

50 Cent

::: Lyrics

Album: Power Of The Dollar

Song: The Good Die Young

(Fifty talkin' to himself)

Yo, you know what I want? I want the beat to drop right..now
niggas be thinkin' I'm crazy right?
you are crazy..
I ain't crazy...
you are crazy....
atleast I don't think I'm crazy
I think my shit is hot, I think I'm hot
you hot but you crazy..
why they wanna?..man..I don't know...

Verse 1:

It's the money that - makes shit get ugly
It's the money that - makes these hoes love me
It's the money that - makes niggas wanna slug me
man..I thought the money would make it all lovely
Yo, I actually write what I do or see
the felonies from day to day make me say what I say
when I die my art will be worth more than Picasso's, don't cry for me,
smile for me
and if you see them niggas that wet me, wile' for me
remember the good times, the chips we stacked
the clips we packed
and all the bricks we cooked from coke to crack
let my tombstone read "I Tried" and from the start everything I wrote
was from my heart
so it'll always be number one on my chart
I get sensitive with my shit, don't fuck with my art
sometimes it sounds like I'm playin' but I'm sayin'
this shit is real, it ain't a game.

Chorus - They say the good die young, I guess these grimy niggas live a
long time, sit in fancy whips, sip champagne and shine, keep your eyes
on yours while I keep my eyes on mine. (Repeat)

Verse 2:

First it happened to Stretch then to Pac and Big
I'm convinced it can happen to anybody kid
so I get vest up when I get dressed up
in the hood it's messed up, niggas runnin' 'round shootin' shit up
if it's Dom that you drinkin' fill up my cup
if you got somethin' to doubt me, shut the fuck up
why do niggas act like they hard when they know they butt?
and gettin' robbed ain't a good time to press ya luck
duke listen, if you move I'm a hurt you
you'll get your turn to shine later, patience is a virtue
right now what you need to do is gimme the cash

forget about your Boss bein' mad, just save ya ass
be a good Boy now, go and get your stash
I seen you throw it next to the garbage can like it was trash
alright run along before I shoot ya ass
I hate to do this to you but I really need this cash.

Chorus 2X

Verse 3:

I know we all gotta go, but I'd hate to go fast
then again I don't think it'd be fun to stick around and go last
man listen, if you really really like this shit
nigga call Steve Stoute and I'll write ya shit
call him now before I drop for real 'cause after I drop
I'm'a be chargin' ya'll niggas like Forty a pop
to each his own, me? I got it while it was cheap
typical mentality, I know, I'm straight from the street
1999's the year of the predator, I'm killin' to eat
niggas'll treat you like a egg, you come to cop you get beat
gimme your dough, oh, you wore your jewels? what a treat
you're a generous guy
take 'em off or die
man, we hurtin' 'round here, ain't nobody slingin' pies
look around, ain't nobody 'round here fly
why you 'round here with this shit anyway? huh? you high?
see, you done made the wrong move, kiss your ass goodbye.

Chorus 2x.

::: Lyrics

Album: Power Of The Dollar

Song: How To Rob

[Madd Rapper]

The art of getting robbed

This is how we do Brooklyn style boy you know what I'm sayin'?

[50 Cent]

R.I.P B.I.G, R.I.P P-A-C, R.I.P enough of that shit niggas that wanna OD

Aiyyo the bottom line is I'ma crook with a deal

If my record don't sell I'ma rob and steal

You better recognize nigga I'm straight from the street

These industry niggaz is startin to look like somethin to eat

I'll snatch Kim and tell Puff, "You wanna see her again?"

Dance your ass down to the nearest ATM

I have dreams of fuckin an R&B bitch

But I wake up early and bounce with all her shit

When I apply pressure,son it aint even funny

I'm about to stick Bobby for some of that Whitney money

Brian McKnight, I can get that nigga anytime

Have Keith sweatin starin down the barrel of my nine

Since these Harlem World niggaz seem to all be fam

I put the gun to Cardan tell him, "Tell your man

Mason Betha, haha, come up of that watch now
I mean right now"

The only excuse for being broke is bein in jail
An entertainer can't make bail he broke as hell
I'd rob ODB but that'd be a waste of time
Probably have to clap him run and toss the nine
I'd follow Fox in the drop for four blocks
Plottin to juice her for that rock Kurupt copped
What Jigga just sold like 4 mil? He got somethin to live for
Don't want a nigga puttin four thru that Bentley Coupe door
I'll man handle Case like "Dude get on the ground
You ain't with Mary no more where you getting chips from now?"
I been skeamin on Tone and Poke since they found me
Steve know not to wear that platinum shit around me
I'm a klepto nah for real son I'm sick
I'm bout to stick Slick Rick for all that old school shit
Right now I'm bent and when I get like this I don't think
About to make Stevie J take off that tight ass mink
I'll rob Pun without a gun snatch his piece then run
This nigga weigh 400 pounds, how he gon catch me son?

[Madd Rapper](Chorus) 2x

This aint serious
Being broke can make you delirious
So we rob and steal so our ones can be bigger
50 Cent how it feel to rob an industry nigga?

[50 Cents]

Ill catch P and Silk The Shocker right after the Grammys
And Will Smith and Jada ass down in Miami
Run up on Timberland and Missy w/the pound
Like you gimme the cash and u put the hot dog down
I figured it out
Niggas been robbin Joe before that's why his ass
don't wanna be a playa no more
Mad at you I'm robbin J.D., FUCK YOU!! PAY ME!!
Had Da Brat with em, shoulda had his gat with him
DMX wanna get down or will you tell on me
I'm on that Treach shit, I do my +Dirt All By My Lonely+
I should rob Clue man his shit did well
I wanna stick TQ but his shit ain't sell
I hit the studios take niggas shoes and leave
Catch Rae Ghost and RZA for them funny ass rings
Tell Sticky gimme the cash before I empty three
Ill beat your ass like that white boy on MTV
Cannibus wanna battle while I'm stickin them up
Fuck a cab the coroners pickin em up
Heavy tried to hide his shit, hey nigga I saw ya
He said "Why you robbin me I got _Nuttin But Love_ for ya!"
Caught Juvenile for his Cash Money piece
Told him I want it all he said, "Even my gold teeth?"
I caught Blackstreet on a back street in a black jeep
One at a time get out and take off your shine
Did you ever think that you would be this rich?
Did you ever think that you would have these hits?

Did you ever think that I'd flash the nine?
And walk off with your shit like it's mine?
I'ma keep stickin niggas until I'm livin
I'll rob Boys II Men like I'm Michael Bivins
Catch Tyson for half that cash like Robyn Givens
I'm hungry for real im bout to stick Mister C
That nigga still eatin off Big's first LP
I had Busta and the whole Flipmode on the floor
He asked me if I had enuff I told him "Gimme Some More"
Is you feelin this? Then wait for the sequel
I gotta get Kirk Franklin for robbin Gods People

[Madd Rapper]

(chorus)

For real yo you know what I'm sayin?
Niggas got to get stuck up that's just how it goes down
It don't matter if you an industry nigga or a regular nigga
It don't matter, if you got it and I need it I want it
50 Cents ain't fuckin around
Track Masters ain't fuckin around
Crazy Cat ain't fuckin around
The Madd Rapper aint fuckin around
So watch your backs, watch your pocket book, watch your pockets
Watch everybody on the train, watch everybody on the bus
Cause we gonna get you whether you like it or not.

:: Lyrics

Album: Power Of The Dollar

Song: Gun Runners

(Phone ringing)

(Fifty)

Aww man...who the fuck is callin'?.
I don't even wanna answer this shit...Hello?

(Man on phone)

Whattup nigga it's Black
remember me from way back?
we used to go to school together
man, I got your number from Heather
she said you sell guns, I got beef I wanna see what you got
and if I like it I'll cop

(Fifty)

Damm nigga, you hot
you talkin' like you tryin' to get a nigga knocked
what time is it? man, it's fuckin' 4 O'clock
I shouldn't sell you shit, but Son, meet me on the block
I ain't got time to waste man, where this nigga at?
I'm in the Brown hooptie, there he go, I see 'em
pullin' up slow in the BM
I popped my trunk to show him what I'm workin' wit',
first I showed him the Teck

I told him Niggas give these shits respect
but you don't want this, Man
these shits is known to jam
this is a little smaller here,
and a little more common, 9 Millimeter Ruger
16 shots, hollow points will go through ya
and this? this here? this is a 12 gauge Mossburg kid,
two shots and you can wet like half a block
this shit here gets my dick hard,
it's a Calicko, it holds a Hundred shots
if you can't kill your beef with this you need to stop
c'mon, pick somethin' now nigga, you know it's hot

(Other Man)

Man, stop actin' like that nigga, just show me what you got

(Fifty)

aight, nigga look, I got Two 380's,
one black, one chrome, and 4 glocks
they all hold 21 shots
look, I done been through all my shit nigga,
so tell me what you want

(Other Man)

(Click clack)

It's hard to choose man, I think I'll take 'em all

(Fifty)

Oh, you gon' do me like that?

I got one more piece to show you, my Deringer,
I keep it in the small of my back
it's a two shot, it's chrome, my initials engraved in it

(shots ring off)

look at you now, you had to get it
your BM? I'm takin' it, shit, you don't need it
park it where I can watch it at and see if it got low jack
then take it to the chop shop to my Man Kojak
he gon' give me more cream so I can cop mo' gats
Joe and Duke came through, them niggas copped two Tecks
said "Don't go by the gamblin' spot, that shit gon' get wet".

::: Lyrics

Album: Power Of The Dollar

Song: Material Girl 2000

If a bitch don't like me
Somethin' wrong with the bitch (fuck that bitch)
Why... oh why... why... you wanna fuck with me now?
Yo Dave, that shit come with the game baby, the money, you know
thats how the shit work, you know what I'm sayin'
they supposed to love me now baby
I'm doin' it now baby
hahahaha

[Chorus]

Girl, what makes you wanna fuck with me now?
I've been wantin' to fuck wit' you for quite a while
Is the money makin' you wanna fuck with me?
The money gonna make you sell your soul

[Verse One]

Whoa... if money's gonna make me slam these hoes... then alright
Whattup Shorty, I ain't seen you in many moons
talk to me, how's life been treatin' you? good I hope
you got a smile that only a fool would forget
and a figure that'll leave a nigga droolin' and shit
There I was, kickin' my game, pickin' her brain
buggin' 'cause a while back I met this bitch on the train
she wasn't feelin' me, I pulled up, she wouldn't talk from the whip
Uptown girl, she feel like thats some chickenhead shit
but on the sidewalk we ain't play games
we exchanged numbers and names
I went back to the Range
I heard her Girlfriend whisperin' "I know that nigga, he rich"
she think I got six whips 'cause me and my Man switch
anyway, her name is CeCe
she said she go to BMCC
push a '98 328 with chrome BB's
she said she seen me in the Onyx video on TV
she liked my part the best, man, this bitch is tryin' to G me.

[Chorus]

[Verse Two]

It's hard as Hell to find a Girl thats really down for ya
type that'll hold down the Tre pound for ya
they into diamonds now, to Hell with pearls
these trick niggas fucked up, they done gave 'em the World
Hey Shorty, why you like me? huh? you like the way I spit?
oh, I hit your girlfriend, she told you 'bout the dick?
nah for real, am I the type that you wanna roll wit'?
platinum iced out, got rid of that gold shit
I love my lifestyle, you too, you love it
that I could blow Twenty Thousand and think nothin' of it
know you wouldn't fuck with me if I had no ends
probably wouldn't fuck in the whip if it wasn't a Benz
I guess life looks different through them Shanel tints
Man, I don't care if these hoes love me or not
long as I rhyme hot I'm gettin' head in my drop
it goes on and on and on and it don't stop.

[Chorus]

[Verse Three]

One thing you can always count on is change
and a rich nigga to come put shit in the game
had a 4.0 then Jigga made you trade your Range
would've felt broke if you couldn't get your change

now it's hard to find us or stay behind us
while we on the 900 double R Hondas
watch the cats who flip bricks recline in the latest whips
while Penetentiaries stay packed with cats who sling packs
all these hoes ain't Madonna fans but all across the World
you can find a material Girl
I sip Dom 'till I earl
take 'em two at a time
quick I get in they mind
have 'em thinkin' they mine
bust off then tell 'em "Bust a Uey, on mo' time"
I'm like the reason ya'll niggas can't eat this year
got your bitch breakin' her neck to peep this here
c'mon... uh huh... c'mon

[Chorus - repeat 2X]

Fuck you bitch! leave me alone, walk on... get the fuck on...
Yo, Shorty... tell your friends ya'll ain't fuckin' with us...
aww man... look... he ain't mean that shit...
c'mon thats just records... niggas is playin'...
we wasn't serious and shit...

::: Lyrics

Album: Power Of The Dollar

Song: Thug Love

[50 Cent]

What y'all know about this fab shit, huh?
TE baby come on, uh-huh Trackmasters uh-huh

Look we can shop together mama, his and hers
Fifth Av. shit baby, Fendi furs
I ain't tight with the chips girl
I'm down to splurge

If it's ice you like I'll light up your life (Ooh)
VS2 Clarity alright

I play the block I ain't the type to punch your clock
I'm the type to put the metal to the floor in the drop
I live life in the fast lane
I make a grove of hash

Hustle hard for cash so I can spoil that ass
It's like she loves me, she loves me not
Cause her friends pump her head hull of bullshit alot
I gave jewels I imported for her
Chanel bags I bought from boosters
To the hood I introduced her
She feisty and sometimes she wanna fight me
People saying if I get knocked she ain't gon write me
The sick part is all that bullshit excites me

1 - [Destiny's Child]
A thug's what I want
A thug's what I need
Even though my friends don't seem to see
That he lace me with money
He knows when I want it
And I'm never gonna leave my baby
My thugged out no good baby

[50 Cent]
Ay yo I treat you like you need to be treated like you're special
Tie your hands to the bedpost when I caress you
When I met you it was Guess and Gap
Now it's Gucci and Prada
Took you from being a nine to being a dime
You complain that we don't spend time
When I'm OT on the grind going hard for mine
Yo when shorty say she hate me
You know she mean she love me
When she play me close at the bar
That mean she want some Bubbly
See my polying with another chick and shit get ugly
She wanna flip threaten to run keys across my whip
Try to burn a nigga with some Hominy Briss
That's how she on it
When I met her she was lowkey
Now she wanna OD
You know me I let her do her thing son
I say what I'm feeling
Niggas say that I'm illing
I sip Cristy so I'm pissy
Like a staircase in your building
What?

Repeat 1 (2x)

Repeat 1 & 2 till end

2 ?[Beyonce']
A thug is what I want
And a thug is what I need
And my friends don't understand
How my baby laces me
A thug is what I want
And a thug is what I need
And my friends don't understand
And I think its jealousy