I told you not to fuck with my gangsta
I swear to God I told him Mase
Prayin on my downfall since I came up
Young Buck, Olivia ain't safe
I'm riding through your neighborhood with my stainless
Yayo, I'm Outside your place
If I can't get you I'm fucking Lloyd Banks up
You know nigga look at my face

I told you not to mess with my gangsta I swear to God I told him Mase Prayin on my downfall since I came up Young Buck, Olivia ain't safe You told us that Ja Rule was a wanksta Yayo, I'm Outside your place Now the whole G-Unit camp is in danger It's The Game, nigga look at my face

First things first motherfuckin, stop tellin them lies It's easy to stretch the truth now that homo died In front of your grandma's house, right outside Nigga ran up on yo' shit and let off nine And Fifty knows homocide let off nine You ain't die cuz you only got shot 3 times 1 in the jaw, two in's and out's He was screaming that' shy they knocked his teeth out I've seen your medical reports you phony homie Look me in the eye's I tried to warn you homie A coward dies a thousand deaths in his vest I'll give you six more slug, you can add to the rest Till' everybody from NY wanna be from the west Kiss my converse bitch and take your last breath Cuz that G-Unit shit ain't gonna last You could sign Jesus Christ, he couldn't save your ass

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Mad cuz Shot Money had me working with the cops
You 5-0 nigga, that your name
Where I come from 5-0, that's some change
When your first album came out you left out some things
You get low like Bleek when them ratchets bang
Mase step inside the confessional booth
You turned your back on God, the devil got you spooked
You ain't Murder shit, you don't even got your own block
Takin orders from a snitch, who sleep with cops
and Little Curtis always lookin for a scam to pull
you ain't the real 50 Cent, you signed some bull
You got shot in the mouth once you still talkin' shit
Gap teeth in your mouth so my dick has got to fit
Now my nuts on your tonsils, my little kid is screaming GUNOT at your council

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