

G-UNIT LYRICS

"I Smell Pussy"

Son you smell that? What's that?
I smell pussy. Is that you Irv?
I smell pussy. Is that you Ja?
I smell pussy. Is that you Black?
I smell pussy. Is that you Tah?
Y'all niggas is pussy
I'm ballin' now nigga now watch me (watch me)
Ain't nothin' you can do to stop me (stop Me)
You niggas get so emotional (emotional)
You remind me of my bitch.
It's not in my nature to make a commitment so let me breathe,
But she doesn't understand catch attitudes when I leave her (leave her)
My old relations just make it harder for me to except her...
as my own she tries to tie up my phone and (phone and)
I'm not at home she's thinkin' that I'm not alone probably out tryin' to bone anything in the street
I let her know she can leave I ain't tryin to tie her up but see
it's hard to fuck with somebody after she touches me mami
I'm not your regular nigga I know the game (I know the game)
But I don't play by the rules I'm focusin' on my moves that way I'll never lose
See I can tell by your shoes if you attracted to Benz's with 22's
Say I confuse you play little tricks with your head
Catchin' feelin's ever since the first time I slept in your bed
I'm not here to tease you mislead you or mess up your dreams (nah)
I can't say I love you I dont know what that means
I'ma pimp.

[Chorus: (x2)]

Girl you know I like it when you climb on top
Love muscles feel tighter than a headlock
And you know I love the way you make the bed rock
Take me to extasy without taking Extasy

[Verse 2:]

When I first met her
I did anything to get her (what?)
Paid all her bills and filled the 'fridgeator (uh huh)
Reminisclin' on late nights when I try to lay up
but couldn't get off cause your baby would stay up
She even crashed the whip tryin' to switch in the third lane
That's when I realized this bitch was a bird brain
A pigeon writin' her baby pops in the box in the prison
Sing-sing is where he biddin'
She in the Gucci tights and Fendi high heels
Baby wipes and cans of Enfamil
Moter bike and grams of fish scale
It's a 9 to 5 niggas with no frills
Turnin' young niggas with princables to old men with debts
And all the prank calls was death threats that bitch had the best sex

All across the globe and the bitch head game was out of control

[Chorus: (x2)]

Girl you know I like it when you climb on top
Love muscles feel tighter than a headlock
And you know I love the way you make the bed rock
Take me to extasy without taking Extasy

[Verse 3:]

I'm wonderin' when I'm gone if you'll miss me (miss me)
or do you miss the Don Perion and the Cristy
I'm fuckin' with you
I'm feelin' your shape I'm feelin' your eyes
Later on I'm feelin' your ass and feelin' your thighs (come here baby)
Sweet heart your book smart and street smart (uh huh)
I knew you was my type from the very very start (yeah)
I'm into tongue kissin' and four play all day
Mama ain't home so the noise is okay
O.D.B you know he like it the raw way
Latex safe sex no hickeys on the neck
Now you learnin' (whoo)
The Lords blessin' makes me wiser as the world's turnin'
My tongue touch the right spot have your toes curlin'
Whether we're just kickin' it or sexin' (uh huh) I'm a pro baby girl I spit game to perfection (Yeah)
So when niggas make mistakes I correct them and
When niggas get out of line I check them man

[Chorus: (x2)]

Girl you know I like it when you climb on top
Love muscles feel tighter than a headlock
And you know I love the way you make the bed rock
Take me to extasy without taking Extasy

Yeah

Don't think I forgot about your fat ass though Irv
Runnin' around takin' pictures like you Puff Daddy and the family mothafucka
And that bitch Charli Baltimore bitch look like she died last week pale as fuck
Paint her hair red think she gone sell records tryin' to impersonate Pink and shit bitch
Punk ass mothafuckas
All you mothafuckas get wrote on nigga
Ain't no mothafuckas leave her alone cause she a bitch fuck that nigga.
Fuck all of it but not you Ashanti baby you know how I feel about you baby (kiss) come on come here girl
Come on gimme some love girl
Fuck Irv Gotti you know how me and you do baby *[laughs]*
You know they say I'm sexy now
Hey Irv your mama got a thing for me.

G-UNIT LYRICS

"Gangsta Shit"

[50 Cent - Talking]

Yeah, niggas talking all that gangsta shit
Acting like my money ain't no good in the hood, you know what I mean?
Fucking head blown off nigga, you know?

[Chorus x2]

They, they talking that
That gangsta shit
They ain't about that
Man, matter of fact
Hand me my strap
Show me where they at
I'll stop 'em from talking like that

[50 Cent]

I'm the topic in every barbershop and beauty salon
Cause these other niggas that rap ain't on the shit that I'm on
Cause 50 this, 50 that, 50 stay with a gat
Thirty-two shots in the clip, hollow tips in the Mack
But when I come through, shh... the talking stop
My money long now, I can make the Pope get shot
Now, we can blow an hour talking bout the stones I rock
All the hoes I got, cause he stunts in the drop
Now, naw, you love the kids, 50 on that killa shit
That been mobbed the bad man, bitchy as guerilla shit
I'm marking my music like diesel on the block
So if you with me you gon' eat and you gon' starve if you not
Weed smokers love me like they love Buddha
I'll send your kids through the shooter, Crip niggas love me like they love Hoova
They tell me see careful good, cause niggas wanna see like you
They ain't used to a G like you, BLAM!

[Chorus]

[Young Buck]

You think you a killer but we gon just pay 'em a visit
Put the potato in the barrel so nobody hear it
I keep a holster on my shoulder like I'm John Wayne
Shooting these niggas lights out like Lebron James
Holla my name, gimme a reason to see you bleeding
After you feel these hollow tips, nigga, then we eating
Full of anger until there's no more bullets in the chamber
Ain't nothing like when you get popped and don't know who to blame-a
Nigga told me, "Do your dirt all by your lonely"
So I go hit them niggas 'fore 50 couldn't even hold me
I'm waiting, anticipating to put a nigga under
Smoking like we some Jamaicans fucking with this ganja
Ride with no hesitation, retaliation is a must
Bad as I want to, some shit I just don't discuss

So point him out and watch how I knock him off
Everywhere you bitches go, I got a nigga watching ya'll, motherfuckers!

[Chorus]

[Lloyd Banks]

Come on, nigga, I ain't here to make no friends, just cut the checks
I got a long pump that'll put your stupid ass up in steps
Begging niggas don't understand though
Probably cause my hand glow when I'm anticipating the lambo
Lean out my bucket for niggas thinking they Rambo
You get one warning so I suggest you let your man know
These rap niggas portray to be tough, nobody acting soft
'Til they laid out in the hospital, eating applesauce
Usually for yapping off and turn apologetic
Waving a white flag, the danger they might have
My niggas buying so much ammo
If you reach in the couch for loose change, you'll probably feel on the handle
Holding sixteens to get your bandages and broke bones
So I suggest you get alarm systems in both homes
There's only one team on top, we number one with a glock
Fuck around and get your dumb ass SHOT!

G-UNIT LYRICS

"Groupie Love"

Yeah

G-unit

[Intro]

Ive been so many places
Ive seen so many faces
Girl you look like someone that ive done fucked before
Ive been around the world
Ive meet all kinds of girls
Girl you look like someone I done fucked on tour

[50 Cent (Singing)]

(Now everythings changed) Im rich bitch
(Youve done heard of my name) 50 cent bitch
(Ima p.i.m.p) Ima pimp bitch
(You done heard about me) Coz im the shit bitch
Now things change at first they didnt want me now they want me
See a nigga gettin payed they wanna push up on me
You see these hoes chasing a nigga
Have em in a hotel casing a nigga
Treat me like a lollypop, lick me baby

Then lick Dr. Dre and Shady

[Chorus]

Goupie love

Now gimme gimme gimme that groupie love
Now gimme gimme gimme that groupie love
When you see me in V.I.P with hoes around me
Man now give me that groupie love
Come gimme gimme gimme that groupie love
Come gimme gimme gimme that groupie love
Tonight you wanna fuck wiv me its alright with me
Come on an gimme that groupie love

[Tony Yayo]

Sometimes I rhyme slow sometimes I rhyme quick
Thats the reason these groupies is on my dick
Listen young and old these hoes is loose
Wintertimes the staircase summertimes the roof
Gimme 8 days in the 8th hommie im straight
Have a church girl on the bus move an wait
I got birds backstage the serious eye candy
I got birds in the hood so im in to birds with mary
My writing methods got me more hoes than Tyson Bedford
Icy necklace on the tour bus ass naked when I say jump
Bitch say how high and flag down a car when the shit drive by
Im a pimp like preety tone I got the info on the preety chrome
Fucking hoes over fifty four my name here weight you barely no
You on that R Kelly shit your bitch is barely grown

[Chorus]

Goupie love

Now gimme gimme gimme that groupie love
Now gimme gimme gimme that groupie love
When you see me in V.I.P with hoes around me
Man now give me that groupie love
Come gimme gimme gimme that groupie love
Come gimme gimme gimme that groupie love
Tonight you wanna fuck wiv me its alright with me
Come on an gimme that groupie love

GGGGG GGGGG G-unit

[Lloyd Banks]

Is shorty aint feelin me shorty must like girls
Cuz I'm all you need in your world
Bitch I can make you famous u dont know what your missin
I can change your mind if you listen
If the bitch dont like me the bitch must dont like men (like men)
I say what I want coz I can
If I didnt id be a liar
Mommy im on fire
Come ride with a rider
The crowd say you might catch the king with a singer
For touching my doorbells the only way ill put a ring on your finger

Give me a convo with two cups an
Im in your bedroom fucking up your sheets like the ku klux klan
I shook hands wiv my fans and fuck em
Im in the hallways tryin to duck em
So I can climb in to somethin
My names B-A-N-K dollar sign bitch
Im a bigme to make that switch
Now come gimmie that

[Chorus]

Groupie love

Now gimme gimme gimme that groupie love
Now gimme gimme gimme that groupie love
When you see me in V.I.P with hoes around me
Man now give me that groupie love
Come gimme gimme gimme that groupie love
Come gimme gimme gimme that groupie love
Tonight you wanna fuck wiv me its alright with me
Come on an gimme that groupie love

(Groupie love I love that shit)

[Outro]

Groupies come and groupies go
And they are allways at our show
So I grab me the tightest one and purseed straight to the mall
Shes so excited thats shes here with me that she feels she should pay here fee
And I did not disagree so she drouped down to her knees

[X3]

Groupie love
Yeah

G-UNIT LYRICS

"Poppin' Them Thangs"

[Hook X2]

[50 Cent]

Every hood we go through
All the gangstas around know my whole crew (Nigga what)
We hold it down like we supposed to
Nigga you can front if you want, we be poppin' them thangs

[50 Cent]

After the VMAs my baby momma cuss my ass out.
I kicked her ass we back friends like Puffy and Steve Stout
Cut the grass around my clique so I could see these sneaks
You see back in the hood it's cuz I see they fake
I preach a sermon about the paper like I'm creflo dollar

I'll pop you punk niggaz like I pop my collar
I'm confused; I like Megan, Monica, and Mya.
Missy's freaky and Brandy's shy, uh
Now take a look at how my lifestyle changed up.
I'm on now, god damn it I done came up.
Now you could find me with the finest hoes.
Choosin' which whip to drive by what match my clothes.
I got a fetish for the stones, heavy on the ice man
If I ain't gotta pistol on me, sure I gotta knife man
Get outta line and I'm lightin' your ass up.
Semi-automatic spray, I'll tighten your ass up (What)

[Hooks X2]

[Lloyd Banks]

Slow down little nigga
Don't exceed your speed
Cuz I will put g's on they fitted like the Negro league
I got connects so I don't need no weed
I've been in LA for a year now
So I don't see no seeds
After I'm done you clappin' the crew
Hell yeah, I fuck fans
Guess what your favorite rapper does too
In a minute I'ma have the jeweler makin' my rims spin
My crew run wild at the Jamaica's at Kingston
Nothin' but bling bling in ya face boy
That's why my neck shine like one of them shirts Puffy and Mase wore
I done find a nympho as soon as I pop a bra
She had my balls head first just like a soccer star
You can only stand next to the man if you proper
Ya'll take care of birds like a animal doctor
Been out and I'm buzzin' niggas just slept on me
So I'm out for revenge like one of bin laden's cousins

[Young Buc]

Read the paper, look at the news
We one the front page
Yeah we in the Bahamas with AK's on the stage
The ice and the Jacob watch make a broke nigga take somethin'
So I gotta keep the four fifth with no safety button
G-Unit getting' money
I know some artists is starvin'
But play the game like they rich to me this shit funny
I know you see me comin'
Cuz on the front of the Maybach
It say payback for those who hated on me
I hate when niggas claim they bangin' a gang
You ain't no cripp like snoop
You ain't no blood like game
See I've been having beef
I have my own bullet proof vest
Most of my enemies dead I got about two left
Until my last breath I'm sendin' niggas bullet holes

Innocent bystanders get hit tryin' to be heroes
You know how we roll
Every where that we go
It's fo' fos', calicos, and desert eagles (yeah)

G-UNIT LYRICS

"G-Unit"

[50 Cent]

Yeah! 50 Cent.. Lloyd Banks.. Young Buck...
G G G G G-Unit! Haha!

[Young Buck]

Vacate your home I come to break your bones
Americas nightmare we at it again
A desert eagle and a black mack 10
They'll never know what happened
When we come through, them cowards dont want none
They screamin' that they murderas but walkin' with no guns
Come hear nigga don't run and die where your standin'
See im holdin' on this cannon and your life i'm demandin'
Put the pipe to your melon and your brains on the pavement
These niggaz is talkin' thinkin' security gon' save 'em
Nobody gon' speak when homicide pay a visit
Look you right in the eyes and tell ya "we don't know who did it"
Corrupted by street corner by shootin' at the police
The feins up all night, and the neighbors gettin' no sleep
You betta get used to it you know how we do it
Shady Aftermath Interscope and G-Unit.

[Chorus - 50 Cent:]

We got action where you don't
Show up places where you won't
G-Unit, *[50 Cent]* G-G-G-G, G-Unit

[50 Cent]

Now I told ya'll on my first Dre joint I am loco
Betta than so-so, the games in the choke hold
Diss me is a no-no I perfected the slow flow
In D.C. they dance the go-go
In L.A. they ride on low-low's
G-Unit in the house, oh no
You ain't ready it's heavy
65 chevy
Old school rollin' im holdin'
20 inches spinnin' from the beginnin' we winnin'
Gainin' his masculinity pimpin' we not pretendin'
Drop top glock cocked ready for the drama
Pistol's pop cop shot i'm heavy with them llama's
Non stop make it hot, we on top regardless

You can be the hardest
We'll just be the smartest
I warn you not to start us
We're not your average artists
My bitch is like a goddess
When paparazzi spot us
Cause flick after flick, same old shit that I kick, haha!

[Chorus]

[Lloyd Banks]

Guess who's back mothafucka gun and a clip
Ready to smack up on these suckas that's runnin' they lip
You can try any one of my shoes on none of 'em fit
Your hundreds is shorter I'll tell your pops his son is a daughter
All I need is some cigars and a quarter, a couple cars and a lawyer
Counter packin' a bitch, and I'll be back with a hit
I'm that sick, Who the hell you thought it was
I got expensive habits, I can't afford it cause
G-Unit is poppin' and we perform in all the clubs
Niggas be shovin' and pushin' as someone is gooshin' surprise
She's givin' up the buns on her cushion
Sweatin' and screamin' suckin' me off the rest of the evenin'
And i'm leavin', on to the next city
Stashbox in the bus to I can bring the tecks with me
I gotta go cause I'm gettin' older, you niggas ain't gettin' over
G-U-NIT

G-UNIT LYRICS

"My Buddy"

[Chorus: 50 Cent]

My buddy, my buddy
Wherever I go, he go
My buddy, my buddy
You can run for your life I'll stick 'em out the window
My buddy, my buddy
I lay your ass out mothafucka is simple
Stay in your place I recommend or say hello to my little friend

[Lloyd Banks]

Everywhere I go I gotta tag along
Cause my buzz gettin' strong And they mad I'm on
He ride with me when I pass the mall
And wait for me on the bench when I run a game of basketball
One squeeze will make a bastard fall
Gasp and crall
You need a bulletproof vest mask and all

Bring your buddy when it's time to roam (why?)
Cause I got hit the last time I left mine at home
My hand bling full of platinum the shine is chrome
He even got closet space inside of my home
He ain't never been broke he glitchless
So reliable I bought him a rubber coat for Christmas
Infared beam in the scope for distance
The best company when approaching business
He who ride with me to the end
We all gotta friend
And mine is a G-U-N.

[Chorus: 50 Cent]

My buddy gotta temper he dyin' to pop off
Last time he did the cops had the block all locked off
Take them with me to hustle stashed him in the trash can
My finger tips sore for four hours I bagged grams
She meet him his destination hell or heaven
Cause I only bring em out for that 187
He dont have a heart I just keep feeding him shells
He get it poppin' in the hood so his name ring bell
Ms. Jones stay on the third floor she call the cops on me
They came I ran I had to toss my other little homie
Niggas they all got new friends so they stay in there place kid
I stay screamin' on niggaz and beatin' up base heads
These niggaz sayin' doley just like they pretend
Keep fuckin' around they gon say hello to my little friend.

[Chorus: 50 Cent]

[Young Buc]

We been through it all yet we both still livin'
We been in a box but we both still spittin'
And when there was beef you even played your position
Got under the seat until we spotted our victim
At first they wouldn't listen to they heard you go off
Remember it was broad daylight in the middle of New York
And little did they know we was ready for war
Bet that nigga wished he'd never stick his head out the door
See whenever you come out something happen on the block
You the reason that nigga done stop rappin' like Pac
People see you ain't run and you even say shit
They just know you ain't nothin' to play wit
Stay wit 16 homies and one in the hole
When the first one get out the next one go
To know where your headed you gotta know where you been
The glock stay with me we friends till the end.

G-UNIT LYRICS

"Lay You Down"

[Intro: 50 Cent]

G-Unit, they ain't ready
AHHHH!

[Hook: 50 Cent]

I don't know what you been thinkin, don't know what you been drinkin
But you get outta line boy, I'll lay your ass DOWN
Don't know what you been thinkin, don't know what you been drinkin
But you get outta line boy, I'll lay your ass DOWN

[Verse 1: 50 Cent]

I've been out in LA with Dre and Snoop for so long
I'm fin ta Crip walk and put some mo'herfucking khakis on
Naw that's aight man I ain't got nothin to prove
I'm rich but I still live like I got nothin to lose
Look man, I don't know what you been drinkin I don't know what you been thinkin
But get outta line and it's oops upside ya head
The media they write whatever they choose
And the cops stay on my ass so I stay on the news
These other rap niggas couldn't walk in my shoes
Went through a bunch of bullshit while I was paying my dues
They say my music make a gangsta wanna pop somethin
Well tell them niggas to get poppin & stop frontin
You heard of me but do you know how I get down
Stay with a vest on, roll wit a couple tre-pounds
In case you motherfuckers wanna jump bad now
I'll start some bullshit and I'ma lay ya punk ass down

[Hook: 50 Cent]

I don't know what you been thinkin, don't know what you been drinkin
But you get outta line boy, I'll lay your ass DOWN
Don't know what you been thinkin, don't know what you been drinkin
But you get outta line boy, I'll lay your ass DOWN

[Verse 2: Young Buck]

Hittin niggas from long range for writin the wrong thangs
My name YOUNG BUCK but I look like a old mayn
Just cuz I like ice don't compare me to Lil Wayne
I make rap niggas dissapear like Lil Zane
See Buck been shot, but not more than 50
I don't dance, what I look like signin wit Diddy?
I got plans, grenades and the G-Unit wit me
And on command, we spray give a fuck who we hittin
What's in my hand? A tan bout a hundred and sixty
Hollow tips, four-fifths with the rubber grip
Crips & Bloods they show me love like I'm claimin a set
These industry niggas know they better pay me my check
I get a kick outta seein these broke ass rappers
Ten people showed up that's why your show got cancelled

50 whatever they did to the kid is handled
Niggas callin for these features but they get no answers
FUCK Y'ALL NIGGAS

[Hook: 50 Cent]

I don't know what you been thinkin, don't know what you been drinkin
But you get outta line boy, I'll lay your ass DOWN
Don't know what you been thinkin, don't know what you been drinkin
But you get outta line boy, I'll lay your ass DOWN

[Bridge: 50 Cent]

Everywhere we go, just leaves number one
We won't stop, every billboard chart (we number one, number one, number one)
Man we own that slot, we won't stop

[Hook: 50 Cent]

I don't know what you been thinkin, don't know what you been drinkin
But you get outta line boy, I'll lay your ass DOWN
Don't know what you been thinkin, don't know what you been drinkin
But you get outta line boy, I'll lay your ass DOWN

[Verse 3: Lloyd Banks]

A bitch know it's a privilege if I stop to check her
Nigga all I got is hot shit the kids call me Dr. Pepper
And I don't mean a soda
The 16 top shot loader'll bend ya ass up like yoga
Your fuckin wit a soldier
I'm sellin tickets for a first class trip to a hospital folder
So please keep talkin
So we can spread your feet, and have you on your boulevard C-Walkin
The birds keep hawkin, why?
Cuz I'm burnin every CD and Walkman from D.C. to Boston
I laugh at a snotty chick, bitch I don't argue
I'll leave a print in your ass from a karate kick
Them niggas that Javey wit, got guns on the big body tip
And if they pull out you'd prolly shit
Jewelry got me in heavy gray pictures
Plus I light up trees like every day's Christmas

G-UNIT LYRICS

"G'd Up"

[Chorus: 50 Cent]

Ain't it amazing how crazy the hood dun made me feel like my emotions are froze i stay "G'd Up", its
tha things tha i dun seen and the shit ive been through that made my heart turn cold i stay
"G'd Up",Im a gangsta ya find out fo sho if u eva step on my toes I stay "G'd Up", when im
hangin' out tha window wit that AK fillin ya punk ass wit holes

[50 Cent]

Cocaine, heroin, extacy, marijuana, im new on that greyhound from NY to the Carolina, paper chase different name, same face dont catch a case, my road dogs on parole his baby gurls 4 years old, we play tha block pistol cop, u could shoot or get shot kill u for ur crack spot take everything your ass got, semi-automatics spray, bust back or run away, niggaz talkin in the hood we'll handle this another day, in November u make my shit, u should b dead, if u can catch a Christmas,ill send u a gift,niggaz will come and leave yo ass twisted,them hollowtips shells burn baby burn,see niggaz get merked up,N babies born make tha 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 whats goin around me muthafuckas want me dead i go wit a smile on my face,witness my time kid

[Chorus]

[Lloyd Banks]

lil nigga I dun paved the way,yall should thank e'm,but if u think otherwise bring ya boy over here so i could spank e'm,ill put a end to your career bitch (bitch),before u speak on 50,buy fourty in a spare clip, these niggaz gassed up gettin to used to rap like i wont give them more blood clots than supercat,niggaz will snatch ya im like a bat catcher ill give em signs and they'll throw something at ya, round here niggaz die off hydro and even when it aint tha 4th of July it sound like pyro,u smart enuff to creep n lay ur dumb brains down the pound will spin u down like tha young James Brown (yeah) i know im hot but hey (hey) im icy to rocks will hit u from a block away like a beat from Dr.Dre we takin' over this year case tha soldiers is here everyone knows its a scare (yeah)!

[Chorus]

[Young Buck]

my popa never bothered to show me what it was to be a man he just pop another bottle n smoke up a half a gram,i would hop in my Impala and ride all throught tha night that gave my homeboy life so when u do it do it right,my fingernails still filled with cocaine residue,i still got tha heart to go bust me ahead or 2 (fo sho)no other soulution u think we hollerin n hooptin' until u wake up n u gotta here about these shootings,i take a bullet from mah vooz n put tha clip in my pocket before i take another bullet im gonna pull it and pop it (blaaatt)and if its beef my nigga then let your guns do tha talkin' the graveyard has got plenty room for a coffin (haha)they say we responsible for boostin tha crime rate they say we tha reason these young niggaz is buying weight but im gonna keep this glock on my waist till my dyin'days its "Nuttin But A G Thang" G-Unit And Dr.Dre

G-UNIT LYRICS

"Beg For Mercy"

G G G, G G G-Unit
No peace talks, no white flags
No mercy, I'm gettin yo ass

[50 Cent]

Niggas done heard about my click how we stay wit the toastas
Blood in, blood out, la kostra nostra
You don't wanna bang wit the best
I'll have Doc removin fragments from your chest

They say God's a forgivin' man, I hope he forgive
Thirty shells I let off don't curse my kid
They say Fifty done blew up, Fifty you changed
Nigga you stunt, I pull out
And you see I'm that same nigga that when he start to roar
I think he's flyin
Eight outta eight on movin targets
You run? You still dyin
Check my resume, I am oh so loco
Mama ain't raise no chump, I don't talk no pocco

[Chorus - 50 Cent/Lloyd Banks]

Sticks and stones may break bones and the shells may hurt me
But I take it like a man, you beg for mercy
Keep your eyes wide open, nigga's lookin for it too
Shit is real 'round here, you surrounded by crooks

Sticks and stones may break bones and the shells may hurt me
But I take it like a man, you beg for mercy
Keep your eyes wide open, nigga's lookin for it too
Shit is real 'round here, you surrounded by crooks

[Young Buck]

There once was some niggas that tried to murda me
I hit em up, put em in plastic surgery
This 4-5 has made a lot of guys apologize
The truth come out, 'stead of hearin' a lot of lies
Some niggas catch a case and then claim they hard
A couple chest wounds will make a nigga change his heart
I just play my part, and while you shootin up cars
I'm smokin' niggas like a Cuban cigar
Let's get it poppin'

[Chorus]

[Lloyd Banks]

I'm tired of you niggas with your maybe beef
We gonna be here forever, you're temporary like baby teeth
I'm in and out the night clubs, A-D-D
Dark blue Benz, navy seats, eighty sneaks
These niggas tellin' out the blue
So you hang em off the bridge
At least they'll have to helicopter you
The Jimmy lived in the bags, the Bell or Hop will do
I rap for the neighborhood niggas that failed in high school
You can tell I came a long way in my sense, home grown
That's why them little niggas in the projects love me
You provide the beat downs for free, I paid my dues
I don't even freestyle for free
I gave em a break, flew over seas
But it's kinda hard to get homie-sick when there's blue in the trees
Sit back and try to play your role wit the copies
I put more staples in yo ass than a telephone pole, Yea

G-UNIT LYRICS

"Salute U"

General, I salute you
I'll put a hole in any nigga tryna shoot you
It ain't nothing 'cause loyalty is what I'm used to
And what I don't do, I'll have one of my troops do
Nigga we'll kill you

I'm ready for combat, a solider on the frontline
Take me to the streets, nigga mothafuck a punchline
It only take one time, for you to send a death threat
And watch these bullets have that ass singing like Keith Sweat

You ain't met me yet
I been camouflaged in the bushes
And I'm co-signing Fifty, 'cause them niggas all pussies
Bustin' shots at ya convoy
You don't want war

No surrender, no retreat, this is Vietnam boy
Check my war wounds, I done took a couple for the team
Only niggas that been on the battlefield know what I mean
Take cover we coming, pulling pins outta grenades
You won't make it to the general, without getting sprayed
Might as well say "Hello" to my brand new little friend
Only time he come out, to put holes in grown men
You continue troops and get 'em all blowed back
Walk up on 'em with a deuce-deuce and nigga all that, what!

General, I salute you
I'll put a hole in any nigga tryna shoot you
It ain't nothing 'cause loyalty is what I'm used to
And what I won't do, I'll have one of my troops do
Nigga we'll kill you

General, I salute you
I'll put a hole in any nigga tryna shoot you
It ain't nothing 'cause loyalty is what I'm used to
And what I won't do, I'll have one of my troops do
Nigga we'll kill you

Look nigga, I suggest you go home
'Cause I won't hesitate to let the chrome touch ya
Nigga I'm never scared like Bone Crusher
Stand alone, provide my own supper
Tell ya baby mama stop coming around here or I'm gon' fuck her
Don't tryta pick up for them lames around you
You get shots for free, like I fragant fouled you
I'm on the road blowing grade A haze and brown
Got niggas running like the KKK's around
My album's coming, a new year's approaching
My buzz getting bigger, my few ears is open
Can ya team play in the game without you their to coach 'em

There's a very fine line between a pool and the ocean
Sometimes I'm in Atlanta where they make head bounce
And you can come, but after you give Banks head, bounce
These niggas really want war, 'cause if so
Get on your vest, 'cause all you gotta do is say that

General, I salute you
I'll put a hole in any nigga tryna shoot you
It ain't nothing 'cause loyalty is what I'm used to
And what I won't do, I'll have one of my troops do
Nigga we'll kill you

General, I salute you
I'll put a hole in any nigga tryna shoot you
It ain't nothing 'cause loyalty is what I'm used to
And what I won't do, I'll have one of my troops do
Nigga we'll kill you

G-UNIT LYRICS

"Baby U Got"

[50 Cent]

Ahhhhhh! G-Unit!

[Intro/Chorus - 50 Cent]

Baby you got, you got, you got, you got what I want
Baby you got, you got, you got, you got what I need
Now shake that thang
Shake it, shake it, shake it, shake it up
Girl shake that thang
Shake it, shake it, shake it, shake it up

[Chorus - 50 Cent]

Baby you got
Hips that hypnotize
When you walk I can't help but watch you shake
I love the way you shake (Baby you got)
Hips that make a nigga fantasize
I could spend a day lost in your eyes (Baby you got)
Some kind of control on me
Feels like you got a hold on me (Baby you got)
My imagination running wild
Infatuated with your physical, damn, I like your style

[Verse 1 - 50 Cent]

It's something about your style, it's something about your smile
It's something about you making me want you right now
If you don't like me, then don't listen to me
Lord knows I spit that G that have you coming out your clothes
I'm a professional when I become sexual

You need a chaperone to bring your girlfriend next to you
Don't it sound like phone sex, kinky, when I talk switch the slang
Partner, tell that nigga from New York, shorty
Come ride on my roller coaster
Porn star stamina, I try not to damage ya
Unlimited tongue action 'til you're climaxin'
Foreplay, you can have it your way
I follow directions, whoa, your jiggling baby
Back shots have your whole back wiggling crazy
After sipping on Nightrain, that potent pipe game
I have you saying "slow down baby"

[Chorus]

[Verse 2 - Young Buck]

Baby it's hard to look and don't touch
Girl the way you strut and dressed in your Von Dutch
I don't know if it's your lips or your hips that got me
Or the way that ass bounce when you move your body
I'm parked outside in the blue Denali
There's room for two, just me and you, if you 'bout it
Ice from Tiffany & Co., Norma Kamali footwear
I spend g's, I'm a G, that's a good look girl
You need a thug that can handle that
One dose'll make you go and put my name on your back
Whenever you pass through, whatever they ask you
Just tell em you my boo, and show em your tattoo, ooohh
Don't hurt nobody baby
When you drop to the ground and drive me crazy
I done been around the world, and I finally found ya
Now back that ass up and let me get behind ya (ahhh!)

[Chorus]

[Verse 3 - Lloyd Banks]

Baby you've got a hell of a first impression
Making me wanna ask you a personal question
Like "Are you flexible?" and "How do you like it?"
Give me a little input, I'm not a psychic
Cuz you can exit as soon as you get the ok
You got a body like Nicole Ray, hey
I need a drink, I'll be right back
But before I go, do that little dance, yeah, just like that
It's late, I have to score, "This blue drink tastes good, don't it?"
"Sure it does, now have some more"
I'm deep, but she got her ladies wit her
So bring em, I'll call ya a babysitter
So we can hit the hotel, motel, Holiday Inn
I'm contemplatin' how my time's spent
Cuz I'm bent, and I'm as hard as a brick, love
You move like you work in a strip club

G-UNIT LYRICS

"Smile"

[50 Cent]

Yeah, this somethin special y'know, somethin epic
Lloyd Banks, you know
Cause a nigga thuggin don't mean he don't
Don't wanna see you smile baby

[Intro: 50 Cent]

Wooo! I wanna be the reason you smile
I wanna be the reason you smi-ile
I wanna be the reason you smile
After you wipe away your tears and dry your eyes

[Verse One: Lloyd Banks]

I'm gettin the feelin you wanna take revenge
From the conversations we have and the way it ends
You wanna discuss me in front of your lady friends
That's why it's just me and my Mercedes Benz
It all depends, maybe if we make amends
We can start from scratch
Learn to control your temper and remarks in fact
We plan to be platonic with our hearts in tact
So everytime we seperate, somebody's marchin back
You're amazing in the sack
Eyes slanted like you're Asian, but you're black
God Bless whoever gave you alla that
If you seen her from the back
You'd understand why dis feel like that
And ain't a flaw to her toes, the Lord knows
Her pussy good enough to miss award shows
And I ain't gotta say nothin, she just knows
By the way I look at her to take off all her clothes
Up and down

[Chorus: Lloyd Banks + (50 Cent)]

Whenever I'm not around, and you feelin down
Let the thought of me be (I be the reason you smile)
I don't wanna see you frown, like them kids watch a clown
I wanna bring you joy and be (I be the reason you smile)
Baby, you know my style, you know how I get down
I provide by any means to be (I be the reason you smile)
We done been through ups and downs, had drama for a while
I'm just happy I'm around to be (I be the reason you smile)

[Verse Two: Lloyd Banks]

The main reason I been lookin at you pitiful
What about the half of this shit I done did to you
Violated and tip toed into a crib or two
I've come clean to be a bigger individual
Even though you're busy boo, the evening's when I visit you

Kinda makes me feel lucky, cause I see niggaz
when you tease 'em with your physical
She wanna rack up her brooms, I ain't got no more room left
Wild drama, section 8 princess
My foreign chick bad, but she been stressed
Cause it's hard to communicate
Cause she don't speak-a no english
I been around the world from state to state
But now I'm back bustin in your bathroom
Got you laughin in your shower cap, let's get it on
Cause I'm leavin in a hour, fly-through, don't matter she's mad
Even when I holla back
All I really need your attention for a while
And, I bet you I can make you smile

G-UNIT LYRICS

"Eye For Eye"

[Chorus]

Nigga you shit on me , i'll shit on you
You put a hit on me, i'll put a hit on you
A eye for an eye nigga
Survive the shots or die nigga

[Lloyd Banks]

You can't roll wit me i'm Lloyd Banks the one and only
Not your buddy, not your pal, not your homie
There ain't a government around that can control me, ohhh no
I'm on that doggy style shit, man i don't love a hoe
Pappa wasn't around so i had to let my brother know,
Never stay in center, play the back and let your money grow,
Most them nigga wouldn't be around if you was bummy yo,
South side jamaica nigga yeah thats where i come from,
If you see a nigga with me then theres more than one gun,
Five straight soldier ain't that tired of being the dumb one,
Or even satisfied being another niggas dun-dun,
We all know friendships turn sour when you gettin it,
Some niggas hate me in the hood but i don't owe them niggas shit,
Smilein' all up in my face like i don't know them niggas sick,
But i can care less, i'm on the album and i'm gettin' rich.

[Chorus]

Nigga you shit on me , i'll shit on you
You put a hit on me, i'll put a hit on you
A eye for an eye nigga
Survive the shots or die nigga

[Young Buck]

Walkin' and talkin' spit it how i live it nigga,
Came from the country, dirty south get it nigga,
Feds tryin to question me, they run up in my hotel,
They said there wasn't shootin', but they found no shells,
New york city, hell they throwin' niggas under jails,
I got love for them and i ain't even from there,
Now bust a shot for them boys on the block,
I can feel your pain nigga,
I'm still in the game nigga,
There somethin' bout the sound of a trey-pound,
That make me pull up, hop out and make a nigga lay down,
See every time we round' ya hear some shots go off,
And niggas get there chains snatched when they try and show off,
Shoot outs in broad day we do it the mob way,
And come to find out these niggas is softer than Sade,
I'mma keep livin my life with a pistol in my palm and a wrist full of ice,
You can call me the don.

[Interlude: singing]

We got the Hei-ny
So make one wrong move and you're dying
Ain't no time for coppin a plea and crying
Cause my niggaz ain't gon' stop ridin'
So you gone

[Chorus]

Nigga you shit on me , i'll shit on you
You put a hit on me, i'll put a hit on you
A eye for an eye nigga
Survive the shots or die nigga

[50]

I got a hand gun habit, nigga front i'll let ya have it,
When the shots go off cops sayin 50 back at it,
I'm allergic to the feathers on these bird ass niggas,
Front and i'll put ya brains on that curbed fence nigga,
I ain't a marksman my spark and i'll spray shit,
Enough rounds for the Hk i don't play bitch,
Move like i'm militant back on that gorilla shit,
Moody, disrespectful, i'm ruley but niggas can't move me,
I squeeze till i run outta ammo, if it's a problem it's handled,
I'll have your people pourin' out liquor and lightin' candles,
You fuck around i'll blow your brains on my new york times,
Run home turn to the sports section and read your mind,
It's crystal clear you should feel when that gat bust,
First it's crime scene tape then you end up in that black hurst,
We don't go to funerals but we'll go to your wake fam,
View your body all banged up, you made a mistake man.

[Chorus X2]

Nigga you shit on me , i'll shit on you
You put a hit on me, i'll put a hit on you
A eye for an eye nigga
Survive the shots or die nigga