

# Cent, If I Can't

Yea, 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 pussies that stuntin' I pop

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

Now Peter Piper picked peppers and don't rock rhymes

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

Tell niggaz, "Get they money right", 'cuz 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 whut you want?

Be easy nigga

I'll lay your ass out

Believe me nigga

That's whut 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

If I can't do, homie, 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 strap, he might come back so clap 'em

React like a gangsta, die like a gangsta for actin'

'Cuz you'll get hit and homicide'll be askin', "Whut happened?"

Oh no, look who clapped 'em with the Volvo

20 inch rims sittin' chro-chrome

Eastside, Westside niggaz, oh no, no go

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, yeah, we get it poppin' in the hood

G-Unit, yeah, muthafucka whut'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 mack, thinkin' it's all rap

Till that ass get clapped and Doc say, "It's a wrap"

It's a wrap, nigga

If I can't do it, homie, 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 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 gotsta put in her two cents

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 whut I am, you could like it or love it

It feels good to pull 50 grand and think nothin' of it

Fuck it

If I can't do, homie, 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, 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