

# My Crown

50 Cent

{"SMS, Audio"}

They can't keep a good man down  
Always keep a smile when they want me to frown  
Keep the vibes and I stood my ground  
They will never ever take my crown [3X]  
(FIYAH!)

Nah... nah!  
I'm still the shit, I'm rich already  
Fuck around we'll be readin yo' obituary  
My whip clean, my watch clean  
9 karats hoe, that's what I call a pinky ring  
Don't even trick, my heart cold  
Around the globe, I'm-I'm-I'm on parole  
I ball hard, I go hard  
They say I'm grimy, up to no good, oh God  
Shawty work that, when she twerk that  
She a 10 and she damn close to perfect  
I might wan' stunt, throw a hundred racks  
Get my man a strap, he gon' get my money back  
I'm ghetto right, I'm super hood  
I'm shittin on these niggaz like they knew I would  
I'm ghetto right, I'm super hood  
I'm shittin on these niggaz like they knew I would

Who Jah bless I say no man curse  
Things get better when they thought it would be worse  
Here comes the officer who's asking for a search  
They found no weapon just saw me a draw first [3X]  
(FIYAH!)

Gram after gram, time after time  
I got the grind, I can't help it I got the shine  
I do it big, you're stupid big  
I could fit like half the projects in my crib  
You stick around, I'm outta here  
You on the ground, I'm in the Lear  
I love yachts, banana boats  
Either way, call my nigga, got to get the dope  
They done made me mad, now I'm in my bag  
And I'm back with the strap, catch a case, beat a case, rich nigga swag  
Every step I take, every little itty-bitty move I make  
Turn the big bags of birthday cake, I can't even fit this shit in my SAFE!  
W-w-wait! Got more money, come and try not to hate  
Why you think a nigga in and out of state? I'm a pro on the low when I opera  
te  
I get the bread, I blow the bread, I'm flashy, I'm shinin  
I get the bread, I blow the bread, and my bitches, and my diamonds