

# Confrontation

G-Unit

I'm in love with confrontation  
Nigga, fuck around I cuss something  
Pull out and buck something  
I'm addicted to the altercation  
Go ahead, nigga try me  
You get hooked to a IV  
It's just me and my nine  
Like all the time  
We built for the drama  
Me and my llama

Ayo, look  
You can't handle my gun handle  
I'm like Kobe with the outside shots  
I'm like Artest in the paint  
When it comes to these games  
Set the balls a lot smaller and they go through brains  
And if they live you get one point  
But if you hit 'em in the head you get three  
Whether they make it or not, a headshot 's a headshot, nigga  
That is unless you did it by mistake

"Man, this 50 fucking grimey, got my spot shot up  
I think he tryna line me 'cause I want to take his product "  
Nigga, fuck with me, you push up daisies  
Straight crazy, that's how the Southside made me  
So Brenda's baby, I'm a army brat for real  
Niggas tell me chill, now how the fuck am I supposed to chill?  
When the voices in my head telling me "kill, kill, kill"  
I cock it, aim it, and squeeze the steel steel

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I got a lot of brilliant ideas on how to bring tears to your peers  
So controll all your swears and life stares  
Yeah, my chain hang low, but I bet they won't touch it though  
Got the audio on me, homie, that'll stop a buffalo  
Jump into a puddle, went inside my 7 double 0  
Make a detour to the [?]  
They don't want the trouble so talking don't bother me  
A simple robbery could turn to strong arm robbery

In the middle of all your projects, I show up and show out  
Maybach '62, chaffeur the bowed out  
Brazilian fold out, my bitch  
Her ass so fat her pussy come out like a fish  
We gorillas in the mist  
Boy, we aim, you done, nigga

The U22 like a alien gun  
Give the new aliens new names and run  
Homocide come around, fade to black on them

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