

## Curtis 187

50 Cent

Ay nigga tell 'em where you from!  
Southside, I'm a Southside nigga what  
Nigga stunt, you know I tear a nigga up

They say I'm grimy, I'm greasy  
I make a one-eight-seven look easy  
Fuck that~! I lay my murder game down  
Push me nigga, see what I'm about

I was a snotty nose, nappy head, dirtball nigga  
Sayin I can't wait 'til I get a little bigger  
After niggaz jumped me, bumpin my head  
Thinkin I wish I had a gun I fill a nigga with lead  
Took a kitchen knife to [censored] fin' to poke me a nigga  
Wishin I had a gun so I could smoke me a nigga  
Sold my first five quarter gram pieces in the alley  
Where Bizzy had the Bondeville and Kev had the Caddy  
Now those were the days, when crime really paid  
The nine milli sprayed, I got the fuck out the way  
From shootout to shootout, the bricks went fast  
Robberies went bad, niggaz got blast  
Niggaz kidnapped Drew grandpa kid  
Came through and shot Ms. Leak in the head  
You wonder why I got a gun? So I can get down for mine  
You need that, out on the grind all the time

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It was Kangols, Cazelli shades, Pumas and corn braids  
Doo-rags on the waist, brass knuckles, switchblades  
Ski mask to get paid, new shells to get sprayed  
Hoodrats to get laid, money to get made  
YEAHHH~! .. Yeah I had a dream  
I was rich, woke up broke, gun in my hand  
Sayin DAMN! .. Dope cost sixty a gram  
I got to find me a nigga, line me a nigga  
And say "Give it up kid, before I put one in your wig"  
Picture me thirsty, ridin 'round foamin out the mouth  
Sayin "I don't get on, I'ma lay a nigga out"  
Now diamonds are beautiful and pearls are precious  
I hit you and your bitch both over your necklace  
I'm wreckless, I spray the semi drunk off Henny  
Wipe your blood off the shines, run and sell 'em to Benny  
Fuck with me, y'all niggaz know Boo Boo get bizzy

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Yeah  
I gave Just a buck-fifty, ask him if I cut niggaz  
Shootouts in Bedford, ask them if I bucked niggaz  
In four-fifth they call me Boo Boo, the accident baby

Hennessy and cocaine helped to grime me and make me  
My eyes don't cry, I'm a fatherless child  
Got my ass whooped in Spofford but never that now  
When my name in your mouth, you better watch how you talk  
I'll send yo' punk ass to therapy to learn how to walk  
I bust a clip, I'll hit ya hip, I'm takin your shit  
Thats how the eses play, for that SSK  
Your probably heard through the grapevine, I'm good out in Watts  
Bulletproof shit, cruisin through them Compton blocks  
I'm the beast from the East, but I play on the West  
In the drop by myself with my nine and my vest  
And you niggaz best be on yo' best behaviors  
I was bred for this shit, front on me I'ma blaze ya

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