

# 50 Cent, Power Of The Dollar

[Talking]

Ya'll niggas wanna get high, well we gonna get high then  
This shit right here is drugs, ya'll for sell baby  
50 Cent uh, take it how you wanna take it nigga

[Verse 1]

Yo ayyo, ayyo, there is six different wings in the spot, choose one  
Some get addicted, some do it for fun  
Boy my hoes are clean, just like my guns  
And I keep them in a safe place, just like my funds  
I keep all my big bills, give my wifey the ones  
Frontin' and I'll clap your ass and leave you for dead son  
Niggas who know me, know how I get down, I'm fresh out the pound  
NYPD crit the flip, get on some New York undercover shit  
Fuck wit dogs you ain't familiar wit, and get bit  
Niggas scripted through the hit, for some paper and shit  
It's all about the cash, keep it in a stash  
Some niggas talk shit wit they ass, I see through them like glass  
Popo lookin' for me, for some shit I did in the past  
If you don't like me at first, I'm gonna grow on you like a rash  
This rap shit, I got it in smash, I'm built to last  
Feel the wrath, I bust that ass, sit back and laugh (haha)

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

You don't have to respect a nigga, but respect his cash  
Cause for the money, niggas will murder that ass  
I came up fast, I watched a lot of gats blast  
The power of the dollar (the cash, the cash)

[Verse 2]

Nigga don't you ever forget, I call the shots  
I run the spots, extort your pops, flossin' drops  
I'm "Livin Off Xperience" like Lox, I'm hot  
Check what I got, shorty got knocked  
Comin' up out the capsule spot  
On the uptown block, he couldn't run from the cops  
So my man got shot  
In a jet black Brasada, across the street from his mom's crib on his block  
I told him get them niggas that cash, they murdered that ass  
Niggas told 'em slow down, he was movin' too fast  
Heard the shot, went through his face after the glass, he crashed  
Hit the three on his niggas grass, the cattle said it got low fast  
The kid who had it done was a crude fella  
Who woulda thought he wile out over that mozzarella  
We ain't know them, but now we know better  
Not to fuck with his cheddar, his man pack a beretta  
He won't hesitate to squeeze that, over that green back  
Believe that, now niggas know that he's back

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

I ain't got a worry in the world, if it's beef, don't sing it, bring it  
Parents warn their kids, about people like me  
I'm out of order, I turn your only daughter, into a transporter  
Before I die, I'm gonna see more blow than Rich Porter (woo)  
50 Cent, don't get it fucked up for greens, I for greens  
Let it go back to Smith, I dissect it  
I check and correct it, flow perfected  
I make shit hectic, I wreck shit, nigga check it  
If you ain't tryin' to feel the flames from the blast  
Respect a nigga cash  
My smile will rock niggas to sleep, pack heat  
Fuck the police, handle beef on the street

On a scale of 1 to 10, I'm a 9 with 2 MM's  
If your man want to get involved, I'll bring it to him  
Niggas been wantin' me dead, I'm still here kid  
They send their dogs to come get me  
They wet shit, but they ain't hit me  
Word in the hood is 50, shifty  
Niggas they don't want to go against me  
Cause they know I hunt your ass alive

[Chorus]