

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