

# 50 Cent, Don't Push Me

I need you pray for me and  
I need you to care for me and  
I need you to want me to win,  
I need to know where I'm headed,  
'Cause I know where I been

Flows, bones crushin', it's nothin'  
I come up with sum'n  
Come through your strip, frontin', stuntin'  
It's sum'n you want  
745 chrome spinnin's,  
Haters hate that I'm winnin'  
Man, I been hot from the beginnin'

Muthafuckas, envy the kid  
Control your jealousy  
'Cause I can't control ma temper  
I'm in to catch a felony  
Pistol in hand, homie  
I'm down to get it top  
Who wants to squeeze da first shot  
You know I ain't stop, 'til ma clip is empty  
I'm simply,  
Not that nigga used to try your luck,  
What da fuck, wait--  
Holla tip shells is strup  
Wit' yo bones broke, gun smokin', still open,  
What-nigga lay yo ass down, paramedics get ya up

Right now, I'm on da edge  
So don't push me  
I aim straight fo' yo head  
So don't push me  
Fill yo ass up with lead  
So don't push me  
I got sum'n fo' yo ass, keep thinkin' I'm pussy

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I almost lost my bigga nigga, and  
I didn't cry  
Too young to understand  
The consequences of a man  
Livin' a lie, I,  
Gotta get that money, I be damnin' from bummin'  
Gotta watch my back around these niggas  
'Cause they fun in 20 years  
And watchin' ma momma tears, got me heated  
Heavenly weeded  
Smokin' that bomb, 'cause I need it  
These niggas don't want me ballin' they want me buried  
Balled in the dirt from shots flurried  
Layin' wit' bombs all on my shirt  
I got plans to hop up in da Hummer  
'Cause I'm a stunner  
I sit back and wonder  
When dem angels gon' call my number  
Under

My chest is a heart of a lion, lion, lion  
Pound me, honeys got me flyin'  
Wit' my iron  
Eyes are giant  
I'm runnin' from nuthin'  
My stomach is touchin'  
While I'm clutchin'  
To give you more than a concussion  
End the discussion  
My brothers told me so I'm bolder  
And to see a solder  
Hurt on my shoulder  
Look in the mirror  
I see a soldier

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These are my ideas, this is my sweat and tears  
This I shit that I saw with my eye balls, my ears  
This is me who's gotta be  
What you see on TV  
What you hear on CD  
What appears easy  
Man, these teeny-boppers see me on these magazine covers  
In these beanies, in these rags  
Live in fantasies, frontin'  
Like its all fun 'n games,  
'Til the shoot-'em-up, bang  
And you see your brains hang,  
And you see we ain't playin',  
Ain't sayin' we ain't layin' down at night 'n ain't prayin'  
I bullied my way in this game  
And I'm done playin', man  
I'm done sayin' that I'm done playin'  
I'ma start, layin' any of dese, mothafuckin' cocksuckas  
There's no way I'ma back down like a god damn coward,  
I can't  
How would I look as a man, bowin' to his knees,  
Like the mad cow disease  
Let somebody lash out at me,  
And not lash back out at 'em  
Please,  
Oh, whoa, yo, ho, hold up, oh no, not me, not Marshall  
You wanna see Marshall?  
I'll show you Marshall  
I try to show you art, but you jus' pick it apart  
So I see I hafta start  
Showin' you fuckin' old farts  
A whole other side,  
I wanted to not show you,  
So you know you not

Dealin' with some fuckin' marshmallow  
Little, soft, yellow, punk pussy whose heart's Jell-o (kuz)

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