

# 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