

# I Don't Need 'Em

50 Cent

Yeah  
It is what it is man  
Uh huh

Sirens flashin', you know the routine, the crime scene taped off  
It started off a robbery, they blew half his face off  
They seen him shinin', course full of diamonds he bought  
Grindin', his foot slipped off the ladder of success he was climbin'  
The D's came through, asked the niggas if they knew what happened  
Somehow my name end up in anything that involves clappin'  
Detectives at my mama crib, they say they wanna question me  
They put me in a line up last time and they arrested me  
When it come to cookin' coke, they know I got the recipe  
I turn a quarter to a half, thats why they mess with me  
I'm the neighborhood pusher, I move packs to make stacks  
A little weed, a little X, a little H, a little crack  
Figure, I push it to the limit, take this shit to the max  
Navy blue vest on, navy blue Yankee hat  
Calm, in my palm, fully loaded fire arm  
First to let off, last to run, everytime its on

I tell niggas to suck my dick  
Get the fuck out my face  
Cause I don't need 'em  
Cause they're never around  
When I'm down  
Shot and I'm bleedin'

What, niggas yeah  
Is there a mothafuckin' problem nigga  
Oh yeah  
That's what I thought so, pussy

niggas be talkin' about me, they always callin' me crazy  
Fuck them O.G. niggas, they stuck in the eighties  
Sayin' they gonna do me somethin', now you know thats a lie  
nigga you look at me wrong, I'll let that hammer fly  
I'm rich, I still wake up with crime on my mind  
Queens nigga put it down like Pappy Mason in his prime  
When I say move, nigga move or get caught in the cross fire  
Up a fence runnin, cut my fuckin' hand on a barb wire  
Shits crazy, just a different day, its the same shit  
Hollow tip part in ya head, leave ya whole fuckin' brain split  
They sit, they see me in the Ashton Martin  
What's the matter, they can't get that Hoopty started  
Thought they was grindin', well goddamn where that money at  
Thought you was fucked, cause you was lettin' paper stack  
You ain't a hustler, matter of fact, you's a busta  
I don't trust ya, I shoulda sent niggas to touch ya

I tell niggas to suck my dick  
Get the fuck out my face  
Cause I don't need 'em  
Cause they're never around  
When I'm down  
Shot and I'm bleedin'

What?

Who said they gonna do somethin' to me

You must be out your rabbid ass mind

Fuck around and kill one of these niggas