

50 Cent, Position Of Power

[Intro:]

Hahaha

I told niggas not to shoot dice with me

Look at this stack

I got money

I got money

Hahaha

[50 Cent:]

Aww nigga don't trip

I'll kill ya if you fuck with my grip

I won't hesitate to let off a clip

Aww nigga don't trip

You gon' make me get on some shit

Run up on you quick

What up, you're whipped

Aww nigga don't trip

You gon' get ya monkey ass hit

Run in ya whip tryna fuck with my clique

Aww nigga don't trip

Case you didn't know who this is

Its 50 Cent bitch, G-Unit

Aww nigga don't trip

[Verse 1 - 50 Cent:]

I come through your hood, stuntin' in my yellow lam

Murcielago, top down, nigga damn

I'm the biggest crook from New York since son of Sam

Cruisin', bumpin' Bugz shit, ruger in my hand

Thinkin' the east ain't enough, its time to expand

I plan to head out west and plant my feet down

A nigga big as King Kong in the street now

I do a lil house shoppin', and buy me a crib

Its palm trees and pretty bitches out in Cali kid

I touched the Hollywood paper, go and shoot me some flicks

Have some supermodel bitches come and suck on some dick

My mom turn in her grave if I married a white chick

But baby'll suck the chrome off the Chevy and shit

Niggas be wearin' fake signs, I'm rockin' a lil charm

Thirty carrots on the pinky, kiss the ring on the Don

Crack open that Cali bud, stuff the weight in the bomb

[Chorus - 50 Cent:]

Nigga you hustle, but me I hustle harder

I got what you need, them trees, that hard, that powder

My niggas we gee packs, every hour on the hour

They shoot when I say shoot, so I'm in the position of power

You fuck around if you wanna

[Verse 2 - 50 Cent:]

Where I'm from, you learn to blend in, or get touched

I don't need niggas for support, I don't walk with a crutch

Niggas know my stage, they don't fuck with me son

You got an appetite for hollow-tips, I'll feed you my gun

This is that Ferrari F-50 shit, its real laid back

Type shit you recline to in the Maybach

I got two suiters now, on the run from the fuzz

You get the same shit for ten bodies, you get for one cuz

I live life in the fast lane, 100 miles an hour, chrome and some wood grain

You know a nigga still really tryna move cane

Make a lil extra money on the side mayn

I ain't playin', I'm up early with the birds word

Puttin' that work in, parrelli's on the Porsche chirpin' (I'm making moves)

I got a hundred mill from music, a hundred grand from crack

Goin' to see my jeweler, so I can blow a stack

[Chorus - 50 Cent:]

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