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

Yeah..Haha..Yeah..Yeah

Chorus

If I Can't Do It, Homie, It Can't Be Done! Now Im'a Let The Champagne Bottle Pop Im'a Take It To The Top Fo'Sho Im'a Make It Hot Baby (Baby)

Verse 1

I Apply Pressure To Pussys That Stuntin' I Pop Stand Alone, Squeezin Ma Pistol, I'm Sure That I Got em Now Peter Piper Picked Peppers But Don't Rocked Rhymes I'm 50 Cent, I Write A Lil' Bit But I Pop Nines..

Tell Niggas Get They Money Right Cuz I Got Mine And I'm Around Quit playin' Nigga...U Can't Shine U Gon' Be That Next Chump To End Up In The Trunk After Bein' Hit By The Pump, Is That What U Want??

Be Easy Nigga, I'll Lay Ur Ass Out!

Believe Me Nigga, Thats What I'm About, Gangsta!

U Could Find A Nigga Sittin' On Chrome

Hit The Clutch, Hit The Gear, Hit The Gas & Camp; I'm Gone(Yeah!)

## Chorus

If I Can't Do It, Homie, It Can't Be Done! Now Im'a Let The Champagne Bottle Pop Im'a Take It To The Top Fo'Sho Im'a Make It Hot Baby (Baby)

### Verse 2

I'm Down For The Action, He Smart With His Mouth So Smack'Em U Holdin' A Strap, He Might Come Back So Clap'Em React Like A Gangsta, Die Like A Gangsta For Actin' Cuz U'll Get Hit & Die Like A Gangsta For Actin' Cuz U'll Get Hit & Die Like A Gangsta For Actin' Cuz U'll Get Hit & Die Like A Gangsta For Actin' Cuz U'll Get Hit & Die Like A Gangsta For Actin' Cuz U'll Get Hit & Die Like A Gangsta For Actin' Cuz U'll Get Hit & Die Like A Gangsta For Actin' Cuz U'll Get Hit & Die Like A Gangsta For Actin' Cuz U'll Get Hit & Die Like A Guot; What Happened? & Quot; Oh No! Look Who Clappin' Whith My Brain Niggas Don't Rob Me They Know I'm Down To Die For Ma Chain G-Unit! (Yeah!) We Get It Poppin' In The Hood G-Unit! (Yeah!) Mothafucka Whats Good?? I'm Waitin' On Niggas 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 Til That Ass Get Clapped & Doc Say & Quot; It's A Wrap Nigga& Quot;

#### Chorus

If I Can't Do It, Homie, It Can't Be Done! Now Im'a Let The Champagne Bottle Pop Im'a Take It To The Top Fo'Sho Im'a Make It Hot Baby (Baby)

## \*Verse 3\*

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 Niggas blast The Nines
Get Locked Up, They Read Books To Pass The Time
In The Game There's Ups And Downs, So I Stay On The Grind
Niggas On Ma Dick More Than Ma Bitch, I Stay On They Mind
They Ain't Nothin' They Could Do To Stop Ma 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 In Her 2 Cents

I'm The Drop Out Who Made More Money Than His Teachers RuthLess like The Coupe But I Come With More Features I Am What I Am, U Could Like It Or Love It! It Feels Good To Pull 50 Grand & Drink Nothin' Of It.. Fuck It!

Chorus

If I Can't Do It, Homie, It Can't Be Done! Now Im'a Let The Champagne Bottle Pop Im'a Take It To The Top Fo'Sho Im'a Make It Hot Baby (Baby)

If I Can't Do It, Homie, It Can't Be Done! Now Im'a Let The Champagne Bottle Pop Im'a Take It To The Top Fo'Sho Im'a Make It Hot Baby (Baby)

Uh Huh, Hood Make It Hot Dr Dre, Aftermath.. Shady, Haha!