

50 Cent, If I Can't (Clean)

Yeah, ha ha, yeah, yeah
If I can't do it, homie, it can't be done
Now I'ma let the champagne bottle pop
I'ma take it to the top
Fo sho I'ma make it hot, baby (baby)
I apply pressure to -- that stuntin' I pop
Stand alone -- I'm sure that I gotta
Now Peter Piper picked peppers but Run rocked rhymes
I'm 50 Cent, I write a lil bit but --
Tell --, "Get they money right," 'cuz I got mine
And I'm around quit playin' -- you can't shine
You gone be that next chump to end up in the trunk
After bein' hit by the --, is that what you want?
Be easy --, I'll lay your -- out
Believe me --, thats what I'm about, gangsta
You could find a -- sittin' on chrome
Hit the clutch, hit the gear, hit the gas and I'm gone (Yea!)
If I can't do it, homie, it can't be done
Now I'ma let the champagne bottle pop
I'ma take it to the top
Fo sho I'ma make it hot, baby (baby)
I'm down for the action, he smart with his mouth so smack 'em
You holdin' a --, he might come back so --
React like a gangsta, die like a gangsta for actin'
'Cuz you'll get hit and homicide'll be askin', "What happened?"
(On no), look who clapped 'em with the --
20 inch rims sittin' on (low pro's)
Eastside, Westside -- (Oh no, no go)
Even my mama said, "Something really wrong with my brain
-- don't rob me they know I'm down to die for my chain
G-Unit! (Yeah!) We get it poppin' in the hood
G-Unit! (Yeah!) -- what's good?
I'm waitin on -- to act like they don't know how to act
I had a sip of too much Jack, I'll --
-- thinkin' it's all rap
'Til that -- and Doc say "It's a wrap"
[Dr. Dre] It's a wrap
If I can't do it, homie, it can't be done
Now I'ma let the champagne bottle pop
I'ma take it to the top
Fo sho I'ma make it hot, baby (baby)
I been feelin' I had to teach lessons to slow learners
Go head act up, get smacked in the head with the --
I don't fight fair, I'm dirty-dirty
I'm from Southside Jamaica, Queens, -- ya heard me?
When streetlights come on --
Get locked up, they read books to pass the time
In the game there's up's and down's, so I stay on the grind
-- on my -- more than my --, I stay on they mind
They ain't nothin' they could do to stop my shine
This is God's plan homie, this ain't mine
I played the music loud so Grandpa called me a nuisance
And Grandma; who always gotta throw a 100 percent
I'm the drop out who made more more money than these teachers
Ruthless like the Coupe but I come with more features
I am what I am, you could like it or love it
It feels good to pull 50 grand and think nuttin' of it
If I can't do it, homie, it can't be done
Now I'ma let the champagne bottle pop
I'ma take it to the top
Fo sho I'ma make it hot, baby (baby)
If I can't do it, homie, it can't be done
Now I'ma let the champagne bottle pop
I'ma take it to the top

Fo sho I'ma make it hot, baby (baby)
Uh huh, hood make it hot
Dr. Dre, Aftermath
Shady, ha ha