

G-unit

Tony Yayo

G-Unit in tha House (wut nigga wut)
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G-G-G-UNIT!

In my hood u get no points for your jumpshot
as soon as the sun rise, we back on the block
this stress got me feelin like an old man
and I stay on point for that red and gold van
its the free lance performer YaYo be a pro
cuz the flows been hot, since G.I. Joe
yo my rhyme will have u noddin, like Raw in the Street
so freaks gimme ass like toilet seats
get at me, you really think u holding big daddy?
so wheres ur in door courts, and bowling ally?
i got heart like a hoover crip, but bust slugs like an IngleWood Blood
i mengle wit Thugs, my single will buzz
import, export get rid of tha drugs
styll pack my Dope up witta mass of some gloves
i use to have 8-balls in my 8-Ball jacket
now i dawg lex coops, like dukes and luke of Hazard

I put carpet Burns on these Waxters these days
'til they need bandages on they knees like Pat Ewings Legs
im always wit a bisquit
only way i get blue balls, is if a bitch had blue lipstick
u broke rob more blocks
u aint gotta know how to break dance, to whind up on a card board box
Gucci down to my sock, groupies hound to dey spots
different format, keep groupies round for tha cops
she'll be down for tha watch, i aint generous or courtieous
i'm running from a dirty bitch, nigga you thirty-six
ya'll dont want it with tha kid at all
same shit, bigger bathrooms my niggaz brawll
when we come after u, it aint no graze shots
this nigga leave a HOLE in ya chest bigger than flava-Flave Pops
you pussy, i think even Pac can smell this shit
cause on the inside you softer than a mozerella stick (bitch)

I'm the leader of the New School now nigga wut!
I got the4-4 pull out tear yo bitch ass up
i pop-rob nigga front i out my knife in yo gut
have you in I.C.U screaming AHH! i'm cut
i go RAH-RAH, like a dungeon dragon
but i keep my pistol on me so my pants aint sagging
everytime i'm in the house, niggaz grill a nigga
but they feel a nigga, cuz i'll kill a nigga
OOH squeeze, shorty better stay out my lane
before i send one of my soldiers to blow out ur brain
ima General (wut!) niggaz solute me
u a dead man if u attempt to shoot me
i done lost some of my brain watchin military flicks
got the whole G-Unit on some Military shit
(Private Banks request permission to speak)
Speak Nigga!

its dangerous when its decipline involving street niggaz!!