

G-Unit, Angels Around Me

[50 Cent:]
G Unit ha ha

[Chorus: 50 Cent]
Some shots'll happen to go off tonight
Don't worry about me I'll be alright
Niggas can waste ammo firin' at me
Cause i'm god's child theres angels around me

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[Verse 1: Young Buck]
Life begins and then you die this couldn't be worse
I either don't eat this week or snatch this purse
Clip hangin' out the side of my parka now
My eyes blood shot red, i'm high but lets ride
I ain't scared if I die it was meant to be
He might send for you before he send for me
Gun butt you with the back of the Berretta
The three fifty seven
Or the black Mac-11
We drive bulletproof coupes nigga go on and take your shot
We used to shoot hoops nigga, now we shoot up blocks
Got them shells with them green tips just for ya'll
You can run but they comin' through them concrete walls
Banks drop me off and show me where he live at
Think he tough, i'm a put six in his six pack
When you hear that click clack bitch, better get back quick
One to the chest make niggas do back flips

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[Verse 2: Lloyd Banks]
You don't think I know you niggas want me to get murked?
Down, lowered in the dirt
And all black with a buttoned down shirt
Co-recieving the dome
But little niggas don't get to see Disney Land and settle for a funeral home
You don't need holes to know that the leads hot
I'm prepared for anything tonight as long as its not a head shot
The bigger the rim the bigger the tire
Hollow tips'll make you feel like the nigga on fire
Everybody got to go its the truth
So I figure while i'm waitin' on my turn i'm a blow up the booth
I've seen niggas in wheel chairs, eye patches and crutches
Arm slings, that came home to haze and dutches
We can go there but need I shoot
Put some holes in your Fila suit
You probably hurl when you see my coupe
I play the hood all the time cause I don't give a fuck
You can shoot me now but as long as I keep gettin' up what?

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[Verse 3: 50 Cent]

Shootout shots ricochet
Doc say that nigga dead
When your times up your times up this is real shit
I'm a ball
'Till my number called
Say a praire
Hopin' god hear
Look I don't fear a man
Want to bang out, lets bang out I don't care man
An eye for an eye, i'm perfect to perfection
I'll be sprayin' automatics in every direction
Call me Louie Loco, nut case oh no
I'm more like the kid that put the game in a choke hold
You're stuntin' I stop it
I'm makin' a profit
Everytime you hear my vocals
Comin' out them low lows
From L.A. to NY
On the Red Eye
Teflon in my luggage
You got to love it
I'm thuggin' my street slang, my penitentiary procher
Got me outsellin' niggas' whole fuckin' roster
I'm big in New York like B.I.G.
Plus I run with D-R-E-

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