Superville

G-Unit

Fatality, fatality
(Whoo Kid)

I bet all these classics make the city flip
Drop committees quick
Grip on all my Rocky willie shit
Knock you silly with
Hammer off my block affiliate
My fascination grew
To snatch your paper crew
Bash your faces too
Toolie kept
Candy at a movie set
Slept on me, I haunt you now
Leather seats, gas and horses round
Passin' torches, how
South Jamaican nigga causin' foul
Take that cross the street
Pay me cash and the cost is steep
Nigga talk is cheap

There's two ways to life, most end up dead or in jail
The lil homies got a cravin' ass appetite
Water boilin', stove open on them cold nights
And if a nigga ain't strapped he ain't rollin' right
Gotta check my rear view for them blue and whites
TD Jake keep preachin' bout that street life
He get me goin' in the mornin', got my mind right

I got a bulletproof plan, you understand?
I've been through hell already I'm supposed to be the man
Drop Lamb'
Lil nigga on the rise
I body drop 'em every day and we don't sympathize
Speedin' is my drive, one and only still
Feel like they owe me, will
Get on my O.D kill
If you approach me niggas know we got the realest shit
Paper stacks to hurt your feelin's with
Nothin' changed, ain't hearin' it

Niggas talk behind your back when you're not lookin'
Run up on 'em ask 'em what's shakin' and get shookin'
Ain't nobody gave me the game I just took it
Then I started my own gang like Tookie
Last thing you seen was the Ryder Gang hoodie
Then toys talk like Woody
I'm hood like an uncle ass whoopin'
Never got my chain tooken
It's crack cocaine cookin'
Put one in your head like I'm nookie

Apply pressure with this needle to they blood vessel
Supplyin' what they put inside they straight shooter
Raid outta Texas tryna die, state troopers
Your life's on the line when you're sellin' they Frank Lucas
But my bills on time and my bitches even they shooters

Pop a molly with you and put two in your Medulas
These pussy niggas programmed like computers
My son got a toolie and a flooded Frank Mueller