

Cent **"Back Down"**

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Yeah, G-Unit

It's easy to see when you look at me
If you look closely, 50 don't back down
Everywhere I go both coasts with toast
Eastside, westside, I hold that mack down
Every little nigga you see around me
Hold a gun big enough to fuckin' hold shaq down
Next time you in the hood and see an ol' G
You ask about me, the young boy don't back down

Any living thing that cannot co-exist with the kid
Must decease existin', little nigga, now listen
Yo mami, yo papi, that bitch you chasin'
Ya little dirty ass kids, I'll fuckin' erase them
Your success is not enough, you wanna be hard
Knowin' that, you get knocked, you get fucked in the
yard
You's a poptart sweetheart, you soft in the middle
I eatcha for breakfast, the watch was an exchange for
your necklace

And your boss is a bitch, if he could he would
Sell his soul for cheap, trade his knight to be suge
You can buy cars but you can't buy respect in the hood
Maybe I'm so disrespectful 'cause to me you're a
mystery
I know niggaz from ya hood, you have no history
Never sold nothin', never popped nothin', nigga stop
frontin'
Jay put you on, X made you hot
Now you run around like you some big shot
Ha, ha pussy

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This rap shit is all fucked up now
What we gonna do now?
How we gonna eat, man?
50 back around

That's Ja's lil punk ass thinkin' out loud
Southside, Tah died, that's just how I get down
I'm back in the game shawty, to rule and conquer
You sing for hoes and sound like the cookie monster
I'm the hardest from New York, my flow is bonkers
All the other hard niggaz, they come from yonkers
It's been years and you had the same niggaz in the
background
You never gonna sell unless cadd Tah's crack child

Them niggaz they just suck, they no good
I ain't never heard a nigga say they like them in the
hood
I'm back better than ever, on top of my game
Even them country boys sayin', 50 we feelin' you mayn
Now you stay the fuck outta my zone, outta my throne
I'm New York City's own bad guy, bad guy

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I ain't tellin' anyone you pussy
I ain't tellin' anyone you gettin' extored
It ain't over, G-Unit
I've been patently waitin' to blow
Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to the '50 Cent show'

This is my life, my pain, my night, my gun
Now that I'm back, you can't sleep, I'm a nightmare
You hired cops to hold you down 'cause you fear for
your life
You heard about them guns I done bought, right?
I ain't goin' no where, I done told you nigga
I'ma G-Unit motherfuckin' solider nigga
They not gon' like you, I know, I know, G-Unit

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