

# G-Unit, Beg For Mercy

G G G, G G G-Unit

No peace talks, no white flags

No mercy, I'm gettin yo ass

[50 Cent]

Niggas done heard about my click how we stay wit the toastas

Blood in, blood out, la kostra nostra

You don't wanna bang wit the best

I'll have Doc removin fragments from your chest

They say God's a forgivin' man, I hope he forgive

Thirty shells I let off don't curse my kid

They say Fifty done blew up, Fifty you changed

Nigga you stunt, I pull out

And you see I'm that same nigga that when he start to roar

I think he's flyin

Eight outta eight on movin targets

You run? You still dyin

Check my resume, I am oh so loco

Mama ain't raise no chump, I don't talk no pocco

[Chorus - 50 Cent/Lloyd Banks]

Sticks and stones may break bones and the shells may hurt me

But I take it like a man, you beg for mercy

Keep your eyes wide open, nigga's lookin for it too

Shit is real 'round here, you surrounded by crooks

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[Young Buck]

There once was some niggas that tried to murda me

I hit em up, put em in plastic surgery

This 4-5 has made a lot of guys apologize

The truth come out, 'stead of hearin' a lot of lies

Some niggas catch a case and then claim they hard

A couple chest wounds will make a nigga change his heart

I just play my part, and while you shootin up cars

I'm smokin' niggas like a Cuban cigar

Let's get it poppin'

[Chorus]

[Lloyd Banks]

I'm tired of you niggas with your maybe beef

We gonna be here forever, you're temporary like baby teeth

I'm in and out the night clubs, A-D-D

Dark blue Benz, navy seats, eighty sneaks

These niggas tellin' out the blue

So you hang em off the bridge

At least they'll have to helicopter you

The Jimmy lived in the bags, the Bell or Hop will do

I rap for the neighborhood niggas that failed in high school

You can tell I came a long way in my sense, home grown

That's why them little niggas in the projects love me

You provide the beat downs for free, I paid my dues

I don't even freestyle for free

I gave em a break, flew over seas

But it's kinda hard to get homie-sick when there's blue in the trees

Sit back and try to play your role wit the copies

I put more staples in yo ass than a telephone pole, Yea

[Chorus]

