

# Magnum Force

U-God

Uh-huh, Jones, one-two, one-two  
G's up, you know who I am, Jones, the struggle  
New York's mine

Can it be it was all so simple  
Imagine me in the Porsche, when I spin thorough  
I lost my fitted when the wind blew  
Down in Miami, when we floss, no Winstons  
Looking for some ice cream, hooked on the night scene  
Way back when Eric B. was a 'mic fiend'  
What about the pipe fiends, got 'em in line  
Sell 'em all pipe dreams, I was on my grind  
Now I'm in my prime like 36 Chambers  
Pull through your block with like thirty-six rangers  
Don't say it, we dangerous, give a fair warning  
Party til the morning, to the last call  
Go hard, nigga, cause when it rain it starts pouring  
You a nigga sleep, like you snoring  
My niggas creep like they crawling  
Pray for you niggas, oh, lord, could you pray for this nigga?

See me ride and creep through the night in the fog  
Heat's to your skull, cause this time, it's on  
(It's a jungle out here) Nowhere to run, you in the eye of the storm  
Sing your goodbyes, cause this time, you're gone  
(Boy, we rumble out here) You want forgiveness, pray to the Lord  
You live by the sword, you die by the sword  
(It's a jungle out here) Kick down your door, show no remorse  
Ah, f\*\*k it, magnum force, get 'em

Yo, it's danger when the beat loops, hard like Sheek Louch  
God got a sweet tooth for white broads and fleetwoods  
Drive-by music, watch when the jeep swoop  
Three wolves jumped out, armored up, neat roof  
Them dudes eat fruit, pick it right, off the tree  
Deep roots in the street, that's right, I'm a G  
These boots don't walk from the Hill to France  
Dunn, shout out to dance hall, gorilla stance  
Make, killas glance, heads, start popping  
Police just watch, hoes, start clocking  
Foes can't block 'em, your spine is jelly  
But mine is gully, my insides is ugly  
And I shine with my hat low, behind the skully  
It's Zilla, Zilla, with the monster belly  
And my hands stay steady, I move in silence  
But I'm, ready to live, nigga, Christopher Wallace

Ok, uh, you ain't that hard to go against U-God  
Bitch, I keep squeezing til you dead or a retard  
Walk past your block with my glock and my iPod  
Hoodie over, bandana, and flip your little Rover over  
If it's a jungle, I'm a silverback, strip down it  
Aston Martin through the hood, fiends wipe down it  
Real hip hop, you looking for it, just found it  
It's like punishment, the way a nigga stay grounded  
Humble, but I rumble, bang you  
Throw up the W, niggas'll Wu-Tang you

D-Block, I let it pop for the G-O-D  
Mad bitches in the club, homey, you know me  
I got paper, I urinate a couple G  
Whitey's looking like, who he suppose to be?  
Don Gorilla, a/k/a Donny G  
Love crime, U-God, one more time, let's go