I'm Leavin'

G-Unit

I'm leavin, on the next plane
I don't know when I'll be back again

I'm a Southside nigga you could find me where the money at
Find me in your crib with the nina where that money at
See me I found that remedy to stop from telling
I'll put the ruger to your forehead, pop your melon

See me I gets busy, front and it's a wrizzy
I move with the Semis, zip zip through the city
The law can't get me, the Lord gotta get me
I make shit hot, then lay low till it fizzy
You think you know Fiddy?! You don't know Fiddy!
In a S-5 fiddy, the fo' fo' with me
My man Yayizzy stay off the hizzy
Sell fiends whizzy, they smoke crack till they dizzy (OH!)
Your man Joey Crack, I told him before
He don't want it with me, YOU PUSSY FAT BOY!
You wanna go to war? Ok Ok I'll go to war?!
Catch ya slippin put ya put ya brains on the floor

I'm leavin, on the next plane
D's ran up in my crib and found cocaine
Fingerprints on the hammers and heroin
Before I go back to jail I'm squeezin mayne

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Look! The television caters to pop, not violent hits (Yeah!)
The Unit ain't fall off it's all politics (WE THE BEST!)
Niggas don't throw rights they throw hollow tips
And they don't wanna get married they want model chicks (TELL 'EM BANKS!)
Sex, liquor and dough, bottle piff
Fuck buyin the Phantom, I'll just borrowed Fif's
Yesterday's that is tomorrow's this
From a land and a hill to a Colorado cliff
Nigga you violate me I'm sendin' you to God
I'm no peacemaker, that's my jeweler's job (FUCK THAT!)
I spit it how I live it nigga you the fraud!
Put my weight on your back you wouldn't move the yard

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Yeah! Aiyyo! Touch one of mine, I'll touch one of yours
Send us to the hospital, I'll send yours to the morgue
I'm like Jesus to the hood, and God to the industry

All 50's enemies are all of my enemies (WOOOOOOOO!)
I'm a smoker O.G. kush in the jar
Drop the top on the Lamb place the poker with car
Glock automatic yo, bitch got a fatty yo
Fourteen bricks, Pablo killin Fabio
I'm tryin to put 700's they didn't made them yet
Yep! They got 'em now baby, the F-700's crazy!
Why buy the refrigerator doors
I blend up the D and cook up the hard

I'm leavin, on the next plane
I don't know when I'll be back again
Yeah! I watched Rap City!
I see this fat nigga Joe up there frontin
Don't nobody like this nigga's shit, this nigga's wack son!
That nigga J. Holiday is the new nigga, and he's makin the shit hot!
Niggas really don't wanna hear your fatass nigga!
Shit is wack son! Tell ya straight up nigga!
And I'm easy to find nigga!
You can't find me, look in the motherfuckin Yellow Pages!
I'm right across the street from Madison Square Garden
Everybody come there for a motherfuckin interview!
Everybody come and talk to me when they need to take a meetin!
WHY YOU CAN'T FIND ME?! HUH!?
HARD TO FIND A NIGGA THAT YOU KNOW GOT A GUN!?
RIGHT?! HARD TO FIND A NIGGA THAT YOU KNOW RIDIN 'ROUND IN BULLETPROOF SHIT!
HARD TO FIND NIGGA HUH?!
WELL, NOW YOU GOT MY UNDIVIDED INDIVIDUAL ATTENTION!
I'm ON YOUR ASS NOW!

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