

Poppin' Them Thangs

G-Unit

(2x):

Every hood we go through
All the gangstas around know my whole crew (Nigga what)
We hold it down like we supposed to
Nigga you can front if you want, we be poppin' them thangs

After the VMAs my baby momma cuss my ass out.
I kicked her ass we back friends like Puffy and Steve Stout
Cut the grass around my clique so I could see these sneaks
You see back in the hood it's cuz I see they fake
I preach a sermon about the paper like I'm creflo dollar
I'll pop you punk niggaz like I pop my collar
I'm confused; I like Megan, Monica, and Mya.
Missy's freaky and Brandy's shy, uh
Now take a look at how my lifestyle changed up.
I'm on now, god damn it I done came up.
Now you could find me with the finest hoes.
Choosin' which whip to drive by what match my clothes.
I got a fetish for the stones, heavy on the ice man
If I ain't gotta pistol on me, sure I gotta knife man
Get outta line and I'm lightin' your ass up.
Semi-automatic spray, I'll tighten your ass up (What)

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Slow down little nigga
Don't exceed your speed
Cuz I will put g's on they fitted like the Negro league
I got connects so I don't need no weed
I've been in LA for a year now
So I don't see no seeds
After I'm done you clappin' the crew
Hell yeah, I fuck fans
Guess what your favorite rapper does too
In a minute I'ma have the jeweler makin' my rims spin
My crew run wild at the Jamaica's at Kingston
Nothin' but bling bling in ya face boy
That's why my neck shine like one of them shirts Puffy and Mase wore
I done find a nympho as soon as I pop a bra
She had my balls head first just like a soccer star
You can only stand next to the man if you proper
Ya'll take care of birds like a animal doctor
Been out and I'm buzzin' niggas just slept on me
So I'm out for revenge like one of bin laden's cousins

Read the paper, look at the news
We one the front page
Yeah we in the Bahamas with AK's on the stage
The ice and the Jacob watch make a broke nigga take somethin'
So I gotta keep the four fifth with no safety button
G-Unit getting' money
I know some artists is starvin'
But play the game like they rich to me this shit funny

I know you see me comin'
Cuz on the front of the Maybach
It say payback for those who hated on me
I hate when niggas claim they bangin' a gang
You ain't no crip like snoop
You ain't no blood like game
See I've been having beef
I have my own bullet proof vest
Most of my enemies dead I got about two left
Until my last breath I'm sendin' niggas bullet holes
Innocent bystanders get hit tryin' to be heroes
You know how we roll
Every where that we go
It's fo' fos', calicos, and desert eagles (yeah)

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