# G-Unit

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Yeah! 50 Cent.. Lloyd Banks.. Young Buck...
G G G G G-Unit! Haha!

Vacate your home I come to brake your bones
Americas nightmare we at it again
A desert eagle and a black mack 10
And neva know what happend
When we come through them cowards dont want none
They screamin at they murderas but walkin' with no guns
Come with me but dont run and die where your standin'
See im holdin' on this cannon and your life i'm demandin'
Put the pipe to your melon and your brains on the pavement
These niggaz is talkin' think that security gon save them
Nobody gon speak when homicide pay a visit
Look you right in the eyes and yell ya "we don't know who did it"
Corrupted by street corner by shootin' at the police
The feins up all night and the neighbours gettin' no sleep
You betta get used to it you know how we do it
Shady Aftermath Interscope and G-Unit.

We got action when you don't
Show are places when you won't
G-Unit, [50 Cent] G-G-G-G, G-Unit

Now I told ya'll on my first Dre joint I am Loco
Betta than soso the games in the choke hold
Disney's is a nono I perfected the slow flow
In D.C. they dance the gogo
In L.A.they ride on lolo's
G-Unit in the house, oh no
You ain't ready it's heavy
65 chevy
Old school rollin' im holdin'

20 inches spinnin' from the beginnin' we winnin'
Gain's his masculinity pimpin' we not pretendin'
Drop top glock cock ready for the drama
Pistol's pop cop shot i'm heavy with them laama's
Non-sop make it hot we the top regardless
You can be the hardest
We'll just be the smartest
I warn you not to start us
We're not you average artist's
My bitch is like a goddess
When paparazzi spot us
Cause flick after flick same ol' shit that I kick, haha!

Guess who's back mothaf*cker gun in the clip
Ready to smack up on these suckas that's runnin' they lip
You can try any one of my shoes on none of em fit
Your hundreds are shorter I'll your pops his son is a daughter
All I need is some cigars and quarter a couple cars and a lawyer
Kinda packin' a bitch and i'll be back with a hit
I'm that sick, Who the hell you thought it was
I got expensive habits I can't afford it cause
G-Unit is poppin' and we performin' all the clubs

Niggas be shovin' and pushin' as someone is gooshin' surpise
She's givin' up the buns on her cushion
Sweatin' and screamin' suckin' me off the rest of the evenin'
And i'm leavin', on to the next city
Stashbox in the bus to I can bring the tex with me
I gotta go cause i'm gettin' over you niggas ain't over
G-U-NIT


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