

Fifty Cent "If I Can't"

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Yea, ha ha, yea, yea

[Hook: 50 Cent]

If I can't do it, homie, it can't be done
Now I'ma let the champagne bottle pop
I'ma take it to the top
Fo sho I'ma make it hot, baby (baby)

[Verse 1: 50 Cent]

I apply pressure to pussies that stuntin I pop
Stand alone squeezin my pistol I'm sure that I gotta
Now Peter Piper picked peppers but Run rocked rhymes
I'm 50 Cent, I write a lil bit but I pop nines
Tell niggaz, "Get they money right," cuz I got mine
And I'm around quit playin nigga you can't shine
You gon be that next chump to end up in the trunk
After bein hit by the pump, is that whut you want?
Be easy nigga, I'll lay your ass out
Believe me nigga, that's whut I'm about, gangsta
You could find a nigga sittin on chrome
Hit the clutch, hit the gear, hit the gas & I'm gone
(Yea!)

[Hook: 50 Cent]

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I'ma take it to the top
Fo sho I'ma make it hot, baby (baby)

[Verse 2: 50 Cent (Dr Dre)]

I'm down for the action, he smart with his mouth so
smack em
You holdin a strap, he might come back so clap em
React like a gangsta, die like a gangsta for actin
Cuz you'll get hit & homicide'll be askin, "Whut
happened?"
OH NO look who clapped em with the FO'FO'
20 inch rims sitting on Lo Pros
Eastside, Westside niggaz know, yo, i'm loco
Even my mama said, "Something really wrong with my
brain"
Niggaz don't rob me they know I'm down to die for my

chain
G-UNIT! We get it poppin in the hood
G-UNIT! Muthafucka whuts good?
I'm waitin on niggaz to act like they don't know how to
act
I had a sip of too much Jack, I'll blow em off the map
With the mack, thinkin it's all rap
Til that ass get clapped and Doc say "It's a wrap"

(It's a wrap, nigga)

[Hook: 50 Cent]

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Now I'ma let the champagne bottle pop
I'ma take it to the top
Fo sho I'ma make it hot, baby (baby)

[Verse 3: 50 Cent]

I been feelin i had to teach lessons to slow learners
Go head act up, get smacked in the head with the
burner
I don't fight fair, I'm dirty-dirty
I'm from Southside Jamaica, Queens, nigga ya'heard
me?
When streetlights come on niggaz blast the nines
Get locked up, they read books to pass the time
In the game there's up's and down's, so I stay on the
grind
Niggaz on my dick more than my bitch, I stay on they
mind
They aint nothin they could do to stop my shine
This is God's plan homey, this ain't mine
I played the music loud so Grandpa called me a
nuisance
And Grandma; who always gotta throw in her two cents
I'm the drop out who made more more money than
these teachers
Roofless/Ruthless like the Coupe but I come with more
features
I am whut I am, you could like it or love it
It feels good to pull 50 grand & think nothin of it
Fuck it

[Hook: 50 Cent]

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If I can't do it, homie, it can't be done
Now I'ma let the champagne bottle pop

I'ma take it to the top
Fo sho I'ma make it hot, baby (baby)

Uh huh, hood make it hot
Dr Dre, Aftermath
Shady, ha ha

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