

G-Unit

50 Cent

Yeah! 50 Cent, Lloyd Banks, Young Buck
G G G G G-Unit! Haha!

Vacate your home I come to brake your bones
Americas nightmare we at it again
A desert eagle and a black mack 10
They'll never know what happened
When we come through them cowards don't want none
They screaming at they murderer's but walkin' with no guns
Come with me but don't run and die where your standin'
See I'm holdin' on this cannon and your life I'm demandin'
Put the pipe to your melon and your brains on the pavement
These niggas is talkin' think that security goin' save them
Nobody gon' speak when homicide pay a visit
Look you right in the eyes and yell ya "we don't know who did it"
Corrupted by street corner by shootin' at the police
The fiends up all night and the neighbors gettin' no sleep
You betta get used to it you know how we do it
Shady Aftermath Interscope and G-Unit

We got action when you don't
Show are places when you won't
G-Unit, G-G-G-G, G-Unit

Now I told ya'll on my first Dre joint I am loco
Betta than so so the games in the choke hold
Dissin' me is a no no I perfected the slow flow
In D.C. they dance the go-go
In L.A. they ride on lolo's
G-Unit in the house, oh no
You ain't ready it's heavy
65 chevy
Old school rollin' I'm holdin'
20 inches spinnin' from the beginnin' we winnin'
Gain's his masculinity pimpin' we not pretendin'
Drop top glock cock ready for the drama
Pistol's pop cop shot I'm heavy with them lama's
Non-sop make it hot we the top regardless
You can be the hardest
We'll just be the smartest
I warn you not to start us
We're not you average artists
My bitch is like a goddess
When paparazzi spot us
Cause flick after flick same ol' shit that I kick, haha!

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Guess who's back motherfucker gun in the clip
Ready to smack up on these suckers that's runnin' they lip
You can try any one of my shoes on none of em fit
Your hundreds are shorter I'll your pops his son is a daughter
All I need is some cigars and quarter a couple cars and a lawyer
Kinda packin' a bitch and I'll be back with a hit
I'm that sick, Who the hell you thought it was

I got expensive habits I can't afford it cause
G-Unit is poppin' and we performin' all the clubs
Niggas be shovin' and pushin' as someone is gooshin' surprise
She's givin' up the buns on her cushion
Sweatin' and screamin' suckin' me off the rest of the evenin'
And I'm leavin', on to the next city
Stashbox in the bus to I can bring the teks with me
I gotta go cause I'm gettin' over you niggas ain't over
G-Unit

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