

If I Can't

50 Cent

If I can't do it, homie, it can't be done
Now I'mma let the champagne bottle pop
I'mma take it to the top, for sure I'mma make it hot, baby I apply pressure to pussies that
stunting I pop
Stand alone squeezing my pistol, I'm sure that I gotta
Now Peter Piper picked peppers and Run rocked rhymes
I'm 50 Cent, I write a little bit, but I pop nines
Tell niggas "Get they money right" cause I got mine
And I'm around, quit playing, nigga, you can't shine
You gon' be that next chump to end up in the trunk
After being hit by the pump, is that what you want?
Be easy, nigga, I'll lay your ass out
Believe me, nigga, that's what I'm about, gangsta
You could find a nigga sitting on chrome
Hit the clutch, hit the gear, hit the gas and I'm gone
If I can't do it, homie, it can't be done
Now I'mma let the champagne bottle pop
I'mma take it to the top, for sure I'mma make it hot, baby I'm down for the action, he smart with
his mouth so smack 'em
You holding a strap, he might come back so clap 'em
React like a gangsta, die like a gangsta for actin'
Cause you'll get hit and homicide'll be asking "What happened?"
Oh no, look who clapped 'em with the .44
20 inch rims sitting on Low-pro's
Eastside, Westside, niggas know, yo, I'm loco
Even my mama said something really wrong with my brain
Niggas don't rob me, they know I'm down to die for my chain
G-Unit - we get it popping in the hood
G-Unit - motherfucker, what's good?
I'm waiting on niggas to act like they don't know how to act
I had a sip of too much Jack, I'll blow 'em off the map
With the Mac, thinking it's all rap
'Til that ass get clapped and Doc say, "it's a wrap"
(It's a wrap, nigga)
If I can't do it, homie, it can't be done
Now I'mma let the champagne bottle pop
I'mma take it to the top, for sure I'mma make it hot, baby I invented how to teach lessons to
slow learners
Go 'head act up, get smacked in the head with the burner
I don't fight fair, I'm dirty-dirty
I'm from Southside Jamaica, Queens, nigga, ya heard me?
When streetlights come on niggas blast the nines

Get locked up, they read books to pass the time
In the game there's ups and downs so I stay on the grind
Niggas on my dick more than my bitch, I stay on they mind
They ain't nothing they could do to stop my shine
This is God's plan, homie, this ain't mine
I played the music loud so Grandpa called me a nuisance
And Grandma who always gotta throw in her two cents
I'm the drop-out who made more more money than these teachers
Roofless like the Coupe, but I come with more features
I am what I am, you could like it or love it
It feels good to blow 50 grand and think nothing of it fuck it
If I can't do it, homie, it can't be done
Now I'mma let the champagne bottle pop
I'mma take it to the top, for sure I'mma make it hot, baby
I'mma make it hot
Dr Dre
Aftermath
Shady
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