

# 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  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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