

50 Cent, OK You're Right

Intro:

ok ok ok
ok ok ok *screwed*
ok ok ok
ok ok ok *screwed*

Hook:

when they talk about me, they say i be tripping
what they say about doesn't make me mad
i think they hating 'cause they see me when i'm rolling
man, i can't help it that they really doing bad
ok, alright (they sick)
ok, you're right (i'm rich)
ok, alright (i grind)
ok, you're right (for mine)

Verse 1:

i'm in that 760 leaning when i'm stunting
i blow 50 gs, i mean with ease like this is nothing
please don't interrupt me when i'm talking to my jeweler
he's putting them diamonds all over my Franck Muller
me, i get busy, i put that work in if it's worth it
come through, hit you up, i'll make a crime scene perfect
niggas talk about me all the time behind my back
they don't talk about me in my face because i'm strapped
see me in the club, i got that henny and that yak
a couple cups of that and i just don't know how to act
by the second bottle, that's when i just get to buzzing
i say i run new york and ain't nobody saying nothing

Verse 2:

i blew a hundred gs on my bitches in miami
they think i'm the sweetest thing invented since candy
me, i catch amnesia when you ask me bout the shotty
i don't even know my name, switching my lanes in my bugatti
nigga, i ain't crazy, bitches like me 'cause i'm paid
they want me, LeBron, Kobe, or Dwyane Wade
when i say i'm balling, i'm not talking 'bout a ball
i'm talking about Tiffany & Co. stones out the mall
niggas, they can hate all they want but they know they like this
me, i'm like that painting on the wall, baby, i'm priceless
you can come and work me over baby on the night shift
catch me on the night shift, see how freaky i get

Outro:

ok ok ok ok
sho ya right
ok ok ok ok
ya know ya right

ok alright ok alright
ok alright ok you're right