

# 50 Cent, I'm supposed to die tonight

[Intro- 50 Cent]

Ahh man

You know where the niggas be at right?

Take me to 'em

[Chorus- 50 Cent]

All through the hood, I keep hearin' nigga's sayin'

I'm supposed to die tonight

niggas done put a hit out and they talkin' like the shit okay

I'm down to ride tonight

We rollin, whip stolen, AK loaded

I'm down to ride tonight

We smokin', straight loadin, locked and loaded

Somebody gon' die tonight

[Verse 1- 50 Cent]

This is nothin' new, I been in the position before

Grandma crib, niggas outside of her door

Different day, same shit, old mac, new clip

Thirty two hollow tips, gloves, no rubber grip

I'm a boss, but niggas never show no respect

I catch 'em slippin', I have 'em tongue kissin' my tec

Wanna come test me, pussy boy don't try it

Police response, never fast enough, the shots fired

Don't be stupid, find out who you fuckin' wit son

'Fore we find out where ya bitch get her hair and nails done

It's elementary, life is but a dream

You know row, row ya boat, your blood forms a stream

After you get hit, you shoulda thought about the shit

You took that paper, you take a life or ya life get took bitch

Sometimes, I sit and look at life from a different angle

Don't know if I'm God's child or I'm Satan's angel

[Chorus- 50 Cent]

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[Verse 2- 50 Cent]

In 2002, if you asked me to make a wish

I simply woulda wished that my music would be a hit

Big said damn, niggas wanna stick me for my paper

Then pray for my downfall, I understand it all

But me, I'm a little more flashy a nigga

So chances are, I'ma have to blast me a nigga

I'm on that kevlar vest shit, that wild wild west shit

There's eighty one on one carrot stones in my necklace

I shine so hard, I make mothafuckas wanna kill me

Every projects and every hood I go, they feel me

Know it sounds like rap, but this shit is real B

I don't talk that rich shit, but nigga I'm filthy

When I come out to play, and my mob ain't with me

You could bet your bottom dollar that revolver with me

Homeboy, frontin' on me will shorten your life span

Hold the mic with my left, the knife in my right hand

Yeah!!

[Chorus- 50 Cent]

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\*gunshots\*  
\*car screech\*