

# 50 Cent, I'm Supposed To Die 2nite

50 Cent]

Ah-ha man! Ay you know where them niggaz be at right?  
{\*click-clack\*} Take me to 'em

[Chorus: 50 singing]

All through the hood I keep hearin niggaz sayin  
- I'm supposed to die tonight  
Niggaz done put a hit out and they talkin like the shit okay  
- I'm down to ride tonight  
We rollin, whip stolen, AK golden  
- I'm down to ride tonight  
Weed smokin, straight loc'n, lock and loadin  
- Somebody gon' die tonight

[Verse One]

This is nuttin new, I been in this position before  
Grandma crib, niggaz outside of her door  
Different day same shit, old mac new clip  
32 hollow-tips, gloves, no rubber grip  
I'm a boss, but niggaz never show no respect  
I catch 'em slippin, I'll have 'em tongue-kissin my tec  
Gwan come, test me, pussy bwoy, don't try it  
Police response never fast enough to shots fired  
Don't be stupid, find out who you f\*\*kin with son  
'Fore we find out where yo' bitch get her hair and nails done  
It's elementary, life is but a dream  
You know row row your boat, your blood forms a stream

After you get hit, you shoulda thought about the shit  
You took that paper you take a life or yo' life get took bitch  
Sometimes I sit and look at life from a different angle  
Don't know if I'm God's child or I'm Satan's angel

[Chorus]

[Verse Two]

In 2002, if you asked me to make a wish  
I simply woulda wished that my music would be a hit  
Big said, "Damn - niggaz wanna stick me for my paper"  
&"And pray for my downfall," I understand it all  
But me, I'm a little more flashy a nigga  
So chances are, I'ma have to blast me a nigga  
I'm on that Kevlar and vest shit, that wild wild West shit  
There's eighty-one one carat stones in my necklace  
I shine so hard, I make motherf\*\*kers wan' kill me  
Every projects in every hood I go, they feel me  
Know it sounds like rap, but this shit is real B  
I don't talk that rich shit, but nigga I'm filthy  
When I come out to play, and my mob ain't with me  
You can bet your bottom dollar that revolver with me  
Homeboy, frontin on me'll shorten your lifespan  
Hold the mic with my left, my knife in my right hand  
YEAH!

[Chorus]