

Baby, this is real shit
My record sales slow, I'm 'a show you my dick
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Here the breakdown
No 400 bars yet, I don't need that
I'm gas, your whole click is ass, I mean that
G-Unot cocksucker, better believe that
I say it one time, watch the whole world scream back
G-U-N-O-T, now that's for Billboard, rest in peace
And since my nigga died, I been stressed, no sleep
Contemplating suicide in my Lexus jeep
I tried twice but I couldn't make my death complete
I guess you could say Mýa got the best of me
Came back from the dead to address the beef
Kiss my Converse, bitch, and accept defeat
'Cause I hate it when bullies try to test the weak
That's when I go Bishop in Juice and start flexin' heat
You could get it in the stomach just like Raheem
'Cause runnin' with a snitch is not quite my thing
I tried to take Buck with me, but he stayed on the scene
Guess all I can do now is pray for Supreme
While I finish my next album, five million and countin'
Anticipating, tellin' the world I did it without him
If Aftermath was a family that didn't have a mother
I'd be Dre's newborn, you'd be the jealous older brother
Yeah, daddy love us; but in the meanwhile
You talkin' behind his back and in his face you smile
You moved out the house, you a failure now
And little Game grew up to be a problem child
I whip ya head boy, that's for Kanye West
I whip ya head boy, with the back of my tech
Yep, your fuckin' group fell flat without me
You mad, what you gon' do, rap about me?
Your bars is park garbage, hooks is mediocre
And your new shoes look like Reebok pennyloafers
Try to walk in my shoes a block
Hurricanes in stores the day after Christmas, nigga; fuck Reeboks
You a steroid addict, you need detox
Hopefully you make it out in time to be on Detox
'Cause Black Wall Street expandin', yeah I bought three blocks
My CL so smooth, it should've came with Pete Rock
And let's not forget who made me hot
It was Dr. Dre that took me out the weed spot
You want credit, forget it, I did it on my own
Gave you 300 bars, then said I'm gone
But I'm back, this is rap and a fact is a fact
They say once you turn snitch, you never go back
Here's a picture of Ja Rule, motherfucker hold that
What goes around comes around, get used to the gold plaques
Homie got cheese, but he don't feed no rats
I show the world my dick if Lloyd Banks go plat
I'm lyrically insane, Lloyd Banks know that

He told me I was like a Big Daddy Kane throwback
Started with one brick, built my own company
And don't spread news about it unless it come from me
Guess who's the boss, nigga my squad deep
But Glasses Malone is not signed to Black Wall Street
Nigga don't, don't, don't, don't, don't believe the hype
Hear that Mike?
And don't be alarmed, this is not a diss
But misusing my logo kinda got me pissed
And I got enough beef, now Lil' Eazy dissin'
He don't write his own raps, so I gotta forgive him
I got love for ya pops and I always will
So on behalf of Eric Wright: my nigga, you gotta chill!
I'm the reason you new West Coast niggas got a deal
While I was doing mixtapes, they was watching College Hill
For real, you motherfuckers ain't got half my skill
I run this shit like OJ in pads for the bills
Trying so hard to be a gangster, nigga you see-through
Posing like 50 on the cover of the GQ
Button up shirt with the cut off sleeves
I got twin Desert Eagles, nigga suck on these
I got that CEO flow, yea my bars are sweet
Like Hova in Takeover, chewin' out Mobb Deep
Like Pac on Hit 'Em Up, chewin' out Mobb Deep
Don't one of you niggas got sickle? Fuck it, talk is cheap
When I see you, and I'm gonna see you
I'mma strip you down asshole naked and that's how I'mma leave you
Then I'mma find Havoc, make him walk through Queens nude
With Black Wall Street tattooed on his back
Nigga signed to G-Unit, now they bustin' guns
But last week it was: "My nigga Game! What up, dun?"
See, that's what the fuck I mean: you can't trust these rap niggas!
And you wonder why I always say "Fuck these rap niggas"?
So I'mma break it down for MC's and friends
If you don't hear your name, let the beef begin
Ain't got shit against Hov, I like the nigga's style
Nas is my nigga, I been bangin' him for a while
I fuck with Fat Joe, he got the streets locked
And that's the same reason I fuck with Kiss and D-Block
Place Eminem in the number three spot
And Snoop is like my big brother, we both raised by the Doc
Young Jeezy you hot, we both new to this
While I'm in the ATL, shout out to Ludacris
'Cause your uncle Scarface show me that crime pays
Just like Paul Wall got me sittin' sideways
And I can't forget about the homie Mike Jones
Who? Mike Jones, Skeet screw the fuckin' song
I fuck with Slim Thug and my nigga Bun B
Can't do that without saying "Free Pimp C!"
And that's the reason why 50 try to pimp me
So I went window shoppin' and bought two Bentleys
I'm in the drivers seat, motherfucker don't tempt me
Turnin' Spider Loc against me, 'cause you're scared to come get me
Cuz know what's up, Bloods still got love for 'em
Come to the block, I'll shake off the rug for 'em
As for G-unit, motherfucker it's a wrap
Ma\$e made it out alive, thank God for that
If Dipset don't get you, Jesse Jackson will
And if all else fails, I'll see you in hell
Wear that G-unit spinner when you come to L.A.
I have a nigga parkin' cars, dressed up like valet
He gonna turn back Pastor when the gun in his face
The real chain still in Chicago but I'm taking the fake

You can call who you want, I ain't givin' back shit
Unless Olivia show the whole world she got a dick
Can't sing to save her life, but she talk a lot of shit
And I want my ten G's 'cause Yayo caught a brick
I guess my G-Unot tattoo was a smart move
'Cause in the end you lost a hundred mill to a cartoon
Three years after you got tatted by Cartoon
The beef is over, G-Unit gonna fall apart... soon!

Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha!

Faggot ass niggas

I guess I win, nigga

Life is a game of chess, nigga

Some kings

Some queens

Lloyd Banks

Tony Yayo, Young Buck, Pastor fuckin' Ma\$e

You niggas is pawns

50

Or Boo Boo

Or Curtis

Or Chicken Little, ha-ha-ha

Stop Snitchin Stop Lyin

In stores December 6th

The DVD

It's a tell all motherfuckers

Yeah, my documentaries be better than your movies, nigga, ha-ha-ha

I drove by your house, nigga

Go buy the DVD

16.99, nigga

At your local record store, Blockbuster, Sam Goody

Warehouse

Shout out to the moms and pops, for helpin' me slay them faggots

G-gu-g-g-gu, G-gu-g-g-gu, G-gu-g-g-gu, G-Unot

Ha-ha-ha-ha

Pop off nigga, ha-ha-ha-ha, pop off nigga, pop off

It's me, The G

A

M

E

Gone