

Ease Up

G-Unit

Y'all niggas better ease up
Cause I ain't for the sucka shit
Better figure out who you're fuckin' with
Hoes down, G's up
Don't get me on my other shit
Cause then we get to shootin' and cuttin' shit

I've done been caught slippin', had to take the bullets out myself
Bite down on this bandana and hold my breath
Almost killed me, a couple more inches to the left
And I'd be out of here, finally get my chance to see death
Meanwhile I'm healin' up on Popular Hill
Gettin' head in the VA, they got your bitch on the film
I got to bust a couple heads with my nigga Soulja Slim
Talked to C-Murder, he 'bout to come home from the pen

And when he come home, I might be the one that's goin' in
Just hit your block last week, this week I'm goin' again
You don't know who you fuckin' with, I'm the one they come and get
You know what you gonna get, I don't know which gun to get
You ain't ever shoot nothin', got shot at
Shot back, pull the stock back, gave his waves a stockin' cap
I'm 'bout that, I'm gettin' the chopper right now
I know where Buck hide 'em at

I've been with the bullshit, niggas sayin' I'm slippery
[?] my car door, them niggas wasn't hittin' me
Niggas say they aired me out, boy you hit the stop signs
Said you tried to take my head off, you better stop lyin'
I take a nigga's work, murk, all I do is diss
All I, all I do is diss, all you, all you do is miss
I'm my town, boy I'm what they wanna talk about
I show a country nigga quick what New York about
City slicker, slick nigga talkin' slick shit
The slick kinda nigga niggas better stick with
If they're tryna eat, out there on the street
Pop shit, pop a nigga, watch a nigga leak

Chuck Norris vs. Bruce Lee, in the kitchen chop a ki
Money comin' in, ain't no time for sleep
Blunt look like a twig, one hand on a cig
Stashbox for the pigs, yah dig
So your claim to fame is puttin' work in
I'm on the Cayman Islands gettin' brains like a surgeon
In solitary pursuits, and nothin' but the fuckin' door
If niggas ribs touchin', kick [?]

Fuck outta here with all that money shit, ya' scrambling still
Foot 'em, let the damage build, 357 cannonfield
Realest on the planet, still, steal a nigga just because
[?] yo he don't mean it, yes he does
Bimmer leanin' hefty drugs, I hope you niggas rest in pain
Peel 'em off a rind of piss, my feelings gone since I was 6
I steal a corner, rocky wrist
I hear you're boring, I'm convinced

I was born to double dead presidents