

Jay-Z

"If I Can't"

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(feat. Jay-Z)

[Intro - 50 Cent + (Jay-Z)]

(YES!) Yeah, ha, ha, yeah, yeah
I know you hear the footsteps

[Chorus - 50 Cent]

If I can't do it, homey, 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, and Run rocked
rhymes
Now 50 Cent, I write a lil' bit, but I pop nines
Tell niggaz, "Get they money right," cause 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 what you want
Be easy nigga, I lay your ass out
Be-lieve me nigga, that's what I'm about, gangsta
You could find a nigga sittin on chrome
Hit the clutch, hit the gear, hit the gas and I'm gone
(Yeah!)

[Chorus]

[Verse 2 - Jay-Z + (50 Cent)]

Everybody wanna rhyme like Hov'
'Cause I rhyme like, I be rhymin' in the Rove', rhymin' in
them HO!
Ma like the diamond will blind you at the show
I don't shine, I glow, I remind you of that dough
Don't I, did I, hustle the game, just the thought alone
Give me a boner, coach caved into a coma
Can't out hustle a hustla
You can't out play a player, this rap shit is a lay-up
In my former buis' motherfuckers will spray ya

In the music buis' motherfuckers, just say stuff
Spit on ya sprayer, niggaz just play tough
When the camera's on, when the camera's gone
Niggaz wanna set up meetings
'Cause they know most likely when I see 'em, I'ma set
up a beatin'
Windows no tints, cars, no rims
That's because we handle ours, like grown men
I ain't touch ya wheels, sent I drove the Ben'
That's 'cause it was a Coupe, nah I ain't suit
I'm just telling the truth, you Tom Cruise
You can't handle it, handle it, nigga is what I do
I try to be modest, on "Blueprint 2"
Y'all don't respect modest, y'all respect my dollars
You gotta believe, I think like an artist
But my bills through the roof, can't do numbers like The
Roots
(Oh No) No disrespect, I be tryna disconnect
But niggaz keep pulling me back in, trapped in
My pops gotta live wit this order, my whole live in
disordered
And I just got his living room ordered
And you wanna why the chip on my shoulders
Is more like a brick or a boulder, you understand
maybe, when you get older
Got a hundred niggaz on ya dick, saying you oughta
Record like this or what have you, nigga's is back
stabbing you
Bitches mad at you, 'cause they can't have you
Press wanna know about the daughter of Matthew
Now it's back to the hood again, all Black hood again
Back to old lady saying, what I coulda been
Back to the gats, you forgot, I'm real good with them
They gon' put a nigga in jail, oh well

[Chorus]

[Verse 3 - 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'
'Cause you'll get hit and homicide'll be askin, "What
happened?"
OH, NO, look who crept in with the FO', FO'
Twenty inch rims sittin on LOW-PRO
Eastside, Westside niggaz ALL KNOW, I'm LO-CO
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! motherfucker what's 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 Mac, thinkin it's all rap
'Til that ass get clapped, and Doc say "It's a wrap"
(It's a wrap, nigga)

[Chorus]

[Verse 4 - Jay-Z]

I'm not the two, not the three, not the four, the five
I take the pain from my life, pour it all inside
Take my strain and my strife, take my ego and pride
Used it to kick down the door, brought my people
inside
And I hope you, ain't think I wrote this
To entertain you, that ain't what I came to do
I will bang you, I will act like orangutan's do
I give you hot wings, turn niggaz to angels
Understand my angle, I'm safety first
Don't make me act, like the safety don't work
Tough niggaz get it the worst, I'm beggin you come for
us
I'm giving motherfuckers, dirt com-forters

[Chorus]

[Verse 5 - 50 Cent]

I been feelin I have 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 ain't 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 her two cents
I'm the drop out who made more money than these
teachers
Roofless/ruthless like the Coupe, but I come with more
features

I am what I am, you could like it or love it
It feels good to pull fifty grand and think nothin of it,
fuck it

[Chorus x2]

[Outro - 50 Cent]
Uh huh, hood make it hot
Dr. Dre, Aftermath
Shady, ha ha

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