

Digital Scale

G-Unit

I put my coke on a digital scale
I put my weed on a digital scale
I put my dope on a digital scale
It's time to re-up what my scale read

We got eightballs, sevens, fourteens, and Oz's
Sixty-two eights of that raw, imported keys
Half of chicken whole chicken
Niggas got to cop 'n' go, yo
I said you niggas got to cop 'n' go
This is like fast food, nigga
May I take your order?
I require nothin' cookin' but bakin' soda 'n' water - ice, cold
That's crack inside that Pyrex
We get the work, then move the work
The pressure we apply next
Every now and then, a nigga set-trip
I8 BMW; I'm electric
Keep that hammer around me in case shit get hectic
Shit pop off when I'm rhymin', I protect it
Fuck around

Hand me that plastic bag right there, Yayo
Baggin' up half a brick
My lawyer sittin' on the couch
He said it's cool, Buck; I swear I won't open my mouth
(I weigh a bag on the triple-beam scale)
I'm all kushed out, coke under my (fingernail)
My uncle been playin' with that powder, and I can tell
You know that crack smell, and he lookin' all frail
My sister need bail; she just caught the weed sell
Now the feds on her trail
I just got the email
Shit crazy, but I'm still cookin' up babies
Hookin' up my niggas daily with this dope
Get out and get some, nigga
Can't pay me if you broke, no
Let a nigga hang himself - just give him enough rope
I get it fresh out the boat

Numbers don't lie; scales don't either
Every time you out, fiends wanna reach ya
Out with some bitches, fiends wanna call
In the club with my niggas, fiends wanna call
When I'm waitin' on them, man they never call
The life of a hustler in a nutshell
G-5 eatin' snakes, soup and raw fish
Snakes see the Ray Phantom off of raw fish
My main bitch is like Bonnie Parker
My side bitch is like Clyde Barrow
They start to shoot you up shit's creek without a paddle

They roll up and smoke you like Kumar and Harold
Catch 'em in the whip like Caine cousin, Harold
My nigga flippin' on his P.O. cause he can't travel
You owe me, I take your child for collateral
Gun wave, hello

Shots echo
Won't save money - switch to gecko
You known from the get-go
I ain't 'bout to let nobody play with my green
When they coward belly yellow
Polka-dot carbine on your chest, screamin' "hold on"
Hold on
You see my face and let go
I'm from the N.O.; better check the death toll
You was playin' Casanova
Cookin' bitches casserole
I was on the ave with O's, me and red taggin' toes
On the Greyhound bus
Pounds in my baggy clothes
Huh