

A lot of niggas say they real man
But these niggas ain't real

I keep it a hundred
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You know how we do it, Dirty Dozen, G-Unit
Overcook the beef until its over and you leak fluid
I speak fluent, real talk, you at peace? Prove it
Cause niggas swear they run shit until they cease moving
So who are you fooling if you ain't getting money then what are you doing
Get caught without a gun and you're ruined
You better connect with some thorough cats before its over with
Ride through in the rover then cave your whole shoulder in
I know some homies importing boulders, straight soldiers
Who sip coffee, read all day, chill in their loafers
Who never tell even if the odds are against them
In the pen trading favors, while they puffing on the Winston
D12 we stick together, thin and thick
And keep it family over money, my team are sick and loyal
So when it comes down to giving a fuck about your squad nigga, I don't
I keep it a buck

McVay season, meat cleaver, car Beamer
When they see us they start beefing and turn vegan
Start speaking about me and they stop breathing
They not leaving an autopsy, the cop's even
Got me in a hot seat and I'm not speaking
I start cheesing, motherfuck the precinct
The realest nigga I keep pissing these hot heads off without the penicillin
I been a killer since O-Dog was getting audition
Don't push me I'm no simp to get rid of these bitches
It's that simple I hold strength compared to Conan with a four-fifth
Hold it, expose it and put a hole in him the size of a doughnut when I hit h
im
Grim reaper in denim jean, what I'm seeing: you're life is ending
They higher than a flight attendant when I mention they start shitting
An OG with a hitman's pension

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I'm the one who put the G back in G-Unit
I know a lot of G's nigga you ain't it
Stop claiming that you that when you ain't this
I come through, niggas backed up, you ain't shit
Put my hand on the Bible, swear I'm the truth
Got my hand on this rifle, support the troops
Black gloves, black mask can't provide the proof
I'm in the D with 12 niggas riding for Proof
Kidd Kidd, the same nigga, ask about me
Type of nigga to hit you, make a rap about it
Then sit down with 50 and let him laugh about it

Smile in your momma face while she sad about it
I don't bang colors but I'm very violent
No pics, my gun got American flag around it
Anybody can get it just let me know who want it
If they're riding, I'm riding
100 or nothin'

I'm raw, I wake up just to break the law, Bizarre
I just threw my baby momma out the car, 100
Shots to a nigga face, he shouldn't have done it
Hit him in his main artery just to keep him from running
Jack Daniels and this 40 with this black handle
I got powder and pills all in my door panel
Barricaded in these bricks looking at door cameras
And any time, breaking news, I be on your channel
I tell the Pope I sell dope, I got no manners
Fuck a rich bitch broke, I got no standards
Fuck your birthday, I don't even blow candles
I'm just looking out for them police cars with no antenna

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