T.O.S.

You don't have very many options You can, get with the program, or you die The Unit

(T.O.S.) Terminate on sight You see the muh'fuckers who get it right (T.O.S.) Night or daylight It's hammertime, got your nine, I got mine (T.O.S.) I carve you up nice You see my knife, see you in ya next life (T.O.S.) Terminate on sight Keep one in the chamber, walk with the banger

I'm on that SSK shit, shoot, stab, kill Think I won't get busy well nigga I, will Ain't nothin to talk 'bout, get the tape and the chalk out When I pull the strap out, I might go the mac route Leave your car door and your windows all clapped out I turn enemies to memories, remember me? The Hennessy, got my eyes glassy, niggaz try to blast me With the .38 them stray shells flew past me I'm on 'em, what I'ma do, don't ask me Understand I'm fin' to have yo' ass on the stand B Sold three to muh'fuckers tryin to jam me I'm caked up so niggaz in my hood can't stand me It's fuck 50, I stay in the drama He love her, I fuck her, she's his baby's mama She a freak, she give me the na-na That nigga try to front, I'll give him the llama, YEAH!

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Yeah (uhh) Everything was slow motion, but I think I got the potion Cause now that they overdosin all my doors are back, open In my Cadillac, totin, nigga play with me I'll smoke him Murder one one, four three-fours where I'm from son I don't need a gimmick, I'm the sickest nigga in it Get it upside-down or twist it, I could promise you a visit You're a midget, I'm taller than that nigga playin ball and Meanin everybody know me when I'm walkin through the mall and I get hot, in the mornin and right before I'm performin I been on it since a young'n, I'm comin and here's your warnin nigga Don't be snorin, bein on point is important Cause a coffin'll follow shortly after the white chalk and Call me what you want nigga but you can't call me broke Call me crack, call me coke, call me uncut, dope See my oh-eight gas burnin and my eighty-somethin rope Time's over for you niggaz, red line on your throat (terminated)

G-Unit

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Unit! Who, who, who, who, who want it? Who, who, who, who, who, who want it? Which gangsta want it? (WHAT?) Which rapper want it? (WHAT?) Which trapper want it? My house is haunted And I'm gone, the Feds wanna bug me and wrap me I'm the Gingerbread Man, them boys can't catch me Two-oh-nine, M-6 stuck in the matrix BM got a new friend, they finally got a facelift Yeah, I treat bitches like cars, I drove 'em out They keep a nice trey-pound from when the wolves is out Horses, Cavalies with a real-life vest on I kick game like Pele and Beckham (c'mon) I got dopehead hands, and crackhead fingertips (oh yeah!) From baggin up with my Bankhead, Atlanta bitch Every day is Christ', I live like Santa bitch I'm a scrambler bitch, the Feds can't stand this shit

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