

# 50 Cent, Im Supposed To Die Tonight

Ahh man  
You know where the niggas be at right?  
Take me to 'em!

[Chorus- 50 Cent]

All through the hood, I keep hearin' niggas sayin'  
"I'm supposed to die tonight"  
niggas come put a hit out and they talkin' like the shit okay  
"I'm down to ride tonight"  
We Rollin', whip stolen, AK loaded  
"I'm down to ride tonight"  
We smokin', Straight locin', lockin, loaded  
"Somebody gonna die tonight"

[Verse 1- 50 Cent]

This is nothin' new, I been in this position before  
Grandma crib, niggas outside of her door  
Different day, same shit, old mac, new clip  
32 hollow tips, gloves, no rubber grip  
I'm a boss, but niggas never show no respect  
I catch 'em slippin', I have 'em tongue kissin' my tec  
won come test me, pussy boy don't try  
Police responds, never fast enough, the shots fired  
Don't be stupid, find out who you f\*\*kin' wit son  
'For we find out where ya b!tch gets her hair and nails done  
Its elementary, life is but a dream  
You know row, row ya 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 ya life get took b!tch  
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- 50 Cent]

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We smokin', straight locin', locked and loaded  
Somebody gon' die tonight

[Verse 2- 50 Cent]

In 2002, if you asked me to make a wish  
I simply woulda wished that my music would be a hit  
BIG said damn, niggas 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'mma have to blast me a nigga  
I'm on that teflon vest shit, that wild wild west shit  
And eighty one 1 carrot stones in my necklace  
I shine so hard, I make mothaf\*\*kas wanna kill me  
Every projects and every hood I go, they feel me  
I 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 ma mob aint with me  
You could bet your bottom dollar that revolver with me  
Homeboy, frontin' on me will shorten your life span  
Hold ma mic with my left, ma knife in my right hand

[Chorus- 50 Cent]

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We rollin, whip stolen, AK loaded  
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We smokin', straight locin', locked and loaded  
&quot;Somebody gon' die tonight&quot;