

[unknown]

G-Unit

Ain't it amazing how crazy the hood dun made me feel like my emotions are froze I stay "G'd Up", its the things the I dun seen and the shit I've been through that made my heart turn cold I stay "G'd Up", I'm a gangster you find out for sure if you ever step on my toes I stay "G'd Up", when I'm hangin' out the window with that AK filling you punk ass with holes

Cocaine, heroin, ecstasy, marijuana, I'm new on that greyhound from NY to the Carolina, paper chase different name, same face don't catch a case, my road dogs on parole his baby girl's 4 years old, we play the block pistol cop, you could shoot or get shot kill you for your crack spot take everything your ass got, semi-automatics spray, bust back or run away, niggas talking in the hood we'll handle this another day, in November you make my shit, you should be dead, if you can catch a Christmas, I'll send you a gift, niggas will come and leave your ass twisted, them hollow tips shells burn baby burn, see niggas get merked up, and babies born make the world turn, I've seen it all crystal clear so I keep my pistol near, hearts never full of fear homie I stay well aware of what's going around me motherfuckers want me dead I go with a smile on my face, when it's my time kid

lil nigga I dun paved the way, you all should thank e'm, but if you think otherwise bring you boy over here so I could spank e'm, I'll put a end to your career bitch (bitch), before you speak on 50, buy forty in a spare clip, these niggas gassed up getting to used to rap like I won't give them more blood clots than super cat, niggas will snatch you I'm like a bat catcher I'll give 'em signs and they'll throw something at you, round here niggas die off hydro and even when it ain't the 4th of July it sound like pyro, you smart enough to creep and lay your dumb brains down the pound will spin you down like the young James Brown (yeah) I know I'm hot but hey (hey) I'm icy to rocks will hit you from a block away like a beat from Dr. Dre we takin' over this year case the soldiers is here everyone knows it's a scare (yeah)!

my popa never bothered to show me what it was to be a man he ju  
st pop another bottle and smoke  
up a half a gram, I would hop in my Impala and ride all through  
the night that gave my homeboy  
life so when you do it do it right, my fingernails still filled  
with cocaine residue, I still got  
the heart to go bust me ahead or 2 (for sure) no other solution  
you think we hollering and hooptin'  
until you wake up and you gotta here about these shootings, I t  
ake a bullet from mah vooz and put the  
clip in my pocket before I take another bullet I'm gonna pull i  
t and pop it (bllaaatt) and if  
it's beef my nigga then let your guns do the talkin' the gravey  
ard has got plenty room for a  
coffin (ha ha) they say we responsible for boosting the crime r  
ate they say we the reason these  
young niggas is buying weight but I'm gonna keep this glock on  
my waist till my dyin' days it's  
"Nothing But A G Thang" G-Unit And Dr. Dre