

Lifetime Achievement

G-Unit

Yeah, I'd like to thank everybody, the haters, my fans
Wow, I spent five years, man
Three albums, thirty million copies
Gotta love it, I really never thought I'd be here
First and foremost, I'd like to thank God for making me special

You know niggas wanna kill me, I stay in drama
Say a prayer for me, homie, nah, pray for Obama
Ain't nothing changed, them rednecks got them .44 mags
KKK mad, the confederate flags
Black man in the office, you know they're gon' flip
Like [?] hand me my rifle when she thought she was going to shit
Bet Bill O'Reilly call me pinhead for saying that shit
Well, him and Oprah Winfrey both could suck on some dick
They said I sniff coke, but I weight shit, man, I don't get high
Said I slept with Tracey Heggins, that was a cool lie
And steroids must've made my money longer
Mary vocals stronger, Timbaland beats harder
Tyler write through the scripts, Wyclef make them hits
If I knew I wasn't sure I'd run and get some shit
I wanna be hot like me, I wanna be on top like me
I'm trying to get guap like me, B

It was funny how time flies, life turn to memories
And I can't vote, too many felonies
If I could, I wouldn't vote for Hillary
Man, the bitch rule the world? Man, you kidding me
Niggas tried to kill me on three different occasions
I guess that's life when niggas just hatin'
Came a long way from slinging dope and that hard white
And my neighbors don't speak, why? They all white
And the homies don't speak 'cause I'm rich now
My life is Hermès, haze and Cristal
And ménage à trois out in Moscow
I got them Trojan Magnums and Lifestyle...)

Wow, you know, I really didn't get a chance to prepare a speech
You know, I'd just like to say when you see perfection within me you see God
, and when you see my imperfections you see me
This was a great project, Al Pacino, Robert DeNiro
John Leguizamo, Donnie Wahlberg, love you, guys, we got one

You know I'm feeling so Creflo
You see, we all ain't balling, but we blessed though
My niggas, let's go
Gotta give respect so you can get a check, hoe
Ain't like God e-mailing niggas no death notes
Purple label tags, Cartiers, and all them designer bags
It's something you might want, but not what you gotta have
These kids want money, nigga, fuck a autograph
How can you be mad when they just following your path?
You look and you laugh while niggas eating out the trash
But shit change fast, nigga, look at your ass
The real niggas last, we all been through it
I accept this award on behalf of the Unit

Uh, I gotta be one of the top five black writers

I ignore switch sider support from backbiters
Now they telling me I can't say nigga, nigga please
All I need is incredible trees and bigger keys
I slot you a piece, net like Mr. T's
And it's 99 degrees, but my wrist on freeze
I risk it all for the lovely dough so my mother can go
Where she ain't got head shots, she shed enough teardrops
I gotta thank God before I thank a soul
For blessing me with the flow and the game to break a hoe
I turn over Transformer 'fore I turn on 50
I tote blicky and I burn on sticky, fuck with me (fuck with me)

Hello, mama, yeah, you watch the TV?
You see me? Haha
Yeah, they gave me the trophy, ha!
I told you, I told you all I was gon' do is keep you comfortable
I'ma call you back, I'ma call you back
You know, we still in the hood, the award show, alright, haha!