

# 50 Cent, That Ain't Gangsta

[Verse 1:]

How you gonna take this? like a Man or a bitch?  
you gon' get it on nigga or you gon' snitch?  
I represent niggas in the hood gettin' rich  
man, I stack chips and I unload clips  
after 3 Summers in the joint I thought life was hard  
some niggas started fightin', some niggas found God  
you know me, started sellin' leek in the yard  
yo, I ran into niggas who used to have Hummers  
big as Hell in the joint wearin' '86 numbers  
damm Dog, you been in here that long?  
you could think that, but say that and yo' ass is dead wrong  
a convo is only three words, "yo whattup"  
you ain't gotta work out to leave this bitch cut up  
let a nigga find out you on some goin' home shit  
and you tryin' to bounce without payin' a loan, shit  
some niggas beat cases on the strength of they cream  
after the witnesses disappeared on the strength of they team  
I'm hard as Hell to get along wit' so it never fails  
a nigga I got beef with end up in the same jail  
he had a L rolled in bible paper blowin' the lye  
I sent him a little kite just to be blowin' his high  
and when I shot you in NewYork why would I box you now?  
If I catch you in the yard I'm'a ox you down  
niggas you think is real really can't hold they own  
I'll have 'em on some E.T. shit tryin' to phone home  
in here a gemstar is like a Nine Milly chrome  
it's similar, infact they'll both split ya dome  
scars are souvenirs, niggas always take 'em home.

[Chorus]

You got blown over the jack? (that ain't gangsta)  
Your Man ran when you got clapped? (that ain't gangsta)  
rockin' a vest with no gat? (that ain't gangsta)  
you only a thug when you rap? (that ain't gangsta)  
niggas jooked you for your track? (that ain't gangsta)  
you ran to other thugs to get it back? (that ain't gangsta)  
niggas ran off with your packs? (that ain't gangsta)  
If you ain't bustin' ya gat (that ain't gangsta)

[Verse 2:]

You'd call me an Animal if you seen me livin' on lock  
I stay in a box cats be shook when I'm visitin' pop-ulation  
when I walk by, niggas like "Fifty don't play Son"  
&"yeah, somethin' really wrong with that nigga..."  
max out, I'm goin' straight for the glock  
bust a u-turn, I'm goin' straight to the block  
the things that'll happen if niggas say I can't eat  
down goes the window....out goes the heat  
I'll make the whole block look like a fuckin' trackmeet  
some get it in the leg, some get it in the back  
some get it in the foot, bleed all over their airmax  
nigga pump my packs or pay poor tax  
it's extortion, it happens in the hood often  
claim more lives than choices, free abortions  
Rich Nice says I got a problem with the dice  
'cause I put the title to the Benz on the line twice  
I rock shit 'cause I stay on that block shit  
that 9mm Ruger to your knot shit  
see the difference is I'm real and you not, kid  
I still stash crack money in my sock, shit  
ya'll niggas wanna pop shit? I pop clips  
leave with your blood on my mink in the drop Six  
Guiliani and Pataki can't stop this

since '86 my whole clique pop Criss.

[Chorus]

5-5-1 BLLLAAAP BLLLAAAP!!

1-3-4 BLLLAAAP BLLLAAAP!!

What the fuck you know about that?