

[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