

# 50 Cent, Poor Lil' Rich

[Verse 1]

I let my watch talk for me, my whip talk for me  
My gat talk for me, BOW! What up homie  
My watch saying hi shorty we can be friends  
My whip saying quit playing bitch get in  
My earring saying we can hit the mall together  
Shorty its only right that we ball together  
I'm into bigger things y'all niggaz y'all know my style  
Ya wrist bling bling, my shit bling blow  
My pinky ring talk it say fifty I'm sick  
That's why these niggaz is on my dick  
Some hate me, some love my hits  
Flex my man he gon bump my shit  
See I'm a liar and I really don't care  
I tell them hoes whatever they wanna hear  
You try and play me I'ma blaze ya then  
My ross cost more than the crib ya momma raised ya in

[Chorus: repeat 2x]

I was a poor nigga  
Now I'm a rich nigga  
Getting paper now you can't tell me shit nigga  
You can find me in the fo' dot six nigga  
In the backseat fondling ya bitch nigga

[Verse 2]

New York niggaz, copy niggaz like it's all good  
Fuck around we crip-walking in the wrong hood  
I'm fresh up out the slammer, I ain't no fucking bama  
I'm from NY whody, but I know country grammar  
See me I get it crunk, niggaz go head and front  
I go up out the trunk, come back, rollout I'm done (yeah)  
My money come in lumps, my pockets got the mumps  
You see me sitting on dubs, that's why u mad chump  
Don't make me hit ya up, 50 cent will split ya up  
I lay you down, them coroners will come and get ya up  
See 50 play fa keeps, and 50 stay wit heat  
I can't go commercial, they love me in the street  
I'm real bloody man, the hood love me man  
Don't make me show up in ya crib like bro-man  
Locked up in a pen, I still do my thing  
C-O screaming shut the fuck up in the pen

[Chorus (2x)]

I'm in the Benz on Monday, the BM on Tuesday  
Range on Wednesday, Thursday I'm in the hooptay  
Porsche on Friday, I do things my way  
Vipe or Vette, I tear up the highway  
Shorty she can tell ya about my dick game  
But she don't know me, she only know my nickname  
Left the hood and came back, damn shit changed  
These young boys, they done got they own work man

[Chorus (2x)]