

# Poppin' Them Thangs

G-Unit

(2x):

Every hood we go through  
All the gangstas around know my whole crew (Nigga what)  
We hold it down like we supposed to  
Nigga you can front if you want, we be poppin' them thangs

After the VMAs my baby momma cuss my ass out.  
I kicked her ass we back friends like Puffy and Steve Stout  
Cut the grass around my clique so I could see these sneaks  
You see back in the hood it's cuz I see they fake  
I preach a sermon about the paper like I'm creflo dollar  
I'll pop you punk niggaz like I pop my collar  
I'm confused; I like Megan, Monica, and Mya.  
Missy's freaky and Brandy's shy, uh  
Now take a look at how my lifestyle changed up.  
I'm on now, god damn it I done came up.  
Now you could find me with the finest hoes.  
Choosin' which whip to drive by what match my clothes.  
I got a fetish for the stones, heavy on the ice man  
If I ain't gotta pistol on me, sure I gotta knife man  
Get outta line and I'm lightin' your ass up.  
Semi-automatic spray, I'll tighten your ass up (What)

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Slow down little nigga  
Don't exceed your speed  
Cuz I will put g's on they fitted like the Negro league  
I got connects so I don't need no weed  
I've been in LA for a year now  
So I don't see no seeds  
After I'm done you clappin' the crew  
Hell yeah, I fuck fans  
Guess what your favorite rapper does too  
In a minute I'ma have the jeweler makin' my rims spin  
My crew run wild at the Jamaica's at Kingston  
Nothin' but bling bling in ya face boy  
That's why my neck shine like one of them shirts Puffy and Mase wore  
I done find a nympho as soon as I pop a bra  
She had my balls head first just like a soccer star  
You can only stand next to the man if you proper  
Ya'll take care of birds like a animal doctor  
Been out and I'm buzzin' niggas just slept on me  
So I'm out for revenge like one of bin laden's cousins

Read the paper, look at the news  
We one the front page  
Yeah we in the Bahamas with AK's on the stage  
The ice and the Jacob watch make a broke nigga take somethin'  
So I gotta keep the four fifth with no safety button  
G-Unit getting' money  
I know some artists is starvin'  
But play the game like they rich to me this shit funny

I know you see me comin'  
Cuz on the front of the Maybach  
It say payback for those who hated on me  
I hate when niggas claim they bangin' a gang  
You ain't no crip like snoop  
You ain't no blood like game  
See I've been having beef  
I have my own bullet proof vest  
Most of my enemies dead I got about two left  
Until my last breath I'm sendin' niggas bullet holes  
Innocent bystanders get hit tryin' to be heroes  
You know how we roll  
Every where that we go  
It's fo' fos', calicos, and desert eagles (yeah)

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