

Rider 4 Real

G-Unit

RRRRRRRRRR!

WHOA WHOA WHOA WHOA WHOA WHOA!
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I done told you boy I'm a soldier boy
I got no choice but to be a rider
I approach you boy with the toaster boy
Hit you point blank range and fire
I ain't tryin to hear shit I'm supposed to be rich
Mu'fuckers gettin with my bread
Then I'm 'gon load my shit then count my shit
Nigga trip I'll go for your head

I'll have your nigga in an ambulance tellin ya hold on
The choir in your funeral singin you so long
The top shotta that rock product the block gotta
Then pop hollows then pop bottles the whole spot up
The mo' paper the mo' strength we 'gon get it
The fo' fifth come with the amp we ain't missin
I'm back on my bullshit a verse is a full clip
Catch you with your bitch throw a song in your new whip

Nigga it's G-Unit, fuck your click
Like syphillis bitch you stuck with this
I'm on you, niggas, die behind mine
Even if 50 drop me I still wouldn't sign
You done lost yo' mind, bumped yo' head
Try to stop my shine but I got bread
And I ain't got time, to hear what they said
When I catch them cowards I'm a buss they head

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I'm comin out of South-side, you know I'm raw
Big ass check, they show our score
I pull the dough out, and roll out, the cream azure
The fo'-fo' out, I know 'bout the keys of war
I'm hot - five hundred degress or more!
My door block an M16 or more
I'm in the store coppin shit you ain't seen before
Black card swipe, green galore

Yeah, I said these niggas stop talkin then stop worryin
The feds keep comin, the money we buryin
I'm in a mean loft, I'm in the cream Porsche
I let that thing off, I turn to T-wolf
I drive a spaceship, nigga 2008 shit
Her made kicks on, I stay in some eight shit

Niggas on some apeshit, they all get hit
Got the Russian AK, Haitian flag on the clip

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