

Loyal

G-Unit

YOUNG MULA, BABY!
(Haha, you thought it was over?)
G-g-g-g-g G-UNIT

Pretty face tight waste, that motherfucker thick
I need a second to evaluate, yeah that's a bad bitch
She a fool for love, that's why she ain't got shit
Fuck with the wrong fool, fell in love with the wrong bitch
Now I ain't put a song out to tell her she ain't loyal
Better fuck with me bitch he ain't doin nothing for you
Baby you gotta think like a winner to win
How your nigga gonna help you when he stuck in the pen
Lifes full of choices, you can choose a better life
Start by choosing the telly we meeting there tonight
I talk to her trynna get her mind right
When that head gettin good, man her future's so bright

When a rich nigga want you
And your nigga can't do nothing for ya
These hoes ain't loyal
These hoes ain't loyal
Yeah, yeah, let me see

First class trips
Take a boat to the six
Floor seats with the Knicks
I take a broke nigga bitch

These hoes they trouble man
That bitch don't love you HA HA

If I gave a fuck about a bitch, I'd always be broke
I never had no motherfucker sour to smoke
He went raw and she had twins on you
Take half your check and her ass spittin on you

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Your drop dead fine, hit my line, I decline
It ain't nothing personal, it happens all the time
You'll remember me forever, but it's only for the night
You're out here doing wrong, thinking karma gona be nice
So your girls ain't bout nothing, then you're looking for a ride
I ain't heard every opinion, been round the world twice
You gon hold a nigga up, talkin how you feel about me
That ain't shit to brag about, you got love for everybody
No thanks baby, I'm bank crazy
Party like we won, hardly leave alone
Leave the snotty ones have fun, I bet you still keep it spoil
Your Queen creeping on you, she ain't keep it loyal

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What's the number one rule when you hop in the whip
Change your location off, Fly a G to the crib
I don't need that nigga outside where I live
Cause I know you got a man and he know just who I is
Kidd Kidd, I don't wife em, I don't love em, I don't like em
I don't trust em, I don't cuff em, I don't hug em, I don't kiss em
I diss em, dismiss em, don't miss em
I trick are you tricking homie that's a big difference
She into big things big chains big titties
Big spending big business big ballin big pimpin
Her ass to fake for me to care about real feelings
Been kilt that ho off and she still trippin

He put you in the penthouse and a Panamera
He buy you everything you want but hes never there
Hey you can't miss me I'm everywhere
Follow the sparkles on the bottles and I appear
Attitude kinda rude when we first fucking (You Know)
Her man play in the NBA and I sell dope (Coke!)

When a rich nigga want you said No! (Remember?)
Now a bitch nigga got you your ready to go (Fasho!)

I make a good girl see how good kush blow (Smoke!)

Shawty said she want a nigga she can cook for (What's up?)
I had no idea that they label her hood ho (Aw!)

Till Yayo said there something I should know

Come on, come on, girl, why you fronting?
Baby show me something
When I call her, she gon' leave
And I bet that bottom dollar she gon' cheat
Come on, come on, girl, why you fronting?
Baby show me something
You done spent your bread on her
And it's all for nothing

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