

# 50 Cent, Nobody Likes Me

nobody likes me  
[brand new by 50 cent]  
nobody likes me but thats ok cuz i dont like ya'll anyway  
and i dont like ya'll anyway  
fuck all ya'll

[verse]

i got my watch talk for me  
my whip talk for me  
my gat talk for me  
BAH what up homie  
and bitches who dont know me they wanna blow me  
cuz the shit i floss with be sayin it all for me  
i came into rap humble  
i dont give a fuck now  
ill serve anybody  
like niggas who hustle uptown  
The coke price go up  
Cats just come down  
The D's run in my crib  
I'm nowhere to be found  
Niggas who hustle for me  
They don't even stash cracks  
They keep it on 'em  
Right there in they ass crack  
I don't like a nigga  
I don't pretend to  
I'll have the paramedics wrappin'  
Your fuckin' head like a Hindu  
Look I ain't goin' nowhere  
So get used to me  
Old G's look at me  
An' see I'm what they used to be  
I'm that nigga that sold coke  
The nigga that sold dope  
The nigga that shot dice  
Went broke an' sold soap  
The thug that pop shit  
The thug that pop clips  
The thug that went from 3 1/2  
To a whole brick  
Nigga ain't in his right mind  
Goin' against me  
My bitches pray at the words  
That make a blind man see

[chorus]

Scream Muurdaaa  
I don't believe you  
Muurdaaa  
Fuck around an leave you  
Muurdaaa  
I don't believe you  
Murda, murda  
Your life's on the line

[chorus]

Yall niggas dont  
Want no parts of me  
I'm tryin to figure out  
How yall started me  
You gon' make me  
Catch you on a late night  
Pop shots with the fifth  
Then slide off in the sixth  
I'm not a marksman while sparkin'  
So I spray random

Not a pretty nigga  
But my moms think I'm handsome  
I hate to hear he say  
She say shit  
Unless he say  
She says  
She on my dick  
It's no coincidence  
Niggas who fuck wit' me  
Get shot up (blaw, blaw)  
I'll do a Cali-style-  
Drive by, an' tear your block up  
You soft duke  
You puttin' up a crazy front  
I stay wit' the mack  
Them niggas tried to blaze me once  
In the hood they're like "Damn!"  
&"50 really spit it on 'em."  
&"You heard that shit?"  
&"Yeah, 50 really shitted on 'em."  
Beef, you don't want none  
So don't start none  
You just a small playa in this game  
Play your part, son  
[Verse]  
These cats always  
Escape reality when they rhyme  
That's why they write about bricks  
An' only dealt with dimes  
Leave it to them  
An' they say they got a fast car  
Nascar  
Truck with a crash bar  
An' TV's in the dash, Pa  
See them in the five  
Wit' stock rims  
I just laugh, Pa  
I catch stunts  
When I ain't tryin'  
I ain't lyin'  
I sip Don P 'til I spit up  
Keep my wrist lit up  
Get out of line  
I'll get you hit up  
Now if you say my name  
In your rhymes  
You better watch what you say  
You get carried away  
You could get shot  
An' carried away  
Now here's a list of MC's  
That could kill you in eight bars  
50, ummm....  
Jay-Z and Nas  
I'ma say this shit now  
An'never again  
We ain't buddies  
We ain't partners  
An' we damn sure ain't friends  
The games you playin'  
You get killed like that  
Actin' like you all hard  
You ain't built like that  
See me, when you see me nigga  
What! What!

[chorus]