

Ain't from the streets of Compton  
Ain't from no prison yard  
Ain't got no guns or weapons  
Hell, nigga, I ain't hard

I'd rather help than fight you  
I'd rather hug than swing  
I know where diamonds come from  
And ain't about to bling

Ain't got no fancy car  
I can't afford my rent  
Ain't even got my own style  
Sometimes I'm 50 Cent

But I ain't got no bullets  
And I ain't bullet proof  
And you can take your aim  
But you can't kill the truth

Ay, yo, untie that noose  
Son, we ain't free, we're loose  
I'm sleeping on the floor  
Above your party's burning roof

And when that party's through  
Here's what you need to do  
Just hold that mic right to your heart  
And hear the beat of you

I got a heart beat produced by God  
And, boy, it sounds hard  
I got heart beat produced by God  
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