

ICIBILLET

## Paroles de chanson

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# Your Life's on the Line

Par 50 Cent

*Album : Power of The Dollar, The*

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Nobody likes me

Nobody likes me, but that's okay

Cause I don't like y'all anyway

... And I don't like y'all anyway

Fuck all y'all!!

I let my watch talk for me, my whip talk for me

My gat talk for me. BLAT! Whattup homie

For bitches who don't know me, They wanna blow me

Cause the shit I floss wit sayin a lot for me

I came into rap humble, I don't give a fuck now

Serve anybody like niggaz who hustle uptown

Coke price go up, cats is come down

The D's run in my crib, I'm nowhere to be found

The bitch who hustle for me, they dont even stash tracks

They keep it on 'em, right there in they ass crack

When I don't like a nigga, I don't pretend to

I'll have the paramedics wrap your fuckin head like a Hindu

Look, I ain't goin nowhere, so get used to me

O G's look at me and see what they used to be

I'm that nigga that sold coke, the nigga that sold dope

The nigga that shot Dice when he broke to So So

The thug they pop shit, the thug that pop clips

The thug that went from three and a half to whole brick

Nigga ain't in his right mind, goin against me

My picture's painted through words that make a blind man see

**Scream murda! (I don't believe you!)**

**Murda! (Fuck around and leave you!)**

**Murda! (I don't believe you!)**

**Murda, murda! (Your life's on the line!)**

**Y'all niggaz don't want no parts of me**

**I'm tryna figure out how high y'all started me**

**You gon' make me catch you on a late night**

**Pop shots wit the fifth and slide off wit the six**

I'm not a marksmen while spark issue, I spray random  
Not a pretty nigga but my moms think I'm handsome  
I hate to hear "He say, She say" shit  
Unless he say she say shes on my dick  
It's no coincidence, niggaz who fuck wit me get shot up  
I do a Cali style drive by and tear ya block up  
You soft through, be puttin up a crazy front  
I stay wit the Mac, cause niggaz tried to blaze me once  
In the hood they be like, "Damn, 50 really spitted on 'em"  
"You heard that shit?" "Yeah, 50 really shitted on 'em"  
Beef, you don't want none, so don't start none  
You just a small player in this game, play a part son

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**Murda! (Fuck around and leave you!)**

**Murda! (I don't believe you!)**

**Murda, murda! (Your life's on the line!)**

These cats always escape reality when they rhyme  
That's why they write about bricks and only dealt wit dimes  
Leave it to them, and they say they got a fast car  
Nascar, truck wit a crash bar, and TV's in the dash, pa  
See 'em in the five wit stock rims, I just laugh, pa  
I catch stunts when I ain't tryin  
I ain't lyin, I sit Dom P til I split up  
Keep my rent split up  
Get outta line, I get you hit up (Wooo!)  
Now if you say my name in your rhyme, watch what you say  
You get carried away, you can get shot and carried away  
Now here's a list of MC's that can kill you in eight bars:  
50, umm... Jay-Z and Nas  
I'ma say this shit now and never again  
We ain't buddies, we ain't partners and we damn sure ain't friends  
The games you playin, you get killed like that  
Actin like you all hard, you ain't built like that  
See me when you see me nigga, one (one)

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-- Synced by NoMan --