

50 Cent "You Like Me Better Rich"

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Theres something about the way i get it
I do, I get it
Theres something about the way I did it
Like there's nothing to it

[Chorus]

You don't wanna see a n-gga doing bad
My eyes turn red than I'm pulling out a mag
You see shit clear when ya ass get hit
You like me better rich
You like me better rich
I caught where ya live with the .44 mag
Shut up bitch, show me where the stash
Now we got the dope we just waiting on the cash
You know your getting hit, you're getting hit

N-gga time, money, money time
Smoke the barrell of the nine
See ya see ya blood leak
Tell ya punk ass weak
Lay down, stay down
Go 'head kiss the ?
Police box me in, I will kill a hostage

Bang bang close range, there wont be no get back
For the last time n-gga, tell us where the sh-t at
You're working my nerves and I aint got patience
Barrell on my tre pound, I'll let ya ass taste it

[Chorus]

This little light of mine, I'm gon let it shine
Right under the barrell, I'm sure I wont miss
Say a prayer I don't care, I'm here for the money
Pay dumb, get done, call it murder one
Six shots pop, hit a pop, bullets ricochet
Your catching hot, hell so far away
Cough up the cash before shit get really bad
You don't really really wanna see a n-gga when he mad

[Chorus]

Yeah, this that Power of the Dollar sound
Some of you n-ggas aint even up on this
Uh, yeah 50, Back with vengeance
They gon call this the greatest comeback of all time
This shit gon bring chills up your spine
G-g-g-g-g-unit

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