

G-Unit, 187 Ya Yo

[50 CENT:]

G G G G G-Unit. 50 Cent nigga Tony Yayo (yeah)

(Drop That Shit)

Yeah and it don't stop,
I do a 187 on yo' motherfuckin block
Yeah and it don't quit,
It's G-Unit in yo? motherfuckin' ass bitch

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[TONY YAYO:]

They say good things will happen to those who wait
Shorty stuck in the game still slingin? weight
None of that's yo? life that ten in the brown
For XL six or seven fo? pound

Suede seats is hot but Italian leather is better
And with camera's in the mirror nigga cars costs cheddar
I'm on first class flights with flying cooks
Cuz my verse sound nice when they flyin' hooks

Now im blowin' weed-o in Beverly Hills
Some bad free hoes in the Montreal
Next year it's the new Hummer
Stash box with the llama drive through in the blue data bomba

Heaven or Hell will prevail when I'm a goner
Cuz I Eat up tracks Like Hannibal and Dahma
I'm the first one out, and last one on the cORner
This life is a hustle any day you be a goner

P89 Ruger with the silence off
Little clipper sellin' spitballs goin' through straws
We got plenty of rap sheets but not on sale
We even got dillingers that hold shotgun shells

These rappers is talkin' 'bout bricks in they rhymes
You never did shit but some Mickey Mouse crimes
I don't respect it my work is never watered down
So on the first I get more checks than Nike town

Swingin' 31 Money's I been on the block
Since nigga's did the snake runnin' man in the walk
When I was 15 I didn't want no workin papers
I worked the strip all night, servin' niggers

Listen nigga, We live like Italians in jail
I got CO's bringin' cell phones to my cell
Get rich in the game, niggas out to get you
Fill you ass up with led turn yo' ass to a pencil

I jumped out with the Ruger rapid fire
I had you on the run like Omar on the wire
I'm the only rapper you know that stay on the run
I'm the only rapper you know that stay with a gun

I'm a hustla' OG's love to hate
Cuz I got old school money put away in a safe
You can catch me in the hood where that dope and coke at

Or you can catch me in cali in the Hollywood throwback

I'm a bail jumper, you know them fish scale pumper
Fuck judge wong he gon' catch me on the corner
Nigga make poor attacks, homie ya owe me
You wanna rap we can battle for yo' see through rollie

I begin in a mansion stripin' the models
The bathroom's so far you gotta piss in a bottle
There's too many Indians and not enough chiefs
Why you buy all the gun's if you ain't got enough beef

The shit I spit will cause an all out riot
In my new 4 fifth will cause a hollow tip die
Im the type to tie up your lady, gun butt your baby
Im like the mob nigga fuck you pay me

Im'a hide my assets, and disappear
Make a quick 20 mil and vanish in thin air
I've finished my work now its time to cop
And meet that Chinese lady at the baggage spot

I Need 12 12's
And 58 58's
Cuz I got 8 sales
And they all gon' wait motherfucka
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