

# 50 Cent, If I Can't (Remix) (Dirty Version)

feat. Jay-Z

[Intro - 50 Cent] + (Jay-Z)

(YES!) Yeah, ha, ha, yeah, yeah

I know you hear the footsteps

[Chorus - 50 Cent]

If I can't do well, homey, 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)

[Verse 1 - 50 Cent]

I apply pressure to pussies, that stuntin' I pop

Stand alone squeezin' my pistol, I'm sure that I gotta

Now Peter Piper picked peppers, and Run rocked rhymes

Now 50 Cent, I write a lil' bit, but I pop nines

Tell niggaz, "Get they money right," cause I got mine

And I'm around quit playin' nigga, you can't shine

You gon' be that next chump, to end up in the trunk

After bein' hit by the pump, is that what you want

Be easy nigga, I lay your ass out

Be-lieve me nigga, that's what I'm about, gangsta

You could find a nigga sittin on chrome

Hit the clutch, hit the gear, hit the gas and I'm gone (Yeah!)

[Chorus]

[Verse 2 - Jay-Z] + (50 Cent)

Everybody wanna rhyme like Hov'

'Cause I rhyme like, I be rhymin' in the Rove', rhymin' in them HO!

Ma like the diamond will blind you at the show

I don't shine, I glow, I remind you of that dough

Don't I, did I, hustle the game, just the thought alone

Give me a boner, coach caved into a coma

Can't out hustle a hustla

You can't out play a player, this rap shit is a lay-up

In my former buis' motherfuckers will spray ya

In the music buis' motherfuckers, just say stuff

Spit on ya sprayer, niggaz just play tough

When the camera's on, when the camera's gone

Niggaz wanna set up meetings

'Cause they know most likely when I see 'em, I'ma set up a beatin'

Windows no tints, cars, no rims

That's because we handle ours, like grown men

I ain't touch ya wheels, sent I drove the Ben'

That's 'cause it was a Coupe, nah I ain't suit

I'm just telling the truth, you Tom Cruise

You can't handle it, handle it, nigga is what I do

I try to be modest, on "Blueprint 2";

Y'all don't respect modest, y'all respect my dollars

You gotta believe, I think like an artist

But my bills through the roof, can't do numbers like The Roots

(Oh No) No disrespect, I be tryna disconnect

But niggaz keep pulling me back in, trapped in

My pops gotta live wit this order, my whole live in disordered

And I just got his living room ordered

And you wanna why the chip on my shoulders

Is more like a brick or a boulder, you understand maybe, when you get older

Got a hundred niggaz on ya dick, saying you oughta

Record like this or what have you, nigga's is back stabbing you

Bitches mad at you, 'cause they can't have you

Press wanna know about the daughter of Matthew

Now it's back to the hood again, all Black hood again

Back to old lady saying, what I coulda been  
Back to the gats, you forgot, I'm real good with them  
They gon' put a nigga in jail, oh well

[Chorus]

[Verse 3 - 50 Cent] + (Dr. Dre)

I'm down for the action, he smart with his mouth so smack 'em  
You holdin' a strap, he might come back so clap 'em  
React like a gangsta, die like a gangsta for actin'  
'Cause you'll get hit and homicide'll be askin, "What happened?"  
OH, NO, look who crept in with the FO', FO'  
Twenty inch rims sittin on LOW-PRO  
Eastside, Westside niggaz ALL KNOW, I'm LO-CO  
Even my mama said, "Something really wrong with my brain"  
Niggaz don't rob me they know I'm down to die for my chain  
G-UNIT! we get it poppin' in the hood  
G-UNIT! motherfucker what's good  
I'm waitin' on niggaz to act like they don't know how to act  
I had a sip of too much Jack, I'll blow 'em off the map  
With the Mac, thinkin it's all rap  
'Til that ass get clapped, and Doc say "It's a wrap"  
(It's a wrap, nigga)

[Chorus]

[Verse 4 - Jay-Z]

I'm not the two, not the three, not the four, the five  
I take the pain from my life, pour it all inside  
Take my strain and my strife, take my ego and pride  
Used it to kick down the door, brought my people inside  
And I hope you, ain't think I wrote this  
To entertain you, that ain't what I came to do  
I will bang you, I will act like orangutan's do  
I give you hot wings, turn niggaz to angels  
Understand my angle, I'm safety first  
Don't make me act, like the safety don't work  
Tough niggaz get it the worst, I'm beggin you come for us  
I'm giving motherfuckers, dirt com-forters

[Chorus]

[Verse 5 - 50 Cent]

I been feelin I have to teach lessons to slow learners  
Go head act up, get smacked in the head with the burner  
I don't fight fair, I'm dirty-dirty  
I'm from Southside Jamaica, Queens, nigga ya heard me  
When streetlights come on, niggaz blast the nines  
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  
Niggaz on my dick more than my bitch, I stay on they mind  
They ain't nothin' they could do, to stop my shine  
This is +God's Plan+ homey, this ain't mine  
I played the music loud so grandpa called me a nuisance  
And grandma, who always gotta throw her two cents  
I'm the drop out who made more money than these teachers  
Roofless/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 fifty grand and think nothin of it, fuck it

[Chorus x2]

[Outro - 50 Cent]

Uh huh, hood make it hot  
Dr. Dre, Aftermath

Shady, ha ha