

# 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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And your nigga can't do nothing for ya

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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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