

Cross My Path

G-Unit

I should've warned you not to cross my path
Now I'm finna get in your ass
Yeah, nigga, you know I got the hood on smash
Your reign on top, it's over that fast

[?] is conflict, and beef is war
You can die on the humble when you reach the [?]
So my vest is level three and my car is level four
That's a bulletproof Lex' with a 200-pound door
Got too many issues, too many pistols
Smack till your leg of, we attack like pitbulls
Ja fake 2Pac, screaming out, "Illuminati"
The same nigga getting smacked on freshman Friday

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Pretty soon you have to pawn your Rol' and your platinum ring
Cause you keep going gold like Aladdin king
Wouldn't buy a nigga bootleg if you like me
'Cause I ain't trying to hear that bullshit like Spike Lee
I'm out of sight, B, Long Island iced tea
Timberlands, white tee, both arms icely
We got enough money today even if they don't listen
I'll pop in the drop [?]

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These stones'll break my bones, but words'll never hurt me
Niggas who say they gon' murk me never put in work, B
Pop that shit
You got pistols, but you never pop that shit
You just running your lips
Put my gun on your lip, pop off, leave all your fucking teeth c
hipped
That's when you realize you in deep shit
But keep running your yap until your frame is mangled
Three hoes and the nigga look like Charlie's Angels

You not a murderer. Nah, you not a murderer, nigga. I'ma dig de
ep in your ass, you faggot. I'ma stop saying that shit 'cause I
know you like that kind of shit. Fucking fruity-ass nigga. But
I got something for you, nigga. Special delivery, nigga. Semi-

autos, motherfucker