

# Don't Front

50 Cent

Ohhhhhh  
Yeah  
It's 50  
You should love me  
I'm back on the streets, man  
Tell a friend to tell a friend  
Ha ha  
You should love me

Don't front  
You know I got you open, it's the original hustler, it's the original crook  
(Fuck that)  
Don't stunt  
I leave ya head open, put a buck 50 across your face my man (Fuck that)  
Don't front  
You know I got you open, it's the original hustler, it's the original crook  
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Yeah, I'm fuckin' with [?] pills that [?] snow (Uh-huh)  
Cook two fifty come back with a extra O  
This is Bentley GT talk, it's easy like Sunday morning  
Up and down like a seesaw the prices goin' (Ohhh!)  
So bag that, pump that, get stacks, click clack  
On any nigga that fuck with the cash flow jack (Uh-huh)  
I give it to you smooth now, Maybach 62 style  
Slicker than new now, you know how I do, pal (Ohhh!)  
It's kinda foul how I do things, heinous  
64 on Daytons and it's candy painted, I can't be faded  
Or persuaded, outta position, na-na-na nigga listen  
Get acquainted with the starts, got a fetish for the cars (Oh!)  
And a thing for exotic bitches, they know who they are  
Man, this ain't the first time I been in they bra  
I live today, today, I'm not promised tomor (Yeah!)

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This is for [?] turn con, doin' his bid  
For the wolves ridin' 'round tryna find a jux, kid  
This is better than good  
I'm the voice of the hood  
As the birds fly  
You could stare at the sky  
Pray the game change but'll stay the same  
Full of heartbreaks and pain, I know you feelin' me, mane  
You know after the laughter, comes the tears  
Direct sale, make bail, jump bail, it's real

If the Ds don't catch you then the stick-up kids will  
You give that up smooth or get hit with that steel  
You fuck around and have to eat a hollow tip meal  
Not a Happy Meal, hollow tips kill  
For real  
This is 50  
Fuck with me

Don't front  
You know I got you open (Damn), it's the original hustler, it's the original  
crook  
Don't stunt (This is what it is)  
I leave ya head open, put a buck 50 across your face my man (This is what it  
is, I feel so good)  
Don't front  
You know I got you open, it's the (Unbelievably good right now) original hus  
tler, it's the original crook (I feel like I felt)  
Don't stunt (Right before Get Rich Or Die Tryin' came out)  
I leave ya head open, put a buck 50 across your face my man (Nah I mean?)

I'm just sparrin', I'm gettin' ready for the fight, you nah I mean  
This my third album  
Ah man, you better buckle your seat belt, I'ma take you for a ride this time  
, baby  
Ya mean, this makes me feel good when I'm playin', around and I sound better  
than  
Than serious efforts  
You know I mean? They be dead serious in there, bobbin' to some garbage  
A&R tellin' them "it's hot", it's not  
You know I mean, it's your man 50  
Holla at me, man  
I'm out here, man  
Doin' good, man, I'm gettin' ready to go to Steak House  
Get me somethin' to eat, nah I'm sayin'?  
Y'all ain't gettin' none of the steak tho I got right here, I'm not sharin'  
with nobody  
Feel me [?]  
I hate when I go out wit a, shordy and she wanna, order something and, have  
what she got and have a little bit of what I got  
I'm not with that  
If you want steak, you order a steak too, your own steak though  
You pay for your own steak, you know what I mean  
It's 50  
Ohhhh  
We gon' Dutch, baby  
Ha hah, ha hah  
You should love me  
You know I mean? you don't love me you gotta question yourself why, don't yo  
u love 50, you know I'm sayin'?  
I'm special

People are born everyday  
Niggas like me aren't born everyday  
Trust me on that, I'm a special kind of nigga  
Nah I mean?  
It might be Southside though, I think, I think it's something in the water  
You know I mean?  
Some turn us crazy, some make a nigga act like they act  
The same water must be in the, in, the entire 7-1-8- area code  
Ha ha hah  
But you should love me  
You should love me  
I'm back on the streets, man