

# 50 Cent, Eye For Eye

50 Cent]

Yeah, I like the way this feel  
This make me wanna just (G-G-G-G, G-Unit!)  
Buck somethin, hahaha (G-UNIT!)

[Chorus: 50 Cent]

Nigga you shit on me, I shit on you  
You put a hit on me, I put a hit on you  
An eye for an eye nigga  
Survive the shots or die nigga

[50] Get 'em Banks!

[Verse One: Lloyd Banks - singing]

They can't hold me  
I'm Lloyd Banks the one and on-ly  
Not your buddy, not your pal, not your ho-mey  
But ain't a government around that can control me  
Oh no!!!

[rapping]

Uhh, I'm on that 'Doggystyle' shit, man I don't love a hoe  
Poppa wasn't 'round, so I had to let my brother know  
Never stay at center, play the back and let your money grow  
Most them niggaz wouldn't be around if you was bummy yo  
Southside Jamaica neighbor yeah that's where I come from  
If you see a nigga with me then there's more than one gun  
Fly straight soldier, ain'tcha tired of bein the dumb one  
Or are you satisfied bein another nigga's Dun-Dunn  
We all know friendships turnin sour when you gettin it  
Some niggaz hate me in the hood, but I don't owe them niggaz shit  
Smilin all up my face like I don't know them niggaz sick  
But I can care less, I'm on the Island and I'm gettin rich

[Chorus]

[Verse Two: Young Buck]

Walk it and talk it, spit it how I live it nigga  
Came from the country, Dirty South get it nigga  
Feds try and question me, they run up in my ho-tel  
They said there was a shootin, but they found no shells  
New York City hell they throwin niggaz under jails  
I got love for dem and I ain't even from dere  
Now bust a shot for dem boys on da block  
I can feel your pain nigga, I'm still in the game nigga  
There's 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, you hear some shots go off  
And niggaz get they chains snatched when they tryin to show off  
Shootouts in broad day, we do it the mob way  
And come to find out, these niggaz softer than Sade'  
I'ma keep livin my life with a pistol in my palm  
And a wrist full of ice, you can call me a Don motherfucker

[Interlude: singing]

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

[Chorus]

[Verse Three: 50 Cent]

I got a handgun habit, nigga front I'll let you have it  
When the shots go off, cops sayin 50 back at it  
I'm allergic to the feathers on these bird-ass niggaz (yea)  
Front and I'll put your brains on that curb fast nigga  
I ain't a marksman, one spark and I spray shit  
Nuff rounds from that H-K, I don't play bitch (uh-huh)  
Move like I'm militant, back on that gorilla shit  
Moody, disrespectful, unruly, but niggaz can't move me (yea)  
I squeeze 'til I run out of ammo, if it's a problem it's handled  
I have your people pourin our liquor and lightin candles  
You fuck around I 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 there's crime scene tape, then you end up in that black hearse  
We don't go to funerals, but we'll go to your wake fam  
Do your body all banged up, you made a mistake man

[Chorus]