

Flight 187

50 Cent

Till the day you die... if your one of the poor ones you just got to work hard

I'm on flight 187
187
Departure from the hood
Destination hell or heaven
187
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Departure from the hood
Destination hell or heaven
I'm a rida
Say I'm a rida
I'm a rida
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They putting pressure on me son now they want me to snap
End up like X and whitney in my mansion smokin crack
I'm paranoid I'm feeling like niggas is tryna get me
Forget the kids I'm shavin off my fucking head like britney
Man dre won't mix my records now I need to talk to jimmy
I'm falling back in my old ways I'm riding with the semi
Who's calling me it's Chris he's on the other line with diddy
But I don't want to talk right now my day is goin shitty
Why J rockin that erclie look isn't he from marcy?
They say hes growin dreads and hes talking like a yatti
Man everything is changing I don't understand a thing
I guess this is that bullshit that all the money brings

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My baby mama boyfriend like to talk like he can hurt me
I'm laughin cause she kissed him in the mouth and gave him herpes
That just makes him one of 50 niggas want to murk me
Niggas found my truck and broke it up out there in jersey
You can ask my son he'll tell ya my dads fucking crazy
She filled his head with shit and now I think he fucking hates me
Shady didn't invent me but a star is what he made me

I'll blow your fucking mind out if I told you what he paid me
He gave me all the pills he had left that why I'm so high
It makes me feel so good now that I'm not so scared to die
I wish a nigga would I dare a mothafucka try
You get at me and you can kiss your black ass goodbye

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My lawyers all contained as every month I give them stacks
Them pigs they want a semi if I murder like macks
Man I wasn't the shooter I was never on the scene
So if they do forensics then they will know it wasn't me
There's no need for a lie dictor I ain't sayin shit
The more you talk the higher chances you're doin a bid
Today I read the paper and it said tru life caught a case
They said they found the victim with a knife stuck in his face
I spoke to michael vick I told him I'm happy he home
You tell them crackers sorry nigga then you get back on
When dogs are fighting in the hood nobody gives a fuck
So you can back and shake it on the field to show them what's up

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