

G-Unit, Banks Workout Pt. 2

[Chorus: 50 Cent]

Nobody Get Hurt And Nobody Don't Move Just Give It Up Smooth G Unit
Motherfucker You Move,I'll Flash My 2 And Blast My 2 G Unit
Nigga,You Don't Know Me And I Don't Know You, You Think You Know My Crew G Unit

[Lloyd Banks:]

I Been Problem Since The Old Days Pimps And Gold Caps
Now Im In Oj Simpson Throwbacks
Ya'll Was Wonderin Where My Ass Been
Probably Vacationin On South Beach Gettin Head Like Ass
Breathin Through Gas I Can Let The Tech Pound Ur Ego
Lock You In The Closet With The Westnile Mosquito
The Press Crowd The People Espicially Celebritys Im Heavily Shittin On Any Tom Dick Or Gregory
Nigga You Better Be Strappin
They Want You Dead If You Rappin
Im Tryin To Cave Your Head And Your Back In
Im Gettin Bread And Relaxin
And Attractin A Fan Base Of Females Wit Emails And Letters To Fax In
In Vegas With A Toaster N A Blunt
And The Hotel I Checked In Got A Roller Coaster In The Front
Hollerin Poster When I Stunt The Sammy Sosa Of The Month
Better Yet The Hoe Teas And Nigga Im Still Breathin Even Though My Dollars Are Green
I Rap For The Kids Thats To Poor To Waste Eggs On Halloween
Im Gettin Swallow Clean
My Habits Are Good Collectin All The Carrots I Could
Slidin From The Stash Box To Conceal Extortion
And A Good Silencer To Make It Sound Like The Wheel Of Fortune
All This Careless Talkin Cause Im Travelin And Flossin
Havin A Good Time And U Havin A Abortion
You Sucker For Love Gettin Married And Divorced Than
You Cant Even Afford The Batteries For Ur Walkman
Man Im Out The Hood Burnin Cali Weed On Slauson When Set Trip Can Turn To Tragedys And C
I Mean What Im Sayin You Schemin Im Sprayin Ur Team Isnt Playin
On The Sofa Screamin And And Prayin Sayin
Gunit Niggas Be Rollin Crazy Holdin 80s Older Ladies Starin Cause They Starin In That Gold Merc
Since 50 Hooked Up With Shady
Now They Tryin To Brook Up To Pay Me
If U Think Im Sugar U Crazy Baby
The Boy Strapped Two Ninas
Smokin Out A Bag Big Enough To Fit In Vacuum Cleaners
I Wear A Glove When I Blaze A Fatty,
I Aint Ur Baby Daddy, U Flippin
Now He Tryin To Grab Me Out That Navy Caddie, I Aint Ur Avy,
Poppa Was A Rollin Stone,
Stockin Up The Hona Home,
Pocket Full Of Loaded Chrome,
Drop N Get A Hold A Dome,
I Know Ur Motive Homes,
U Mad Cause Im Fuckin Half Ur Motorola Phone,
Im Swift With The Wemon Im Good Wit My Words, Alota,
Niggas Is Hatin On What I Deserve Im Hotta,
Front If U Want End Up On The Curb In Ur Prada,
And Ur Mans Runnin Ambulance Come,
Another Day Another Dollar On The Low From The Impala
I Can Have A Six Some In My Shower, Mother Fucka!

[50 Cent:]

Nobody Get Hurt And Nobody Don't Move,Just Give It Up Smooth G Unit
Motherfucker You Move, I'll Flash My 2 And Blast My 2 G Unit
Nigga You Don't Know Me, And I Don't Know You, You Think You Know My Crew G Unit
I'll Send A Nigga That You Thought You Knew To Come Through And Put A Hole In You G Unit

Lloyd Banks, Haha, 50 Cent
I Ain't Even Got A One Card

Look At These Niggas, Hahaha
Yo, Fuck You Gonna Do Now Nigga
You Have Had The Same Niggas In The Background For A Long Time
Think They Gangstas For Going Back And Forth To Jail
Well, Jump On A [?] Don't Count Nigga, Haha