

## [unknown]

G-Unit

Yeah! 50 Cent... Lloyd Banks... Young Buck...  
G G G G G-Unit! Haha!

Vacate your home I come to break your bones  
Americas nightmare we at it again  
A desert eagle and a black mack 10  
They'll never know what happened  
When we come through, them cowards dont want none  
They screamin' that they murderas but walkin' with no guns  
Come hear nigga don't run and die where your standin'  
See im holdin' on this cannon and your life i'm demandin'  
Put the pipe to your melon and your brains on the pavement  
These niggaz is talkin' thinkin' security gon' save 'em  
Nobody gon' speak when homicide pay a visit  
Look you right in the eyes and tell ya "we don't know who did it"  
Corrupted by street corner by shootin' at the police  
The feins up all night, and the neighbors gettin' no sleep  
You betta get used to it you know how we do it  
Shady Aftermath Interscope and G-Unit.

We got action where you don't  
Show up places where you won't  
G-Unit, [50 Cent] G-G-G-G, G-Unit

Now I told ya'll on my first Dre joint I am loco  
Betta than so-so, the games in the choke hold  
Diss me is a no-no I perfected the slow flow  
In D.C. they dance the go-go  
In L.A. they ride on low-low's  
G-Unit in the house, oh no  
You ain't ready it's heavy  
65 chevy  
Old school rollin' im holdin'  
20 inches spinnin' from the beginnin' we winnin'  
Gainin' his masculinity pimpin' we not pretendin'  
Drop top glock cocked ready for the drama  
Pistol's pop cop shot i'm heavy with them llama's  
Non stop make it hot, we on top regardless  
You can be the hardest  
We'll just be the smartest  
I warn you not to start us  
We're not your average artists  
My bitch is like a goddess  
When paparazzi spot us  
Cause flick after flick, same old shit that I kick, haha!

Guess who's back mothafucka gun and a clip  
Ready to smack up on these suckas that's runnin' they lip  
You can try any one of my shoes on none of 'em fit  
Your hundreds is shorter I'll tell your pops his son is a daughter  
All I need is some cigars and a quarter, a couple cars and a lawyer  
Counter packin' a bitch, and I'll be back with a hit  
I'm that sick, Who the hell you thought it was

I got expensive habits, I can't afford it cause  
G-Unit is poppin' and we perform in all the clubs  
Niggas be shovin' and pushin' as someone is gooshin' surprise  
She's givin' up the buns on her cushion  
Sweatin' and screamin' suckin' me off the rest of the evenin'  
And i'm leavin', on to the next city  
Stashbox in the bus to I can bring the tecks with me  
I gotta go cause I'm gettin' older, you niggas ain't gettin' over  
G-U-NIT