

# Cent, Back Down

Yeah, G-Unit

It's easy to see when you look at me  
If you look closely, 50 don't back down  
Everywhere I go both coasts with toast  
Eastside, westside, I hold that mack down  
Every little nigga you see around me  
Hold a gun big enough to fuckin' hold shaq down  
Next time you in the hood and see an ol' G  
You ask about me, the young boy don't back down  
Any living thing that cannot co-exist with the kid  
Must decease existin', little nigga, now listen  
Yo mami, yo papi, that bitch you chasin'  
Ya little dirty ass kids, I'll fuckin' erase them  
Your success is not enough, you wanna be hard  
Knowin' that, you get knocked, you get fucked in the yard  
You's a poptart sweetheart, you soft in the middle  
I eatcha for breakfast, the watch was an exchange for your necklace  
And your boss is a bitch, if he could he would  
Sell his soul for cheap, trade his knight to be suge  
You can buy cars but you can't buy respect in the hood  
Maybe I'm so disrespectful 'cause to me you're a mystery  
I know niggaz from ya hood, you have no history  
Never sold nothin', never popped nothin', nigga stop frontin'  
Jay put you on, X made you hot  
Now you run around like you some big shot  
Ha, ha pussy

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This rap shit is all fucked up now  
What we gonna do now?  
How we gonna eat, man?  
50 back around  
That's Ja's lil punk ass thinkin' out loud  
Southside, Tah died, that's just how I get down  
I'm back in the game shawty, to rule and conquer  
You sing for hoes and sound like the cookie monster  
I'm the hardest from New York, my flow is bonkers  
All the other hard niggaz, they come from yonkers  
It's been years and you had the same niggaz in the background  
You never gonna sell unless cadd Tah's crack child  
Them niggaz they just suck, they no good  
I ain't never heard a nigga say they like them in the hood  
I'm back better than ever, on top of my game  
Even them country boys sayin', 50 we feelin' you mayn  
Now you stay the fuck outta my zone, outta my throne  
I'm New York City's own bad guy, bad guy  
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You ask about me, the young boy don't back down  
I ain't tellin' anyone you pussy  
I ain't tellin' anyone you gettin' extored  
It ain't over, G-Unit  
I've been patently waitin' to blow

Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to the '50 Cent show'  
This is my life, my pain, my night, my gun  
Now that I'm back, you can't sleep, I'm a nightmare  
You hired cops to hold you down 'cause you fear for your life  
You heard about them guns I done bought, right?  
I ain't goin' no where, I done told you nigga  
I'ma G-Unit motherfuckin' solider nigga  
They not gon' like you, I know, I know, G-Unit