

8 More Miles

G-Unit

Yeah. 50 Cent. Lloyd Banks. Tony Yayo. G-Unit

This rap shit plays a major part in my life
So if you jeopardize it I got the right
To send a mothafucker at you tonight
G-Unit

And I ain't stopping till my clique popping, swimming in barrels of money
Ma could walk around with her head up cause it [?] you, dummy
It's funny, niggas'd rather see you suffering and hungry
I'm comfy as hell skating with another nigga's money
You lying your ass off, you know you ain't that tough
I'm pulling your mask off as soon as you act up
You know what I came for, a piece of the game, boy
Artillery that's about as long as a chainsaw
By the way, man, this feels like I've been dreamin'
Forty cal. under my pillow, condom feeling my semen
The physical presence of a female in he forms of a demon
That's why I fuck 'em and leave 'em, get my nut while I'm breathin'
Cause they thought they'd catch me slipping, now I'm ducking and driven
That's a thousand dollar outfit, what the fuck is you rippin'?
You tripping, no record could get my ass in position
Death waits for no religion whether Catholic or Christian
Listen, I went through mama bitching in and out the kitchen
With probable cause, it's probably sending out to prison
You got soldiers, but you still gotta respect ours
We got more four five's and nines than a deck of cards

You can take me out the hood
But can't take the hood out me (cause what?)
Cause I'm ghetto, I'm ghetto
Niggas hate when you do good
But when you broke
Your friends and your enemies they love you, they love you
"Cheche, get the Yayo"
Picture me being crack, out of town, trips on the trail
"Cheche, get the Yayo"
Picture me being crack (Tony Yayo!)
You can sniff me, cut me, I'll turn you to a junkie
I'm the number one seller in the whole fucking country
Wall Street niggas, they cop me on the low
White boys don't call me coke, they call me blow
It's time to go, on the bus, the train, the plane
I'll smuggle, I'm nothing but trouble
I'll make your money double, cook me in baking soda
I'll turn your Hooprock into a new Range Rover
I'll pay all your bills and fill your 'frigerator
Feed your family, turn your man to a hater
Put me in your doorpanels or your stashbox
Put me in your Nikes, Timbs or Reeboks
If you cop three and a half you hustling backwards
Cop a hundred grams, you moving forwards
You trying to move more birds
N PA all day, on the corner of Third, nigga what?

You can take me out the hood
But can't take the 'hood out me (what?)
Cause I'm ghetto, I'm ghetto

Picture me polishing pistols, I'm coming to get you
The shells hit you, you screamin'
Think I'm playing? I mean it
Man, I done bought all these pistols, let's get it popping
Start wavin' my emboies, shell cases get to dropping
If death is around the corner I got too much pride to hide
I'm outside, gun in my pocket, just stunting, no stopping
I'm dying to pop it, I'm young and I'm restless
You know my contestants
As the world turns, there's lessons to be learned
Count all my blessings, clean up my weapons
I'm ready for war, the strong survive, the weak shall perish
I told you before
Hoes, they compliment me now like, "50, nice chain"
Bellagio, twenty grand of chips at a dice game
Burn out, can't stop, gotta watch MTV, BET
Nigga, you see me
I wonder if you mad cause I'm doing good
Or 'cause niggas feeling me more than you in your own hood
And it hurts 'cause you love 'em and they don't love you back
Cause they know you just rapping and you don't bust a gat
You pussy

Yeah, explain it to the niggas in your hood, nigga. They know you fucking fr
onting, nigga. Talking like gangstas on a record. I see you, nigga. Niggas k
now me, nigga. Ask around in my hood, nigga. Read the Daily News, nigga. You
see them talking about me, nigga. I'm in the middle of all kinds of shit. P
ussy, let's get it popping