

## **Fifty Cent**

### **"The Good Die Young"**

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[Fifty talkin' to himself]

Yo, you know what I want? I want the beat to drop  
right..now

Niggas be thinkin' I'm crazy right?

You are crazy..

I ain't crazy...

You are crazy....

Atleast I don't think I'm crazy

I think my shit is hot, I think I'm hot

You hot but you crazy..

Why they wanna?..man..I don't know...

[Verse 1:]

It's the money that - makes shit get ugly

It's the money that - makes these hoes love me

It's the money that - makes niggas wanna slug me

Man..I thought the money would make it all lovely

Yo, I actually write what I do or see

The felonies from day to day make me say what I say

When I die my art will be worth more than Picasso's,

don't cry for me,

Smile for me

And if you see them niggas that wet me, wile' for me

Remember the good times, the chips we stacked

The clips we packed

And all the bricks we cooked from coke to crack

Let my tombstone read "I Tried" and from the start

everything I wrote

Was from my heart

So it'll always be number one on my chart

I get sensitive with my shit, don't fuck with my art

Sometimes it sounds like I'm playin' but I'm sayin'

This shit is real, it ain't a game.

[Chorus]

They say the good die young, I guess these grimy  
niggas live a

Long time, sit in fancy whips, sip champagne and  
shine, keep your eyes

On yours while I keep my eyes on mine. [Repeat]

[Verse 2:]

First it happened to Stretch then to Pac and Big  
I'm convinced it can happen to anybody kid  
So I get vest up when I get dressed up  
In the hood it's messed up, niggas runnin' 'round  
shootin' shit up  
If it's Dom that you drinkin' fill up my cup  
If you got somethin' to doubt me, shut the fuck up  
Why do niggas act like they hard when they know they  
butt?  
And gettin' robbed ain't a good time to press ya luck  
Duke listen, if you move I'm a hurt you  
You'll get your turn to shine later, patience is a virtue  
Right now what you need to do is gimme the cash  
Forget about your Boss bein' mad, just save ya ass  
Be a good Boy now, go and get your stash  
I seen you throw it next to the garbage can like it was  
trash  
Alright run along before I shoot ya ass  
I hate to do this to you but I really need this cash.

[Chorus 2X]

[Verse 3:]

I know we all gotta go, but I'd hate to go fast  
Then again I don't think it'd be fun to stick around and  
go last  
Man listen, if you really really like this shit  
Nigga call Steve Stoute and I'll write ya shit  
Call him now before I drop for real 'cause after I drop  
I'm a be chargin' ya'll niggas like Forty a pop  
To each his own, me? I got it while it was cheap  
Typical mentality, I know, I'm straight from the street  
1999's the year of the predator, I'm killin' to eat  
Niggas'll treat you like a egg, you come to cop you get  
beat  
Gimme your dough, oh, you wore your jewels? what a  
treat  
You're a generous guy  
Take 'em off or die  
Man, we hurtin' 'round here, ain't nobody slingin' pies  
Look around, ain't nobody 'round here fly  
Why you 'round here with this shit anyway? huh? you  
high?  
See, you done made the wrong move, kiss your ass  
goodbye.

[Chorus 2x]

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