

50 Cent, If Dead Men Could Talk

"Hold up. Son, them niggas know who hit that nigga son. (I know I kno...)
How the fuck we gon know who hit em, and they don't know who hit him.
The hood talkin man everybody know. (I know its fucked up)

Now I lay thee down to sleep, niggas tryin' to lay me down wit heat, if I should die do' before i awak

[Verse 1]

If dead men could talk in your sleep
And your homie told u who got him
Would you have the heart to shoot the nigga that shot him
Or would you start switchin up
You think about the penitentiary, your bitchin up?
What if he said money aint everything
The hood raised us wrong
What it takes to get your money long
But look I'm gone
Would that touch your heart have you feelin funny inside
Would that be enough to make your punk ass ride
What if he gave you a lil list of things to do
Said he wouldn't have to die
He could live through you
Would you load your gats and get ready ro ride
Or would you lock the door at your crib and hide
It's a cold world even when it's hot outside
Whether sunshine or rain, you still feel pain
Hit him cause he was your strength
Now you in a daze
Your homie turnin over in his grave
Cause you PUSSY!

[Hook]

Ya know who killed him! Ya know who killed him!
Ya know who killed him! (Ride!)
Ya know who killed him! Ya know who killed him!
Ya know who killed him! (Ride!)

[Verse 2]

Them boys smoked your homie
You ain't gon do nothin back
Not even if he told you, you next to get clapped
It don't take much for them shells to make the best of you
Your peoples probably gon cremate and burn the rest of you
You done did too much dirt to try and make it to heaven
Nigga is you down for this 1-8-7
When you reach the pearly gates
How you gon explain
You gonna try and tell God you've been framed
Ya'll did everything together, he was your dog
Now you uptown coppin and he in the morgue
Them niggas he gave pacs to they kept the cake
His sister and baby momma talkin to Jake
Da' niggas that rocked him they came to the wake
But they come inside they sat out in the ride
At the funeral homicide all in the buisness
Walkin round askin niggas to tell em who did it
Niggas is throwin' blows now you ready to rumble?
Thirsty niggas an animal, the hood is a jungle
Broke nigga will body someone over a bundle
Man a three year old kid in my hood know what a gun do