

Eye For Eye

Tony Yayo

50 Cent]
Yeah, I like the way this feel
This make me wanna just (G-G-G-G, G-Unit!)
Buck somethin, hahaha (G-UNIT!)

Nigga you shit on me, I shit on you
You put a hit on me, I put a hit on you
An eye for an eye nigga
Survive the shots or die nigga

Get 'em Banks!

They can't hold me
I'm Lloyd Banks the one and on-ly
Not your buddy, not your pal, not your ho-mey
But ain't a government around that can control me
Oh no!!!

Uhh, I'm on that 'Doggystyle' shit, man I don't love a hoe
Poppa wasn't 'round, so I had to let my brother know
Never stay at center, play the back and let your money grow
Most them niggaz wouldn't be around if you was bummy yo
Southside Jamaica neighbor yeah that's where I come from
If you see a nigga with me then there's more than one gun
Fly straight soldier, ain'tcha tired of bein the dumb one
Or are you satisfied bein another nigga's Dun-Dunn
We all know friendships turnin sour when you gettin it
Some niggaz hate me in the hood, but I don't owe them niggaz shit
Smilin all up my face like I don't know them niggaz sick
But I can care less, I'm on the Island and I'm gettin rich

Walk it and talk it, spit it how I live it nigga
Came from the country, Dirty South get it nigga
Feds try and question me, they run up in my ho-tel
They said there was a shootin, but they found no shells
New York City hell they throwin niggaz under jails
I got love for dem and I ain't even from dere
Now bust a shot for dem boys on da block
I can feel your pain nigga, I'm still in the game nigga
There's somethin bout the sound of a trey-pound
That make me pull up, hop out, and make a nigga lay down
See every time we 'round, you hear some shots go off
And niggaz get they chains snatched when they tryin to show off
Shootouts in broad day, we do it the mob way
And come to find out, these niggaz softer than Sade'
I'ma keep livin my life with a pistol in my palm
And a wrist full of ice, you can call me a Don motherfucker

We got the Hei-ny
So make one wrong move and you're dy-ing
Ain't no time for coppin a plea and cry-ing
Cause my niggaz ain't gon' stop ridin'
So you gone

I got a handgun habit, nigga front I'll let you have it
When the shots go off, cops sayin 50 back at it
I'm allergic to the feathers on these bird-ass niggaz (yea)

Front and I'll put your brains on that curb fast nigga
I ain't a marksman, one spark and I spray shit
Nuff rounds from that H-K, I don't play bitch (uh-huh)
Move like I'm militant, back on that gorilla shit
Moody, disrespectful, unruly, but niggaz can't move me (yea)
I squeeze 'til I run out of ammo, if it's a problem it's handled
I have your people pourin our liquor and lightin candles
You fuck around I blow your brains on my New York Times
Run home, turn to the sports section and read your mind
It's crystal clear, you should feel when that gat bust
First there's crime scene tape, then you end up in that black hearse
We don't go to funerals, but we'll go to your wake fam
Do your body all banged up, you made a mistake man