

G-Unit, A Little Bit Of Everything

(Skip)

Everytime I'm in the kitchen, you in the kitchen
Let me finish this brick, 'fore you put that fish in
Listen, I know we just came from fishin
But I'm on a mission, you see, there's money that I'm missin
I got 'em posted, so the move and I'm gonna murder y'all
You and all the trouble goin through by servin y'all
And only cause my man heard of y'all
Other than that, shit, y'all won't get served at all

(Tony Yayo)

I went from oodles and noodles to lobster and shrimp
I went from bare bubble coats, to brand new minks
And yo my neck upgraded, my wrist's upgraded
I stay C of F, I ain't got time for Jacob
I'm still on the strip, tryin to get my grims off
Nigga tryin to flip and its a Mexican stand off
I put a hole in your grill, with the nine mil
Dressed in all black, lookin for souls to steal

(Chorus) - 2X

Little bit of dust, little bit of cocaine
Little bit of dro, little bit of heroine
A little bit of ecstasy
That's why your bitch want to be next to me
We sell a little bit a everything

(Young Buck)

I put the two Mags, up to your doo rag
And rockaby baby, I'm in the blue Jag with new tags, in case you wanna chase
I never knew that, the impact, comin up out a Desert Eagle
A make a nigga wob and wiggle screamin call my people
We got these fiends pourin liters, and they shootin needles
Need to be takin your connection, cause we got it cheaper
Shit I ain't new to this, I met this air stewardess
Who knows the ins and outs on how to get it in and out, nigga

(Lloyd Banks)

Ya if I put a dress code all black, nine hows and a laser
And the party is an ink pen, bottle, or a razor
Your hollerin for praise ya, catch me in the hood with a model named Taysha
And the swallow game major
These cowards ain't gangsta, they tellin you lies by sellin you dreams
And they ain't fill ins, they fiends
Plus they rat, and it's too hot to chill in the sun
My pops 39 years old, and still on the run

(Chorus)

(Juvenile)

Wodie what you want, you want dope, you want coke
Wodie what you want, you want X, you want dro
Shit you got beef, I got a tec and a fo'
You feelin' hot and moist, I even get you a ho
If you don't got no whip, I get you a car
If you don't got no skills, I get your some more
My nigga we don't cut it, we serve it raw
Got anythin you want, play us awful hard

(50 Cent)

My 22's bling, so niggaz scheme
745i clean, this little shell nigga, f**k a triple beam
Coffee pot to cook coke, Joe to smoke, I was born to loc
Method cut the coke, 50 no joke

I ain't "Scarface", no women, no kids, I don't give a f**k
Better teach that bitch, and that little nigga to duck
With a P-90 Ruger, I put shots all through ya
If you survive you gonna feel what talent do to ya

(Chorus)