

## 50 Bars

50 Cent

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When I'm dead and gone niggaz gonna remember my name 50

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Yo Black is flashy like Alpo gun happy like Pappy  
Sneaky muthafucka remind me of nigga that crack me  
He aint the type you shoot dice with and win dog  
Unless you want to get your ass layed out in gilmore  
Yes we soldiers, remind me Troy and E-Bags  
When they came through they hollored like 'What up Conrad?'  
Grimey niggaz they loved to get gully  
Summertime still had on black gloves and scullies  
The Lex 450 pulled up that's Cornbread  
Them niggaz from Philly would of called him an old head  
But he an OG remind me of Chaz and Bump real low key  
Sounded like he didn't know nothing about drama  
For this money shit many men do trauma  
Switchy walked in son, this bitch had the baddest ass  
The bulletproof glass was rolled up on the S-Class  
Heard in DC he kept mad blocks in order  
Picture this a young nigga gettin it like Rich Porter  
Sonny came in for half a pit  
He got knocked, he on lock still controllin' his block from constop  
Pop pulled up in the CL5 his project changed  
His man just got fucking murked by Salene  
Heard he got it in the range nigga Bean popped one in his brain  
Over some-thing took his watch and his chain  
Country boys off the hook down there and Richmond main.  
In the black 740 I sat, hat turned back  
Bow down baby nelly singing my wrist blinging What!  
I'm waiting on this nigga Wise we lost for two pies  
Son he smokin that shit I can see it in his eyes  
Coming up wise emotions closed  
Most buying round looking for wisemen toast  
Benny hopped out the Esculade with a few thourough men from B-More  
They sellin heroin in Maryland reverse back to Diesel  
Killed like 4 fiends his popularity grew that only meant more cream  
First it was him and his brother now he got a team  
Went from 5 and a half grams to living the dream  
City pulled up Goddamn you know his format  
Bentley is all marble in the door and floor match  
Got the gats out the stash box popped 2 glocks  
Peace "All Eyez on Me" 2Pac  
Everybody know he a boss he gotta floss  
He on the same bullshit that sent Gotti up north  
That's Dime in the blue ts stunting like he Nicky Barnes  
He broke but he talk like he a Don  
Homes hoppin out the Jag that's Max haitian cat  
Kill a nigga quick remind me of Haitian Jack  
I peep his style son I know his stelo, He on the d-low  
He smile at niggaz mumbling fuck you in Creole  
Heard war stories bout how he maneuver with the Ruger  
Hold the iron horizontally and send shots through ya  
Few niggaz tried to murk him, most them got fount  
Some turnt away try to run they in wheelchairs now

Banks hopped out bulletproof this, bulletproof that  
Bulletproof snorkel, bulletproof hat  
Got out a Black hummer he blew 90 on that  
Poppin mad shit like he gonna bulletproof that lets go