

## Rider Pt. 2

G-Unit

RRRRRRRRRR!

WHOA WHOA WHOA WHOA WHOA WHOA!  
WHOA WHOA WHOA WHOA WHOA WHOA!  
WHOA WHOA WHOA WHOA WHOA WHOA!  
WHOA WHOA WHOA WHOA WHOA WHOA!

I done told you boy I'm a soldier boy  
I got no choice but to be a rider  
I approach you boy with the toaster boy  
Hit you point blank range and fire  
I ain't tryin to hear s\*\*\* I'm supposed to be rich  
Mu'f\*\*\*ers gettin with my bread  
Then I'm 'gon load my s\*\*\* then count my s\*\*\*  
N\*\*\*\* trip I'll go for your head

I'll have your n\*\*\*\* in an ambulance tellin ya hold on  
The choir in your funeral singin you so long  
The top shotta that rock product the block gotta  
Then pop hollows then pop bottles the whole spot up  
The mo' paper the mo' strength we 'gon get it  
The fo' fifth come with the amp we ain't missin  
I'm back on my bulls\*\*\* a verse is a full clip  
Catch you with your b\*\*\*\* throw a song in your new whip

N\*\*\*\* it's G-Unit, f\*\*\* your click  
Like syphillis b\*\*\*\* you stuck with this  
I'm on you, n\*\*\*\*s, die behind mine  
Even if 50 drop me I still wouldn't sign  
You done lost yo' mind, bumped yo' head  
Try to stop my shine but I got bread  
And I ain't got time, to hear what they said  
When I catch them cowards I'm a buss they head

I done told you boy I'm a soldier boy  
I got no choice but to be a rider  
I approach you boy with the toaster boy  
Hit you point blank range and fire  
I ain't tryin to hear s\*\*\* I'm supposed to be rich  
Mu'f\*\*\*ers gettin with my bread  
Then I'm 'gon load my s\*\*\* then count my s\*\*\*  
N\*\*\*\* trip I'll go for your head

I'm comin out of South-side, you know I'm raw  
Big a\*\* check, they show our score  
Put a dough out and roll out, the cream is off  
Fo'-fo' out, I know 'bout the Keizer war  
I'm hot - five hunnid degress or more!  
My door block an M16 or more  
I'm in the store copin s\*\*\* you ain't seen before  
Black card swipe, we galore

Yeah, I said these n\*\*\*\*s stop talkin then stop worryin  
The feds keep comin, the money we buryin  
I'm in a mean loft, I'm in the cream Porsche  
I let that thing off, I turn to T-wolf  
I drive a spaceship, n\*\*\*\* 2008 s\*\*\*  
[? ] kicks on, I stay in some eight s\*\*\*

N\*\*\*\*s on some apes\*\*\*, they all get hit  
Got the Russian AK, Haitian flag on the clip

I done told you boy I'm a soldier boy  
I got no choice but to be a rider  
I approach you boy with the toaster boy  
Hit you point blank range and fire  
I ain't tryin to hear s\*\*\* I'm supposed to be rich  
Mu'f\*\*\*ers gettin with my bread  
Then I'm 'gon load my s\*\*\* then count my s\*\*\*  
N\*\*\*\* trip I'll go for your head