

G-Unit Anthem

G-Unit

G-Unit in the house
What, nigga, what?
G-Unit in the house
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In my hood you get no points for your jumpshot
As soon as the sun rise we back on the block
The stress got me feeling like an old man
And I stay on point for that red and gold van
Its a freelance performer Yayo, be a pro
Cause the flows been hot since G.I. Joe
Yo, my rhymes'll have you nodding like war in the streets
So the freaks give me ass like toilet seats
Get at me, you really think you holding Big Daddy?
So where's your indoor court and bowling alley?
I got heart like a Hoover Crip
But bust slugs like an Inglewood Blood
I mingle with thugs, my single gon' buzz
Your boy export, get rid of the drugs
I still bag my dope up with a mask and some gloves
I used to have eight balls in my 8-ball jackets
Now a dawg Lex coupes like Luke in Dukes Of Hazzard

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Put carpet burns on these rats for several days
Till they need bandages on they knees like Pat Ewing's legs
I'm always with the biscuit
The only way I get blue balls is if a bitch had blue lipstick
You broke, rob more blocks
'Cause you ain't got to know how to breakdance
To wind up on a cardboard box
I'm Gucci'ed down to my socks, groupies hounding the spot
We perform at to keep goopies around for the cops

She'll be down for my watch, I ain't generous or courteous
I'm running from a dirty bitch, nigga, you thirty-six
You don't want it with the kid at all
Same shit, bigger bathroom, my niggas brawl
When we come after you it ain't no gray shots
The SIG will leave a hole in your chest bigger than Flavor Flav's clock
You pussy, you wouldn't even pop the smallest chip
Cause on the inside you softer than a mozzarella stick, bitch

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I'm the leader of the new school now, nigga what?
I got a 44 bulldog, I'll tear your bitch ass up
I pop off nigga front, I'll put my knife in your gut
Have you in ICU screaming, "ahh, I'm cut"
I go rrrraowr, rrrraowr like a dungeon dragon
But I keep my pistol on me so my pants be saggin'
Everytime I'm in the house niggas grill a nigga
Cause they feel a nigga, I'll kill a nigga
You speeding, shorty, better stay in your lane
Before I send one of my soldiers to blow out your brains
I'm the general, what? You salute me
You're a dead man if you attempt to shoot me
I done lost some of my brains watching military flicks
Got the whole G-Unit on some military shit
Private Banks requesting permission to speak
Speak, nigga
Man, it's dangerous when there's discipline involved in street niggas

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