Chorus

There's nowhere to run to when death becomes you

Some say your soul may burn in the flame..

So front if you want to, but niggaz who murk you

Come to your tombstone and piss in your grave.

You a rider right, that ride tonight

Nigga you gon' ride or you gon' die tonight

Nigga cock the steal this is kill or be killed

Nigga shit is real in the field

Verse 1

What's the procedures nigga, when you got a hammer  
in your mouth

When you laid down and cry, when you stand up and  
die

Like the man that i am, Fireeeeeee!

Yes Yes, give um the whole thang

Im a legend in the town, Nowww

Since your all gangstered up lets get the fuck down

Big Bill dancin' im reppin for Buck town

Nigga see me dummin' im comin clutchin the pound

Don't worry about my whereabouts

We air um out, clear um out, Yes Yes

The pressure's on now, you need to get your hammers  
up

-th-th-th that's what's up

You too tough nigga, you dun rap it up

Brownsville, cl-cl-cl Clap it up!

Fif put in the call.

We ready to brawl with everyone of you or, Yes Yes

50 Cent Chorus

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Nigga cock the steal this is kill or be killed  
Nigga shit is real in the field

#### Verse 2

You got these young niggaz hollerin Murderer!  
Copper chops on my block like, blaka blaka blaka  
Niggaz don't give a fuck  
I seen a nigga shoot my momz, right in front of my  
motherfuckin face  
See in the 'ville, aint such a thing as a straight bullet  
When your index finger on the trigger and you pull it  
Slugs aint never outta season  
All you gotta do is give a motherfucker one reason  
Blood stains on the ceilin'  
Same place he stood, that's what they leave um  
Don't black it out, lets just squeezn off with your gun  
Cuz you gon' get your punk ass robbed with the young  
You know the drill  
I'ma give your ass 3 seconds to bounce and you better  
not chark  
1 Fuck that. 3 gunshots Dumb bitch! Rest in bits

#### 50 Cent Chorus

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