Back 4 That

50 Cent

Uh-huh Uh-huh
5 (five) 1 (one)
Real shit nigga

Yo, nigga say somethin' slick, you'll get slapped for that
Niggas schemin' on some jewels, you'll get clapped for that
If y'all niggas want war, I got the mack for that
Run off with some work, and get your head cracked for that

Nigga if a nickel bag sold in the park, I want in on it
The bullshit I'm on right now nigga, I've been on it
If I don't eat, nobody eat, cold in the street
No surrender, no retreat, my niggas rollin' with heat
Y'all know my steez, I spark trees, under palm trees
Feel a breeze, and fees, in expanded keys
Cop it straight from the bay, tap dance on the yay
Your people make a G day, you ain't rich, you just ok
I take the stand under oath and lie
Before I snitch on my clique, I'll fry
Or watch time go by
Niggas want to steal slabs, and dib or dab in the pie
He who steals from the hands that feed 'em, deserve to die

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You gettin' money nigga? (YEAH!), you thugged out? (YEAH!)
50 Cent is the hottest shit out this year (YEAH!)
You bust your gun nigga? (YEAH!), you on the run nigga? (YEAH!)
You treat a grown man like he ya son, nigga? (YEAH!)
Yo, I ain't the first parolee, to catch his nigga for his rollie
After being on the street, less than a week
Look, niggas who know me, know I'm up to no good
Man my fan base is spreading like HIV in the hood
Why smack a nigga silly, when I can squeeze the milly
A slug'll split a niggas ass, worst than the philly
I stay with the heater, cut the D with Bonita
My wifey kept acting up, so I had to leave her
It hurted when I left, but I knew I didn't need her
If it wasn't for my seed, I wouldn't even have to see her
She tried to front like she don't need me, she miss me, believe me
It's that soap opera shit, the bitch watch too much TV

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Aight, now y'all niggas tryin' to do too much (STOP FRONTIN')
Them little bit of chips you got son, (AIN'T NOTHIN')
I seen you with your whip outside son (YOU WAS STUNTIN')
You spent your last on that (YOU AIN'T HOLDIN' NOTHIN')
Rap niggas stay actin' like they ready to flip
When I let off a clip, it ain't a part of the script
Its like tradition, rap niggas die in they whips
So I spent a little chips, to bulletproof my shit
You a 6 coupe nigga, but you years behind
Nigga yours a 92, mine's a 99
You're not in my league, the ghetto taught me tools to succeed
Shall I proceed, I'll write it down so you can read
If you've been listening, I know you like loving what I said
If not you dumb fuck, I just went over your head

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