# NY

**50 Cent**

{"SMS, Audio"}

Call me 50, yeah call me Ferrari, call me New York
My alias, my name change; nigga I ain't playin games
New York, for short call me N.Y.
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You gon' cause my next felony fuckin 'round, I get the Mac blow in
My heart colder than that corner you get clapped on
The crack gon' show you the barrel, get my jack on
I'm hungry eatin off plates we bag packs on
Gran turismo, Masi', I just lame back on 'em
Stack on 'em, yeah rack after rack on 'em
Ghetto pharmacist man so I'm cuttin the smack for 'em
Pot bubblin yola, I cook that for 'em
Nigga get in the way I'll bang the strap on him
Then line up the wolves and scream "Attack!" on 'em
I'm cool, I'm tryna keep cool, 'til I snap on 'em
I'm comin for a nigga HEAD when I black on 'em

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I hate when you niggaz do shit then make me ask why
If you the homie why you won't go and testify?
Why you wanna see a nigga get the chair and fry?
I'll grow old in the yard starin at the sky
Why you hurt your friends more than your enemies?
And why you don't sit and stroll through your memories?
Why is the question I ask
Shit was all good when you were splittin up stacks
That shit you told the people got 'em under an axe
Now why, would you wan' do some shit like THAT?
When that barrel on yo' forehead, don't ask why
Shhh, quiet, close your eyes and die!

Tištěno z pisnicky-akordy.cz

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