

# That's What's Up

50 Cent

G-Unit, G-Unitttttttt,G-Unit, G-Unitttttttt,G-Unit,G-Unit  
G-Unit nigga that's what's up  
I blast 50 Cent nigga that's what's up

Right now my life movin to fast to stop and pray  
See every now and then I smile just not today  
In my hood they let the choppers spray  
Somebody probably got shot today  
I named em pop when niggas surfboard  
You aint stoppin me dawg  
Only time you left ya hood is on Monopoly boards  
You grimey as birds shittin on the top of ya fords  
You will, die by the gun if you aint droppin ya sword  
I got tattoos as well as lead marks  
To me fucking is kinda like racin and I always get a head start  
My opinion of a sweet dream is a dead NARC  
Just yesterday guns is blastin with red darts  
Beef, you a target  
Cause when we come at yo ass, Aladdin wont be the only one the carpet  
Man you wanna play wit a ringer?  
I aint a peoples person  
I'll give my next door neighbor the finger (fuck you)  
Even though I got the shit in the stores  
I'm like a nigga that borrow clothes  
Bitch, I'm tryin to get in ya draws  
Man I'll dump a whole clip in ya mans braids  
Pussys love Nelly, he made it look cool to wear bandaids  
I'm blowin on damn haze  
All of a sudden I'm gased, cause I'm on the radio and I can't wait  
If you aint up on thangs  
Lloyd Banks is the name, G-Units the game  
Now I know to keep low when the heat blow  
I'll have niggas post up on ya block like I'm shootin the free throw  
Still get the green from P-dro, better known as Pedro  
I'm ghetto like a patty ya egg-roll  
Yea they fein in to stick me, they don't know the meanings is wit me  
Snuck in wit Christina and Brittney  
You only spend time at the mall  
On New Years eve a body drops around the same time as the ball (yea)

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G-Unit nigga that's what's up That's what's up

Keep thinkin I'm candy  
Aint nuttin sweet about me  
Nigaas talkin in the pens and in the street about me  
Some jake, tryin to watch every move I make  
Cause my Deez'll make fiends do the up-town shake  
I'm a pro, far from a amateur, holdin more keys than your fuckin janitor  
They say "God bless the child that could hold his own"  
You pay cops to hold you down, I just hold the chrome  
Every breath I take, every step I take, every move I make  
I got a ruger on my hip  
You aint gotta like or love me but you gone respect me  
You need a fifth and 2 clips to try and check me  
12 in the afternoon we can start the clappin  
Look homie I'm down for that day-time action

Keep thinkin it's a game time in front of ya home  
Get the drop on that ass and shot shadder ya bones (yea)

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G-Unit nigga that's what's up  
Listen boy, Tony be the real McCoy  
When hoes see the new toy, they jump for joy  
And even though the kid rappin  
I still got fiens in the hood puffin on that Magic Dragon  
My guns under my pillow, I sleep wit my shoes on  
Every single night me and my mack get our groove on  
Don't get moved on  
Cause I shoot through your biceps your triceps  
Then breeze through ya projects  
When the coke come back  
It's the China White  
And the d don't sweat us in a bag a rice  
Let's ride O T  
And burn the tape  
I got this bad mommy, her mouth's a sperm bank  
Since Yayo be a fearless man  
I donate my heart to them niggas that ran  
And, those niggas in the hood don't wanna see me famous  
They rather see my moms make funeral arrangements  
I got enough rhymes, to fill 6 notebooks  
I been spittin that shit ever since coke crushed  
You can hear me on your T.V. and radio at the same time  
I never ever say the same rhyme, it's Tony 2 times  
Beware of my wraith, I'm gone school you niggas  
Prepare for class  
Yo I peep where your puns at, peep where you pumped that  
Money you tryin to stack I spent it on blunt wraps

Word to my mother nigga 50 fuckin Cent nigga  
G-Unit nigga  
We about to gorrilla this industry man  
Yall niggas better know  
Yall niggas better fear us nigga  
Word to my mother nigga  
Fuck yall niggas wanna do  
1 2 4 nigga G-Unit  
50 Cent  
Tony Yayo  
Lloyd Banks nigga  
Bllllatttt