I'm 'Bout That

G-Unit

I'm in the hood man...
I'm in the hood all the time man; fo' real son
I come back from a tour... I come through, you kno'msayin'?
I switch up, I've got mad cars and shit like dat. (HAHA)
But niggas, niggas look at that Suburban like...
Is it that black joint come to the black? That's Fif'; like their son!
Niggas know that's bulletproof, bomb bulletproof, .8-proof!
Shoot a big gun, that's should be like: "ping, ping!"

Easy man!
Niggas better be easy, man. {Whoooooo!}
Come around man, this niggas speak, man
Actin' like I ain't 'bout that

I put the work in the chips; yeah, I'm 'bout that! [*shot*] {OOH!}
I put a hole in a nigga; yeah, I'm a 'bout that! [*2 shots*] {DAMN!}
Paper stacks bricks flip; yeah, I'm 'bout that!
That I-95 trip I'm 'bout that! [*shot*] {Whoooo!}
Ridin' witta full clip; yeah, I'm 'bout that! [*gunshot*] {DAMN!}
Front on me, get away, I doubt that! [*shot*] {OOH!}
Want to tell that D's; yeah, I doubt that!
I put the barrel in tha .5th in ya mouth, Jack! {50 Cent!} [*gunshot*]

Ayo! - Four door Porsh' comin' out in 2-0-9
Thanks to Curits Jackson, I've already got mine, I shine! (Uuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuh-
ooooooooooooohhhhhh!)
Yay's still livin' the crime route
Dilver my dimes out, when TNT outta call it time out. {DAMN!} [*explode*]
I blow four charges if I do-own (come on!)
My fiends going to the rehab like Winehouse
You know I got my shine's out love they way the wezzey look
Rob cop dezzey hype your runnin like Reggie Bush. (BRING IT DOWN DOWN!) {Who
oooooooooooooooooo}
Money green anit got these in the US (what else?) {Kiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii
iiiiiiid!}
600 Euros! - I cop these in Paris. (yeeeah!)
Back from Japan look from the D-Van (uh-huh!)
Jump in the booth turn into E man. (uh-huuuh!) {LET'S GO!}
Go to the strip go to the D man (uh-huuuh!)
Find some hoes in the club turn to the E man. [*scream*]
Smoke more weed than the damn weed man [*sniff*]
More durgs more guns - I'm D, man! (YEEEEAH!) [*gunshot*]

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Hey! - I'm that nigga (yeah!) - on Yack liquor, (yeah!)
Stack flipper - Cadillac whipper. (uh!)
Automatic gripper 500 hundred dolla slippa (uh-huh!)
So I smoke like Boundy - so I'm comin' by the zipper (uuuuuuuuuh oooooooohhhh
hh!) [*gunshot*]

Nigga {Whoooo!} - I climb like up the parkin lot, party stop! (uh!)
30 deep, Bentleys Lambo', Ferrari guap. (yeah!)
Niggas act like they family till sombody shot (yeah!)
Bodies drop niggas tell skip town like they livin' in a cell [*shot*] {OOH!}
See me out inna bout the chrome is with' me (yeah!)
Before I give up my chain I'm rollin' kidney. (yeah!)
I'm so cripsy - out in Sydney (uh-huh!)
Stampeed the rececption they give me. (whooo!) [*explode*] {HAHA!}
7-60 - you try to play meeee
The blood will flow faster than the OJ. (crazy!) {LLOYD BANK$!}
Bank$! - You never seen a legend on wheels (uh-'uuuh!)
No, not that accura the man with the mills - I'll!

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I said I'm 'bout it, 'bout it! - I'm 'bout it, 'bout it!
I push the coupey you see in books a crowd around it
Lows drop 'til they y'all like a yellow yacht - sun gleemin'
.40-Glock - right here cock it in suns schemin'. [*gunshot*] {Whoooooo!}
I ain't the vison of the fans shit, Marshall whips with big wheels
Bad bitches on big hills and Lugosi eatin' the big deals
I'm careful with pussy, pussy, cause pussy that shit kill
What your life like? - My is like a rollercoster. [*scream*]
Life around the toster, poppin off, I brouch you
On that bullshit, I flip quick! - Let off of a full clip
It's the no one, when they saw 'em. [*gunshot*] - I don't give a fuck! {DAAA AMN!}
If I'm right and if I'm wrong - we hit 'em and we gone! {50 Cent!}
Leave a nigga on it, it's long - early in the morn'
We up with the birds, to put it in word is born
Give it a set dress! - We can write we rest
Put a hole in his chest, my niggas do it the best! [*2 shots*]

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Whoooo kiiiiiiiiiiiiiiid!
Damn! G-Unit Radio, G-Unit Staturdays!
Go cop "T*O*S" and "Blood In The Sand" game and you know what go cop!
50x50 book too!
Man know what I'm 'bout that...
Ha!
DJ Whoo Kid!
Fat Joe I've got yo' baby!
Daaaaaaaaammn!
FUCK FAT JOE!

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