

Niggas Be Schemin'

50 Cent

Nah, nah, nah! Look here, nigga!
Here's what the fuck you gotta do, you gotta... CLEAN this mothafucka! [gun cocks]
Make sure this don't fuckin' jam, man!
You're a fuckin' criminal, man, ya heard?
Bet' y'all spilt somethin' on it, nigga.

Niggas be schemin', - fiendin'...
They cut your joos, they off the hook;
I come through there, look how they look! (how they look!)
I'm ridin', leanin', they dreamin'...
They do me dirty if they could,
I'm lookin' like I wish you would! (I wish you would!)
{Try me, go 'head! - Try me!} [gun cocks]
Niggas be schemin', - dreamin'...
{Try me, have you hooked to I-V!} [gun cocks]
Niggas be schemin', - dreamin'! {huuuuuuhh!}

Mad niggas wan' do me dirty, I'm fresh out the tub! (I'm fresh out the tub!)
You move like a snail, you deserve to catch a slug.
Man, I wake up huggin' my bitch;
One with the extended clip, not the one that I'm with;
Uh! [gun cocks] - If you all made men, then you know shit real;
They got change on the mic', I ain't tryna see 'em killed!
I told 'em that's my cause, I don't wanna see nothin' happen to him, (word!)
Cause when I start spittin' at him, I ain't rappin' to him. (huuuuh!)
Yeah, I'm jumpin' in that water like a DIVER
Six shot SURVIVORS, school of hard knock SCHOLARS! (scolars!)
These niggaz AIN'T riders, they HIDERS, they COWARDS! (cowards!)
I feel like 50, - hold "Power Of The Dollar"!
I told my nigga give me one of them bulletproof trucks;
I want few dumb enough to try and shoot it up.
I'm lookin' at the nigga lettin' off [3 shots]
Wait until you finish the clip. - Laugh then pulled off; huuuuuh! (uh-huuuuuh!)

It sounds like a nightmare! - I graduated from fightin';
Play the projects faster than the third of two man indictments.
See my baby blue Ferrari make 'em feel like the virus
In their stomach. - I keep it one hundred, I make 'em vomit!
Got a code name for straps: - "the sacks in the trumpet";
I get the blowin'. - Ya ears'll ring for days when I dump it!
My bullet wounds call them beauty marks and my hole we don't talk to Narcs;
So the first 48 the clock tickin', the plot thickens!
The charge "cocaine possession", I'm creepin' with a fireaaaarm;
The D's don't even wanna see me - with a firearm.
'Fore I go back again, I'm a let it off!
They ain't gotta pop first, fuck that! I'm a set it off.
I need a mental eval, something's wrong with my brainwaves;
I'm rich as a motherfucker, still ridin' with a A-K!
Picture me comin' through, lettin' a nigga play me
When I got all this bread. - Bitch it's off with ya head! - ASAP! (ASAP!)

I had to be slippin' to let this clown hit me UP;
Now I got to walk around with this shit bag for MONTHS!

Now I don't give a FUCK 'bout a bitch or a nigga
Startin' to treat my own brothers like they're just another nigga!
My click got smaller and my clips got big-ger;
Condom on my heart. - Mother-fuck your feelings!
They call me "Superman", see? I ain't 'posed to walk;
Better watch how you talk or get popped like a cork - OFF!
[50 Cent] See they ain't real as they seem and they schemin',
They fiendin' and dreamin', they geekin' and creepin'!
They hear tires screechin', - infrared beamin'!
Niggaz head leakin', what the fuck was he thinkin'?
Sounds of police, momma signin' new leases,
You know you got to relocate her when you beefin'!
I guess you're here for a real reason,
Rah got hit like he got hit but he ain't fuckin' breathin'! - Uhh!